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STRANGER IN IRELAND:

OR,

A TOUR

IN

THE SOUTHERN AND WESTERN

PARTS OF THAT COUNTRY,

IN THE YEAR

1805.

BY JOHN CARR, ESQ.,

OF THE HONOURABLE SOCIETY OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE,
AUTHOR OF A NORTHERN SUMMER, OR TRAVELS ROUND THE BALTIC;
THE STRANGER IN FRANCE, &c., &c.

———“Anima, quales neque candidiores
“Terra tulit, neque quis me sit devinctior alter.”

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DEDICATION.

TO

FRANCIS EARL OF MOIRA,

GENERAL OF HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES, MASTER-GENERAL
OF THE ORDNANCE,

&c., &c., &c.

MY LORD,

I CONSIDER myself highly flattered by having permission to address the following pages to your lordship, more particularly as they relate to a country which has the pride of having given your lordship birth, and upon which, as a gentleman, a statesman, a soldier, and a scholar, you shed such distinguished lustre.

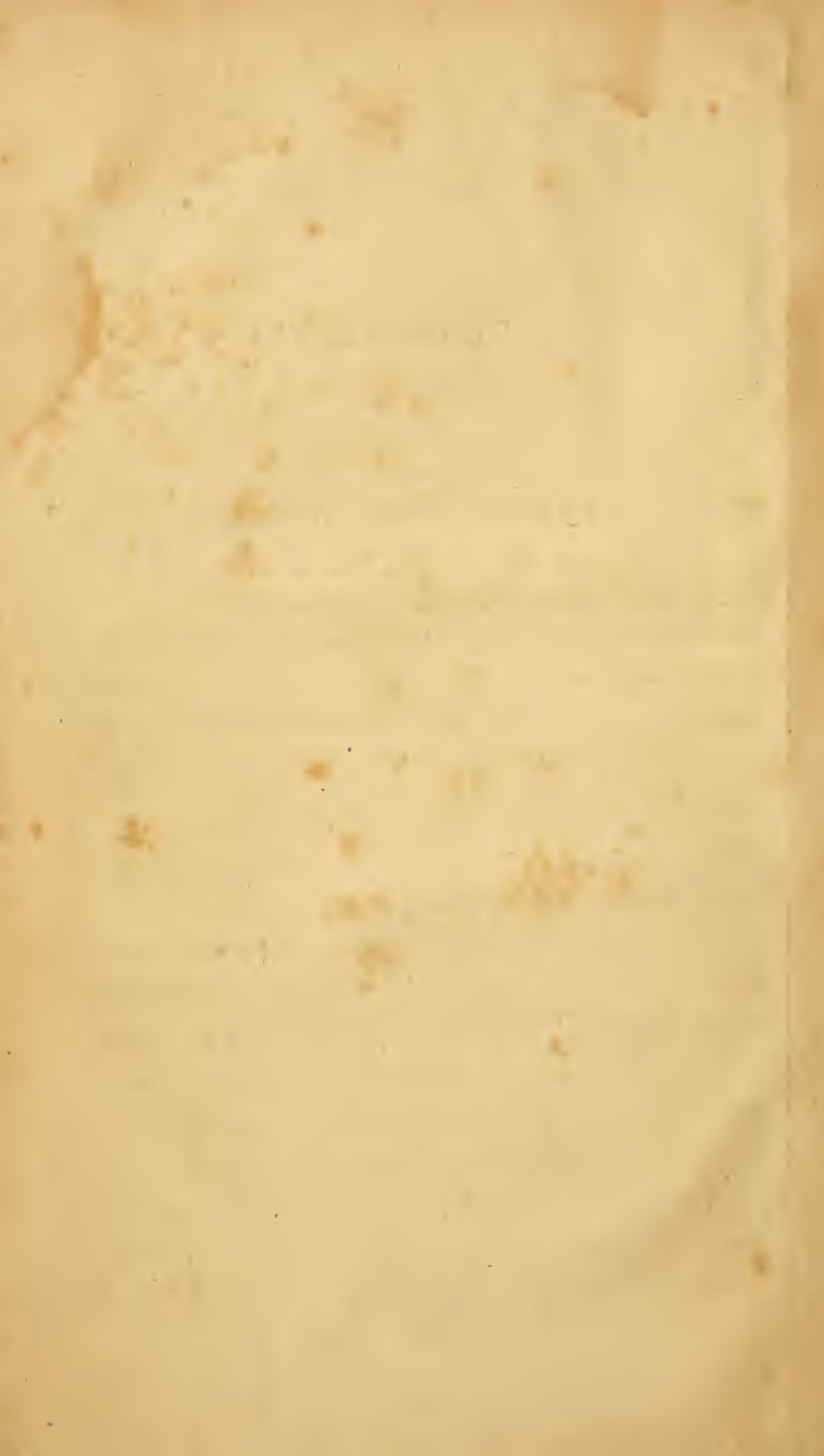
I have the honour to remain

Your lordship's obedient servant,

JOHN CARR.

2, Garden-court, Temple,

24 June, 1806.



PREFACE.

IN the following pages I have endeavoured to illustrate the Irish character, and to give a descriptive narrative of a tour into the south and south-west parts of Ireland, and also some account of the present state of society, political economy, national manners, public buildings, &c., of that country. I have as much as possible avoided adverting to those points upon which the public opinion has divided *with temper*; where I have touched them, I trust it has been with becoming deference, and only when they were connected with the paramount objects of humanity and general policy. Upon those unsettled subjects which have too long excited *party animosity*, I have advanced nothing which can have the remotest tendency to inflame the public mind.

Where time and opportunity did not enable me personally to judge, I have had the advantage of corresponding with some of the most able, impartial, and dis-

PREFACE.

tinguished persons of Ireland, and Englishmen resident there.

If I had not been encouraged by a liberal public, and prompted to the undertaking by several enlightened friends, I would not have engaged in the work: if with these advantages I have failed, the fault is my own, for the character which I have attempted to pourtray is too frank to conceal even its own failings.

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THE
STRANGER IN IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

TWO ENGLISHMEN IN INDIA....THE IRISH HAIR-DRESSER AND HIS WIG....THE FAVOURITE OWL....A SINGULAR CHARACTER....A DISAPPOINTMENT....FIRST BULL....THE VALE OF LLANGOLLEN....SKETCH OF THE WELSH....PEDIGREE....AMATORY INDULGENCES....BLIND BET....GELLERT'S GRAVE....HOLY JUMPERS....ANGLE-SEA....A WARNING....A SEASONABLE RELIEF.

TWO Englishmen, who were exploring the distant regions of the East, determined upon visiting the Polygars in the peninsula of India. "Do not go there," said the venerable chief of a town: "it is a brown and bladeless waste, and the people of that country are wild and savage; their covering is the skin of the tyger, and they banquet upon human flesh; in the moment that you place your foot upon their frontier, they will kill and devour you." The wanderers became grave, but not disheartened: they pursued their journey, and when they reached the peninsula, they found the most luxuriant province, smiling in all the prodigal bounty of a beneficent Providence, and a people the most gentle, polished, cultivated, and hospitable.

"What can possess you to go to Ireland," exclaimed a friend of mine, "where the hedges are lined with pikes and blunderbusses?"

“ Is it to contemplate famine and bogs, and bog-trotters, salmon-leaps, and restless spirits, so barbarously ignorant, that, in one of their late revolutionary battles, a rebel hair-dresser ran up to the muzzle of a cannon, to which an artilleryman was just applying the match, and, thrusting his wig into its mouth, exclaimed, the moment before he was blown to atoms, By Jasus I have stopped your mouth, my honey, for this time.”

Reader! do not anticipate, from these preliminary observations, that the Irish have better qualities than what have been frequently assigned to them: a little time will tell us what sort of people they are; perchance they may be as bad, perchance a little more deserving of our esteem, than report has depicted them. Come, let us set off for the waves that are to bear us to their country; and if we meet in our road any object worthy of notice, let us loiter a little to enjoy the contemplation of it.

It is always a pleasant source of reflection to contrast the manners of different people: in the French diligence, whether by land or by water, the greatest spirit of accommodation prevails; and even in a German stuhl-waggon, the nose of an Englishman only suffers from the smoke of “ the Indian weed,” which perhaps issues from every mouth but his own. Shall our own country be charged with want of urbanity, when I relate that, just as we were quitting this proud and noble city, five men resisted the wishes of an old lady? It was even thus: after the only vacancy in the coach had been filled by a little chubby fair dame, who was followed by several bundles and bandboxes, until at length we were as thick

“ As bottled wasps upon a southern wall,”

she screamed out, to a pale long-visaged servant who stood dripping in the rain, “ Now, William, give me the owl;” upon which a huge cage, covered with napkins, was attempted to be squeezed into the vehicle, against the admission of which most grave and reverend stranger we all protested; the door was closed, our disappointed companion, with no little bitterness of spirit, impeached our gallantry, and in half an hour afterwards we quitted the jostling of the pavé, for the more easy motion of proceeding upon a fine and level road.

Although I have frequently found a world in miniature in a stage-coach, yet the relation of its incidents is never courted, and seldom endured: however, I must be permitted to describe a singular character, who formed one of our party. He was about 45, short, plump, and rosy; nature had formed his mind with no little degree of whim, which in its action, I should conceive, had neither example nor imitation. Every tale which was told was a long time in travelling through all the sinuosities of the ears to the seat of his understanding; so much so, that a gentleman having related a very facetious story, which put us all in the highest good-humour, this singular being, for a considerable time, appeared wholly unaffected, until, in the course of conversation, the lively narrative was succeeded by an account of a horrible murder, in the midst of which his countenance began to brighten, and at last his whole frame became convulsed with the exhilarating impressions of the first story.

It was night when we passed through Oxford; the dim beams of a misty moon just served to mark out the vast and beautiful ancient piles which adorn that seat of learning: all was silent; not a student's taper beamed through his Gothic casement; only a solitary proctor was to be seen pacing the melancholy streets with Argus eyes. The gloom was enlivened by the reflection, that I should breakfast at the town in which our beloved Shakespeare first beheld the light of heaven; that I should see the very house of his nativity, and contemplate the beautiful Avon, so often celebrated in song.

Alas! how seldom are our expectations to be realized. Here, upon crossing a long, shabby, shattered bridge, over a river destitute of beauty, and lined on each side by some melancholy marshes, I beheld a line of wretched brick houses: "That is Stratford," said my nearest companion; and soon afterwards springing up from the breakfast-table at the inn, I beheld in a dismal dwelling, incapable of rousing one poetic idea, the native abode of the divine bard. The whole scene was out of tune with the impression which the birth-place of this unrivalled genius had excited; I re-entered the vehicle as sulky as disappointed Englishmen generally are, and at length dined at Birmingham, so admirably styled by Burke the toy-shop of

Europe—Burke who, once the wonder of the senate and an admiring nation, now reposes in the cold bosom of the grave, whilst his prophetic pages find a progressive accomplishment in the prolific prodigies of revolutionary France. The production of this wonderful manufacturing town is the delight of the whole of civilized Europe, and will continue to be so, and to find its market there, by fair means or by foul, unless, in pursuing that system of exclusion which distinguishes the strange policy of his imperial brother of Pekin, Bonaparte shall be able to revolutionize the taste of his people.

To show the superiority of the manufactures of this place, it is related of Mr. Bolton of Soho, to whose ingenuity and enterprize the world is so much indebted, that when he was in Paris, some years since, a Frenchman of fashion exhibited a very beautiful papier-maché snuff-box, and observed to Mr. Bolton that he thought, able as the English were in every work of art, they were not equal to the manufacture of so beautiful and exquisite a piece of workmanship. Mr. Bolton requested to have it, and stepping aside to a window, with a fine penknife opened a part of it, and showed the astonished Frenchman the name of Bolton upon it. Soon after a considerable wager was laid, that the steel manufactory in France was superior to that of England. Mr. Bolton accepted the bet, and on a given day one of the most celebrated French workers in steel produced his sample, which was very ingenious, but at this moment I forget what it was; to the surprize of the umpire, Bolton displayed a needle, enclosing another, which contained a third, and won the wager.

Near the lofty Wrekin, we passed by several iron mines and furnaces, which had a Vesuvian appearance; and as the sun declined we descended one side of Sneedshill, on which the mouths of smelting-houses vomited columns of flame into the dusky atmosphere, and presented all the appearance of a valley of fire. At Oswestry a gentleman who joined us, in talking about the Litchfield races, observed that they were very indifferent, for *all* the horses that ran were *distanted*: this was the first bull I had heard upon the journey, but as I was in the high road to Ireland, I concluded I should have many a laugh from the same source. Upon inquiry, however, I found that

the sire of this bull was a native of Middlesex. Upon leaving Oswestry we reached Denbighshire, the land of the Owens and Joneses, and of the ancient descendants of the Belgic Gauls, where, having advanced a few miles, one of the most exquisite scenes in nature opened upon us, as we entered the beautiful vale of Llangollen, in the Welsh language called Thlangothlen, two sequent ll's being pronounced as thl.

If the reader has never beheld this vale, and occupation will admit of it, let him not suffer another summer's sun to roll away without visiting it. On our left, from the base of a stupendous cliff, whose top was rough with grey rock, an expanded lawn sloped to the bottom of the valley, encreasing in verdure as it approached the bottom; here softened by the sombre purple of the mountain heath, and graceful groupes of mountain ash, and there rendered more brilliant by the rich yellow of the furze blossoms. The rocky projections of this eminence, from which the martial Llewelyn descended with his warlike followers to give battle to Edward I, were crowned with browsing sheep; below, at a giddy depth, the river Dee, filled with its finny myriads every moment dimpling its surface, pursued its rippling course; whilst on the other side, from a carpet of fertile meadows, and from corn-fields waving their golden honours, an opposite mountain ascended, clothed with woods, half embosoming scattered mansions, farm-houses, and thatched cottages; and in the front, bounded by the windings of the vale, appeared the aqueduct of the new navigation, spanning the opposite mountains with its lofty arches. The sun was brilliant, and the lark gladdened us with his song. It was a scene of softness, richness, and variety, that might have captivated the olive-faced inhabitant of the vale of Terni. This aqueduct is four hundred feet long, its arches ninety high, and its trough is of cast iron. I expected to have seen every acclivity crowned with a goat, "his white beard streaming to the wind;" but being disappointed, I found, upon inquiry, that that salacious family was nearly exterminated in North Wales, in consequence of the injury which they offered to young growth and saplings. The beauties of nature here are chiefly animated by the appearance of small sheep, who furnish the most exquisite mutton.

Whilst we were changing horses at Llangollen, I visited the cottage of the honourable lady Butler and miss Ponsonby, two ladies who some years since renounced the vain splendour of fashion and dissipation, for scenes of sequestered happiness. At the back of the house, on the other side of the vale, a lofty mountain rises crowned with the venerable ruins of the tower of the celebrated chieftain Dennis Brand. A little beyond Llangollen, we passed the scite of Owen Glendower's castle, which is now indicated only by a circular ditch planted with trees. At several inns we saw the sign of that distinguished chief, the great favourite of Welsh history.

In the corn-fields I witnessed an instance of bad husbandry which surprised me: the Welsh farmers, in this part of Wales, mow and rake their corn together as we do our grass and hay; and when they have collected it in heaps, they stack it under a strong matting of straw, by which mode much of the grain must be shaken out and lost. The male peasant is very fond of wearing a blue coat and blue stockings; and the female is generally attired in a broad black felt hat, tied under the chin with a blue riband, a gown of the same colour, and a light brown great coat. The peasantry present a strange mixture of industry and indolence: on one side the traveller, if he pass into a cottage, will see a woman with a child at her breast, and spinning; or, on the road, he will meet another knitting as she returns home from the day's occupation: whilst, on the other hand, he will be pestered by groupes of mendicant children, capable of working, running by the side of the carriage, and in a shrill sound exclaiming, "Got bless u, a penny, bless u." Their native language is a dialect of the Celtic.

The simple honesty of the Welsh has scarcely any parallel. The author of the old song, so fresh and dear to infantine recollection, beginning with "Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief," &c. must indeed have been a very prejudiced composer. The Welsh, even to the peasantry, are very fond of the pride of pedigree. They pretend that they have documents coeval with the incarnation. It was to a Welsh lady, who was tracing her family through a remote course of genealogy, that a wit said, "To cut the matter short, madam, do begin with Adam." "He is a fellow of *yesterday*,"

said a haughty Welshman, of a man who wanted to marry his daughter ; " I'll be bound his family was not born before Christ."

One evening, at an inn where we halted, we heard a considerable bustle in the kitchen, and, upon inquiry, I was let into a secret worth knowing. The landlord had been scolding one of his maids, a very pretty plump little girl, for not having done her work ; and the reason which she alleged for her idleness was, that her master having locked the street door at night, had prevented her lover from enjoying the rights and delights of *bundling*, an amatory indulgence which, considering that it is sanctioned by custom, may be regarded as somewhat singular, although it is not exclusively of Welsh growth. The process is very simple: the gay Lothario, when all is silent, steals to the chamber of his mistress, who receives him in bed, but with the modest precaution of wearing her under petticoat, which is always fastened at the bottom, not unfrequently, I am told, by a sliding knot. It may astonish a London gallant to be told, that this extraordinary experiment often ends in downright wedlock—the knot which cannot slide. A gentleman of respectability also assured me, that he was obliged to indulge his female servants in these nocturnal interviews, and that too at all hours of the night, otherwise his whole family would be thrown into disorder by their neglect: the carpet would not be dusted, nor would the kettle boil. I think this custom should share the fate of the northern Welsh goats.

In some Dutch travels we read, that a courtship similar to *bundling* is carried on in the islands of Vlie and Wieringen, in Holland, under the name of *queesting*. At night the lover has access to his mistress after she is in bed ; and upon an application to be admitted upon the bed, which is of course granted, he raises the quilt, or rug, and in this state *queests*, or enjoys a harmless chit-chat with her, and then retires. This custom meets with the perfect sanction of the most circumspect parents, and the freedom is seldom abused. The author traces its origin to the parsimony of the people, whose economy considers fire and candles as superfluous luxuries in long winter evenings. Another traveller also mentions, that the lower people of Massachusetts Bay indulge themselves in a custom called *tarrying*. If the parents of the young lady approve of her enamorado,

they permit him to *tarry* with her one night. After the old people have retired, the young couple go to bed together with their under garments on: if they like each other, they marry; if not, they part, perhaps never to meet more, unless the forsaken fair one proves pregnant, in which case, under the penalty of excommunication, the man must marry her.

Habit has so reconciled the mind to the comforts of *bundling*, that a young lady who entered the coach soon after we left Shrewsbury, about eighteen years of age, with a serene and modest countenance, displayed considerable historical knowledge of the custom, without "one touch of bashfulness."

At Pentre Voylas, three miles beyond Cernioge, we entered upon the new road, the line of which was first explored by the honourable and reverend Mr. Dawson, and which has been constructed at the expence of that enterprizing, public-spirited nobleman, lord Penrhyn: it runs through Capelcerrig, abbreviates the distance by ten miles to Landegai, where it regains the old road, and saves the traveller the inconvenience and occasional hazard of the Conway ferry. As we entered this road, at a great distance we saw Snowdon rising from the earth into the clouds; and behind him, and some of his mighty brother mountains, the sun set gloriously. The road has been opened rather too early, before time had completely compacted its surface; but nature, by an abundance of friable rock, presents a speedy remedy for this evil.

On this road we were met by a well-known character called Blind Bet: she is stone blind, but a fine, cheerful, healthy woman; by the bounty of travellers, and the sale of gloves and stockings, the manufacture of her own hands, she maintains an infirm mother, and a train of little brothers and sisters. Upon her quitting us, the following lines found their way into my pocket-book:

POOR BLIND BET.

The morning purple on the hill,
 The village spire, the ivy'd tow'r,
 The sparkling wheel of busy mill,
 The grove, green field, and op'ning flow'r,
 Are lost to thee!

Dark child of nature as thou art!
Yet thy poor bosom heaves no sigh,
E'en now thy dimpling cheeks impart
As if they knew some pleasure nigh;
 'Tis good for thee!

Thou seem'st to say, "*I've sunshine too,*
 'Tis beaming in a spotless breast;
No shade of guilt obstructs the view,
And there are many not so blest,
 Who day's blush see.

Dear are those eyes, by mine ne'er seen,
Which I protect from many a tear;
Kind stranger, 'tis on yonder green,
A mother's aged form I rear.
 Oh buy of me!"

Poor Blind Bet's misfortunes and her virtues excite distinguished respect and admiration in the breasts of her neighbours.

The view of the Devil's Glen which we passed was truly sublime. A bridge with one arch rests upon two projecting rocks, and bestrides an abyss of tremendous depth; below foams a thundering cascade, which rolls through a rocky chasm into a dusky dell, thickly clothed on each side with stately trees. As it was evening, we halted midway in descending to the base of a lofty hill, within about five miles of Capel-cerrig: here the view was bounded by vast mountains, whose tops were in the clouds, and the vallies were covered with a light blue mist, whilst the roar of torrents was heard at a distance. I never saw nature in a more grand and awful attitude.

As we approached Capel-cerrig the night had closed: the stars, affording but little light, twinkled brilliantly in a dark-blue sky; whilst, on the side of the road, we heard the hoarse roar of waterfalls rolling through deep and rocky glens, overshadowed with projecting trees. We slept at Capel-cerrig, in the neighbourhood of Snowdon, amidst rocks and sterility. It is a tedious journey of five miles to this mighty mountain, who, with his hoary brethren, attracts the clouds that roll far and near, and discharges their burthen of rain

upon the country. How finely has Gray made this mountain the theatre of his bard, as if its eminence enabled the frenzied prophet to look into other worlds.

But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height,
 Descending slow, their glittering skirts unroll ;
 Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
 Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul.

From its summit, which is a plain of about six yards in circumference, may be seen six-and-twenty lakes and two seas ; the Wicklow hills in Ireland, the Isle of Man, Cumberland, Lancashire, Shropshire, and part of Scotland ; all the counties of North Wales, and the Isle of Anglesea. The mist which almost perpetually envelopes the head of this mighty mountain, is by the natives called its *night-cap*.

In the morning I wandered to a little church, which owed its elevation to the following interesting circumstance : Llewelyn the great, who resided near the base of Snowdon, had a beautiful greyhound named Gelert, which had been presented to him by king John in 1205. One day, in consequence of the faithful animal, who at night always "sentinel'd his master's bed," not making his appearance in the chase, Llewelyn returned home very angry, and met the dog covered with blood at the door of the chamber of his child : upon entering it, he found the bed overturned, and the coverlid stained with gore : he called to his boy, but receiving no answer, he too rashly concluded that he had been killed by Gelert, and in his anguish instantly thrust his sword through the poor animal's body. This circumstance has been beautifully commemorated by the honourable Mr. Spencer :

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
 No pity could impart ;
 But still his Gelert's dying yell
 Pass'd heavy on his heart.

Arous'd by Gelert's dying yell,
 Some slumb'rer waken'd nigh,
 What words the parent's joy could tell,
 To hear his infant's cry !

Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But the same couch beneath
Lay a gaunt wolf all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah ! what was then Llewelyn's pain !
For now the truth was clear ;
His gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewelyn's heir.

To mitigate his offence, Llewelyn built this chapel, and raised a tomb to poor Gelert, and the spot to this day is called Beth Gelert, or the grave of Gelert, " where never could the spearman pass, or " forester unmoved."

After passing through tremendous scenery of impending rocks, a beautiful valley opened upon us, and soon after our eyes were gladdened with hills dotted over with elegant cottages and lodges, which form the residence of the overseers and workmen who are employed in lord Penrhyn's extensive slate-quarries. This nobleman furnishes the means of subsistence to some hundreds of peasantry. The slates of these quarries are shipped to London, Liverpool, Bristol, and other ports in England, and to Scotland and Ireland. At Landegai we re-entered the old road, and after passing through a very picturesque and interesting country we arrived at Bangor, situated under a hill on the banks of the Menai. It is a poor town, although it has a bishopric. It was once called Bangor *the great*, and was defended by a very strong wall, of which, as well as of its former magnitude, scarcely an atom now remains. It is also the scite of the most ancient British monastery, which is said to have contained two thousand four hundred monks. These holy men divided themselves into twenty-four classes for prayer and penitence, so that one hundred of them were always engaged for one hour out of the four-and-twenty, in the discharge of their religious duties. At a neat inn upon the margin of the ferry, which crosses over to the island of Anglesea, we breakfasted. At this ferry, as well as throughout the opposite island, it is customary for the coachmen and drivers, who are rarely Welsh, to endeavour to pass off the base shillings of Ireland amongst

strangers: they are to be known as well by their brazen appearance as by the number of letters with which they are impressed.

In Wales a religious sect, called the Jumpers, has many followers: their doctrine is at least a salubrious one; and if the soul is benefited, the body is assuredly no loser, for they whirl and caper about until an excessive perspiration announces the presence of the Holy Spirit, which constitutes the crisis of that enthusiasm, which derives its origin from David, who danced before the ark, the babe which leaped in the womb of Elizabeth, and of the lame man who, upon being made whole, leaped and praised God.

Whilst we were at breakfast, we were serenaded for the first time by a Welsh harper, who played some excellent old Welsh airs. It is not unpleasant to compare the customs of countries. When I was in Prussia, I found the same usage prevail; and in Sweden it is always usual to congratulate the arrival of a stranger of respectability with music.

Although the Welsh have been for ages celebrated for the boldness and sweetness of their music, yet it appears that they were much indebted to the superior musical talents of their neighbours the Irish. The learned Selden asserts, that the Welsh music for the most part came out of Ireland with Gruffydh ap Conan, prince of North Wales, who was contemporary with king Stephen. In the eleventh century the Welsh bards received instruction from Ireland. The ancient Welsh bards were held in such high estimation, that their influence was completely sovereign. We read in Evans's *Specimens of Welsh Poets*, that a Welsh bard, in the plenitude of his power and pride, boasted that if he desired his prince to present him with the *moon*, he would most assuredly bestow it upon him.

The ferry is very inconvenient and tedious, and the ferrymen have the conscience to charge each passenger one shilling. The island of Anglesea is about twenty miles long and seventeen broad, contains about two hundred thousand acres, and is washed on every side by the Irish Sea, except on the south-east, where it is divided from Caernarvon by a narrow strait called Mon, which induced the Romans to call it Mona, but being conquered by the English it was called Anglesea. It submitted to the arms of Edward I in 1277,

when the natives sought shelter in the deep caves and rugged acclivities of Snowdon. Whatever beauty this island might formerly have possessed, for we learn that it was once, in the tale of other times, called *insula opaca*, from the abundance of its woods, a more cheerless scene of sterility I never beheld, from one end of the island to the other. The natives looked lean and melancholy, the cottages were mean and miserable, the blade grew brown and scanty, and the cattle found shelter from a storm that every minute threatened to place our feet upon the roof of our carriage, under shattered stone walls. In the year 916 the Ostmen of Dublin wasted this island, from the centre to the extremities, with fire and sword, and it seems scarcely to have recovered the shock of such a devastation. Who would believe unless it were so well authenticated, that when Edward I conquered it, and made it one of the shires of Wales, its revenue was so considerable that Llewelyn, the last prince of Wales, paid a thousand pounds per annum for it to the king? This island is proverbially called the *Mother of Wales*, and like many a mamma, has felt the rifling hand of time upon her cheek, without looking lovely in decay, and is now only to be venerated for the blooming beauty of her daughter.

The discovery made some years since of the copper mine on Paris or Praas (brass) Mountain in this island has been a source of great wealth to the earl of Uxbridge and Mr. Hughes, the proprietors. It is worked like a stone quarry in the open air, and has produced prodigious quantities of ore, abounding with sulphur. The impure part of the ore is first calcined and deprived of its sulphur on the spot, and the purer part is exported raw to the smelting-houses at Swansea and other places. The richness and variety of its colours have given it the name of the peacock ore.

In this island furze is cultivated from seed, and when young and tender the cattle feed upon it, a circumstance somewhat rare in rural economy. At Gwindu, which is a very comfortable inn standing alone, twelve miles from Holyhead, I passed the night, whilst waiting for a change of weather to embark. Here I met with a very amiable and elegant Irish family, who in their vivacity and affability reminded me very much of the French, and of some happy scenes

which I passed in their delightful country. With an admirable harper, as blind as Cupid, though not so handsome, and a merry dance, we set the raging elements at defiance ; the wind roared and the rain lashed the casement, whilst we went laughing, dancing, and singing *vive la bagatelle* to the stormy night. Whilst I was here, I amused myself with looking at a French and English dictionary, which had passed through its ninth edition, and found under the head of "Abbreviation of English Christian Names," the following : Johnny an abbreviation for John ; Robin for Robert ; Jemmy for James ; Jenny for Jane. I looked upon these lexicographical bulls as a tolerable good preparation for those which I was to meet with in Ireland.

As the wind can always be ascertained at Gwindu, from its elevated situation and a lofty pole, surmounted by a weathercock, I advise the traveller proceeding to Ireland, if the weather be adverse, to put up at this inn, and thank Heaven that he is not at Holyhead. The distant sound of the horn the next afternoon announced the approach of the mail ; and about six o'clock, after passing some druidical remains on our right, we reached Holyhead : a violent storm came on, and the master of the packet determined upon not sailing till the morning.

Well cased in a surtout, I took a survey of Holyhead ; and although in foul weather the fairest scene looks somewhat sad, I inferred from the peculiarly gloomy aspect of this town, that in dreariness it has not frequently a parallel. There are two inns here, both of them always crowded, on account of the packets, and neither of them very comfortable. It is scarcely possible to attend to the minuter wants of such a confluence of guests. The church is seated upon a rock, close to the sea, and is dedicated to St. Kibius, who flourished here a *short time since*, as a Welsh genealogist would insist upon, viz. in the year 380.

Holyhead is said to have been the principal residence of the Druids, and to have obtained the name of *holy* from the before-mentioned saint, and by the Welsh is called *Caer Cuby*. Here the traveller is assailed by those detestable, corrupt harpies, called custom-house officers, merely because the sea divides one part of the united

kingdom from the other. It seems a solecism in legislation, that these rapacious and unpopular members of separate sovereignties should be permitted, after an act of incorporation, to annoy those who are quietly passing from one part of the empire to another. A receipt from the packet-master, for payment of the passage-money, ought to free the baggage of the passenger from molestation. As this pest, however, is permitted to exist, let me recommend the traveller to provide himself with a portmanteau instead of a box, as the former is never searched. The passage-money is a guinea ; and let me here also advise the passenger to take with him a little sea-store, as none, to my woful experience, is to be had on board, contrary to the usage of most packets.

In the morning, about ten o'clock, after a very tempestuous night, which prevented our vessel from sailing, we were summoned by the steward to go on board, for the wind was fair and fresh. Just as we were quitting the inn, one of the passengers, a jolly, thoughtless son of the ocean, who was going over to Ireland to take a sea-fencible command, roared out a thousand inverted blessings upon the head of a miserable little lean wretch, one of those personages of an inn who answer to the name of "boots." "Why, you little rascal, you have brought me *two right-legged* boots ; where is my other boot ? " Get it instantly, or I will beat you as black as a mourning-coach." The miserable culprit went into every room in the house, but searched in vain for the brother of this unfortunate boot. In the mean time, summons after summons came for this ill-starred gentleman, who was obliged to walk down to the quay with a right-legged boot and a shoe on his feet, and another right-legged boot in his hand, to the no little amusement of us all, for it was to be classed amongst those disasters which Rochefoucault admits are more calculated to excite merriment than commiseration ; and we also could not help reflecting that some equally unlucky wight must be astonished to find himself, when he rose to his breakfast, in the possession of a pair of boots which would only suit the left leg.

At ten o'clock in the morning,

“ the threaden sails,
 “ Borne with invisible and creeping wind,
 “ Drew the huge bottom through the furrow'd sea,
 “ Breasting the lofty surge.”

The distance was only eighty miles to Ireland: the treacherous wind, at starting, promised to carry us over in nine hours, but violated its promise by, of all other causes of detention the most insipid, a dead calm, for two tedious days and nights, which was solely attributed by the sailors to our having a mitred prelate on board. Hunger succeeded sickness, and concluding, but groundlessly, that I could obtain whatever refreshment I might want on board, my situation, after some suffering, would indeed have been unpleasant, had it not been relieved by a lady, who, projecting out of an adjoining cot one of the most pleasing and sensible faces I ever saw, invited me to partake of some excellent broiled slices of mutton. The Muse of Poetry has always been celebrated for her generosity. My fair neighbour proved to be, for the honour of Ireland, lady Tuite, the accomplished and elegant authoress of several charming poems, and particularly some beautiful well-known lines in reply to Mrs. Grenville's prayer for Indifference, one verse of which, united to the act of kindness which I have recorded, will prove that her ladyship is no friend to apathy.

Shall she who, as *the needle true*,
Was made to turn and tremble too,
 A gift so rare despise;
 Shall she, intended but to please,
 Whose smile can Sorrow's bondage ease,
 Shall she Indifference prize?

Do not, gentle reader, accuse me of being too prolix. I vowed upon the cabin table, with these most seasonable proofs of the fair lady's feelings before my eyes, to tell every one who might read me, that I was relieved from a gloomy dilemma by a lady of fashion, an Irishwoman, and a poetess.

The hill of Howth is in sight.

CHAPTER II.

THE BAY OF DUBLIN DESCRIBED.....THE MOLE....PRIZE PORK....
 AN ENGLISH AGRICULTURAL BULL....IRISH VIS-A-VIS....ANCIENT
 HISTORY OF IRELAND OMITTED....NATIONS, LIKE INDIVIDUALS,
 PROUD OF ANCIENT GENEALOGY...THE FOUNTAIN....STREET
 SOUNDS....JINGLES.....A CAR....A NODDY....THE IMPORTANT ACCE-
 LERATING AND RETARDING WORDS GEE AND WOO DISCUSSED
A RAW....DUBLIN BEGGARS....THE BLACK CART....MENDICANT
 WIT....DRESS OF LOW IRISH.

AS we entered the bay of Dublin, a brilliant sun, and almost cloudless sky, unfolded one of the finest land and sea prospects I ever beheld. "The mountains showed their grey heads, the blue face of "Ocean smiled, the white wave was seen tumbling round the distant "rock." On the right was the rugged hill of Howth, with its rocky bays, wanting only a volcano to afford to the surrounding scenery the strongest resemblance, as I was well informed, to the beautiful bay of Naples; whilst, nearer to the eye, at the extremity of a white line of masonry, just fringing the sea, the light-house presented its alabaster front. On our left were the town of Dalkey, with its romantic rocks, mutilated castles, martello towers, with their gay little streamers, elegant villas, and the picturesque town of Dunleary; whilst behind was seen a line of parks and plantations, above which the mountains of Wicklow ascend with the greatest majesty. Whilst I stood enraptured with the richness of the scenery, a good-humoured Irish sailor came up to me, and, with a smile of delight, said, "By "Jasus, your honour! you're right there; it's God's own country;" nodding at the same time at me. In this bay, that great man, dean Swift, received the most flattering honours that a grateful people could show to their favourite and friend; several heads of the different corporations, and principal citizens of Dublin, went out in boats

adorned with colours, to welcome the dean back from England, preceded by his friend Dr. Sheridan, with the agreeable news, that his beloved Stella, who had been very ill, was recovered, and conducted him to his house amidst the acclamations of "Long live the "Drapier," the name which he had assumed in a series of popular letters.

As we proceeded, we passed through two great sand-banks called the North and South Bulls, which prevent large ships from crossing the bar, and render Dublin very incommodious for shipping. It was upon one of these banks that an outward bound packet was wrecked a few years since, when many lives were lost. During the horror of the scene, an instance of collected presence of mind occurred, which is somewhat rare: a quaker, who was hanging in the shrouds, said to a fellow-sufferer, who was in momentary expectation of being entombed in the deep: "Friend, should we escape death "this time, can'st thou inform me when the next Liverpool packet "will sail?"

For want of towers and spires, the capital excites but little impression of its magnitude and consequence at a distance. The harbour has been very much protected, on the south side of the river, by a prodigious mole or stone-wall, called the South Wall, formed of large blocks of mountain granite, braced with iron, and strongly cemented. This wonderful monument of human ingenuity and enterprize, which may rank with some of the finest remains of Roman magnificence, extends nearly three miles into the bay from Ringsend. From the king's watch-house it runs to the block-house, which is distant seven thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight feet; and from thence to the light-house, at the extremity of the wall, nine thousand eight hundred and sixteen feet. It rises about five feet above high water, is nearly forty feet broad as far as the block-house, and from thence to the light-house twenty-eight feet broad, narrowing from a base of about thirty-two feet broad. This stupendous work was begun in 1748, and completed in seven years. As we turned the light-house, I was much gratified by its appearance: it is a round tower of white hewn granite, of three stories high, gradually tapering to the summit, on which is raised an octagonal lantern of

eight windows, the powerful light of which is increased by reflecting lenses. A stone staircase, with an iron ballustrade, winds round the building to the second story, where an iron gallery surrounds the whole. It was commenced on the first of June, 1762, in consequence of a statute of queen Anne, called the ballast act. By depositing huge rocks in a vast caisson which was sunk in the sea, the ingenious architect, Mr. Smyth, has been able to raise this beautiful structure, and to give it the consistency of rock, in a situation peculiarly exposed to the raging elements. As we sailed in smooth water on the inner side of the mole, it strongly reminded me of passing by the wonderful embankments which I had seen on the sides of the Neva. Before I land, let me recommend the Union packet as infinitely the swiftest sailing vessel in the service. Our vessel was able to lie along-side of the Pidgeon-house, where we quitted that consummation of human misery, *a cabin after a short voyage*; and, upon landing, after our luggage had again been submitted to search, and to an imposition of three shillings in the shape of a custom-house fee, we entered a long coach, drawn by four wretched horses, which attends upon the packets, and proceeded towards the capital, distant about three miles. Reader, if you love a laugh as well as I do, you will not be offended with me if I relate, that two Scotsmen, who appeared to be enthusiastic agriculturists of the modern school, committed their niece, one of the lovely daughters of green Erin (and indeed she was very beautiful), to my care in the carriage, there being no room for them; that, finding she had a bundle, I begged and prevailed upon her to let me bear it upon my lap for her, in which situation it had not been placed above ten minutes, before it began to stream with perspiration, and proved to be, to the cost of my pantaloons, a large piece of prize-pork, which her uncles, in their rage for fattening cattle, had brought over from England as a precious relic of their favourite system. The Irish will have a fair retaliating laugh at us, when they hear that the secretary of a celebrated English agricultural society received orders from its committee to procure several copies of Mr. and Miss Edgeworth's Essay on Irish Bulls, upon the first appearance of that admirable book, for the use of the members, in their labours for improving the breed of cattle.

A stranger, in his progress from the Pidgeon-house to the capital, cannot fail of being shocked by a sudden contrast to the beautiful scenes he has just quitted, exhibited in a little town called Ringsend, one of the most horrible sinks of filth I ever beheld. Every house swarmed with ragged, squalid tenantry, and dung and garbage lay in heaps in the passages, and upon the steps leading to the cellars: that such a nuisance should be permitted to remain in the neighbourhood of such a city is astonishing. Upon the road we saw several carriages peculiar to the country; that which struck me most was the jaunting car, an open carriage, mounted upon two small wheels, drawn by one horse, in which the company sit back to back, and hence the Irish, in badinage, call it an Irish *vis-a-vis*; whilst, on the other hand, considering the position of the parties and of the coachman, who is elevated in front, I have heard it more appropriately, though less delicately, nominated the *cul-a-cul*. This carriage is very convenient and easy, and will carry six persons besides the coachman. It much resembles the Russian carriage called the *droshka*. The entrance to the capital was through one of the barriers which were erected in the rebellion over one of the canals, which form an admirable protection to the city; and, after passing through several noble streets, we stopped at the mail-coach office, and I proceeded to the Royal Hotel in Kildare-street.

As I passed along, I could not help reflecting upon the ridiculous misrepresentations which have so strong a tendency to divide men from each other, and to perpetuate the antipathy which frequently too fatally separates one country from another. It was not above forty years since that an English nobleman, who was compelled, on account of the settlement of some large estates, to pass some time in Ireland, ordered his *avant-courier* to hire for him one of the best houses in Dublin, and to take especial care that it was not *thatched*. In Spenser's time, the wild Irish were believed to have wings sprouting from their shoulders, and it was lawful to shoot them like any other wild winged animal; and even to the present moment, the genuine character of the Irish is but little known to their brethren on this side of the water.

As sir Isaac Newton has set his face against the authority of tradition beyond one hundred years of age, I shall not detain the reader to inquire whether Jason and the Argonauts sailed from the Bosphorus to Ireland, or whether the neighbouring nations received their alphabets through the medium of that country, or whether the Irish are descended from Magog the son of Japhet, the son of Noah, whether O'Brien Boromhe overwhelmed and expelled the Thuatha d'ha Denan with all the artillery of their magic and witcheries. I would disturb no people in their fancy for national antiquity and pre-eminence. In God's name let the Peruvians derive themselves from the sun; let the Chinese boast of the existence of their empire eight thousand years before the creation of the world according to our calculation; let the Laplander, uncontravened, maintain that his dusky groves, shut up for nine months in polar winter, are the most rural in the world, and that the only honest men and good strawberries, created or grown, are to be found in this country. If the Irish prefer a Carthaginian origin, and the honour of having peopled Scotland, instead of being derived from her, or from Great Britain, or any other country, let her enjoy all the happiness attached to the origin she prefers. However powerful or weak her pretensions to Milesian pedigree may be, for, being no antiquarian, I care but little for the matter; this I know, that if she were not able to push her genealogy beyond a century, she would at least be, as the chief of her orators, Grattan, has finely said, "like some men, possessed of certain powers, who distinguish the place of their nativity, instead of being distinguished by it. They do not receive, they give birth to the place of their residence, and vivify the region which is about them."

My attempt is to sketch the modern Irish, and principally to describe what I saw. I leave Vallency, Ledwich, and Walker, to settle their dispute with Time, for having, by their learning and ingenuity, disarmed him of half his power.

Having performed those ablutions which are so doubly gratifying after a voyage, I traversed as much of the city as I could before dinner, and found myself in Merrion-square, three sides of which are composed of very handsome brick houses, and one side is occupied by Leinster-house and grounds, belonging to the duke of that name,

and the only personage of that rank in Ireland. This square is planted, railed round, paved, and lighted, in a very handsome manner, and will not lose by a comparison with Cavendish-square in London. In the centre of one side of the railing is a public fountain, decorated with the statue of a fountain-nymph, under whom is inscribed, "To the memory of Charles Manners, duke of Rutland, whose heart was as susceptible of the wants of his fellow-creatures, as his purse was open to relieve them, this fountain for the use of the poor is dedicated: at his command it was undertaken, and at his sole expence it would have been erected, had not premature death suddenly deprived the poor of their best benefactor, and the rich of their brightest example." This valuable monument, and the place of its erection, being opposite to Leinster-house, once the paternal roof of the unfortunate lord Edward Fitzgerald, brought to my recollection a beautiful and affecting rhetorical figure used by that great ornament of the Irish bar, Curran, in defending his lordship's widow, the celebrated Pamela, and her infant children, at the bar of the Irish House of Commons. "If," said he, "the widowed mother should carry the orphan heir of her unfortunate husband to the gate of any man, he would feel himself touched with the sad vicissitudes of human affairs; he would feel a compassionate reverence for the noble blood that flowed in his veins, *that like a rich stream rose, till it ran, and hid its fountain.*"

After roving through many noble streets, similar in character and beauty to those of the better parts of London, and being frequently struck with the novel sounds of, "Blood and ounds, make haste, Pat, by my faith and shoul," I reached a jingle stand, and having heard much of this carriage, in company with a friend I mounted one, and took a drive upon a noble road for about two miles. This carriage resembles as much of a coach as remains after the doors, and the upper sides, and roof are removed, and is mounted very high upon four large slender wheels. Its motion produces a rattling noise, which furnishes its name: it is drawn by one miserable looking horse, whose fate it is frequently to pull after him, upon a smart trot, his driver and six passengers. On the road I met one of them quite full, which, at a little distance, owing to the poor animal being enveloped in the

fog of his own perspiration, made the passengers appear as if they were impelled by *steam*. The principal stand of these carriages is at the end of Bagot-street: they are numbered, and the drivers are subject to the control of the police for improper behaviour. They generally run to the Pidgeon-house, and to the Black-rock, and back again. The fare is sixpence only for each person, provided there is a complement of passengers; so that those who will not pay for the deficiency of the necessary number, must "sit, like Patience upon a monument," till the vehicle is filled. These carriages, wretched as they look, are very convenient, and persons of the first respectability frequently ride in them. Away rolled Pat, my friend, and I. All the drivers, and almost every low Irishman, is called Pat, an abbreviation of Paddy, a popular christian name, derived from St. Patrick, the tutelar saint of Ireland, who had the honours of canonization decreed to him, for having, amongst other notable things which I shall hereafter have occasion to enumerate, illustrated the trinity by a shamrock or trefoil. No one who believes in the actual and *bona fide* existence of Minerva, the guardian of Athens; of Juno, the protectress of Carthage; of Mars, the celestial friend of Rome: in short, no one but a most incorrigible disbeliever can doubt that the good and great St. Patrick was a tangible being. And here, for they must not be separated, let me introduce to the reader the immaculate Bridgid, the virgin saint of Ireland, who, like Vesta, was formerly worshipped by her nuns with unextinguished fires; but the modern Irish ladies approach her altars with a more acceptable sacrifice, with chastity instead of celibacy: but more of this hereafter. On the road we saw a poor jingle horse, which had been turned out to batten upon the sorry weed of the ditch, lying, as I thought, for ever removed from all the future toils of so wretched a destiny. "Poor animal!" said I, "he's dead." "And plaze your honour," said Pat, "he is not *dead entirely*."

On the road we met several cars, which are used as common carts. This carriage, which is drawn by one horse, is very low, mounted upon wheels of about two feet in diameter, made out of one or two pieces of wood, fixed either on an iron or wooden axle-tree, which turns round with them, and will carry about the load of three

English wheel-barrows. A noddie also passed us: this carriage is now somewhat rare. It is an old, battered single-horse chaise, with the head up, having a seat for Pat upon the shafts, who is so placed that he retaliates upon his passenger, for the rump of the horse being placed close to his very mouth. As this machine moves, it nods; and hence, as the Irish are always descriptive in their expressions, I presume its name: these are all the carriages peculiar to the country.

The hackney-coaches are similar to those in London, but infinitely inferior in case and cleanliness. Some wag has written, that the hackney-coach drivers of Dublin use very long poles in their coaches, at the end of which they fasten a bundle of hay out of the reach of the horse, by which ingenious arrangement the animal advances with increased ardour in the constant pursuit of food which he is seldom permitted to taste: this picture is utterly false. The horses, however, are very poor; and the whole establishment calls loudly for the ameliorating hand of the civil government.

It ought to be observed, that the Irish horse is singularly hardy; and to be very high in bone is no proof of weakness. In the city, mules are very common, and they were in general in good condition. The Irish drivers set their horses in motion much in the same way as we do, by the word "gee," an important word which, as well as that of "whoa," have been too much in constant use to have had much illustration. Dr. Johnson defines the accelerating word "gee" to be "a term amongst waggoners, to make their horses go faster;" but does not recur to the radical word. Ge, or geh, seems to be the imperative of the German verb *gehen*, to go; a word by which, with an accompanying stroke of the whip, a horse thoroughly understands that he is to advance. The retarding word "whoa," we are told, was formerly applied to valorous knights and combatants in armour, or *harness*, as it was called, and hence degraded to horses *in harness*. When the king, as president at tilts and tournaments, threw down his baton as the signal of discontinuance, the heralds cried out, in the Danish language, to the combatants, "ho," that is, stop. When a jingle-driver wishes his horse to go to the right, he cries "hup, hup;" when to the left, "wey, wey;" and when to stop, "phthrowh." The

jingle-drivers frequently make one pound eleven shillings and sixpence by driving persons on a Sunday to the Black-rock, a distance of about five English miles from the city. When these fellows cut a horse to the flesh, which is not often the case, they call it "*establishing a raw*."

We had not proceeded an Irish mile, eleven of which are equal to fourteen English, before Pat stopped, and said, "Plaze your honours, I will not drive your honours any farther, unless you give me another hog." Knowing the word in its usual acceptation *only*, we thought proper to alight; and having paid him what he at first demanded, which was, as we afterwards found, thrice as much as his fare, we descended, and in learning what a hog was, we obtained the nature of the currency of Ireland, which consists,

1st. Of a copious effusion of paper, from a guinea note to several thousand pounds.

2d. English guineas, seldom seen out of the north of Ireland, worth one pound two shillings and ninepence Irish each.

3d. Dollars worth five shillings and fivepence Irish each.

4th. Silver bank tokens of six shillings Irish each.

5th. Silver bank tokens, called tenpenny and fivepenny pieces, worth so much Irish each.

6th. Hogs, or shillings, sometimes called thirteens, worth thirteen pence Irish each.

7th. Pigs, or testers, worth sevenpence Irish each.

8th. Penny, half-penny, and farthing pieces, a very recent and handsome coinage.—For reasons which will hereafter appear, as long as any difference of exchange continues above par, it will be advisable for those who visit Ireland, either to draw on England if they are known, or to take over guineas.

Although the beneficence of the country has provided so many comfortable asylums for the beggars of Dublin, they are numerous and wretched beyond conception: I think more so than in the provinces of France. Their dress is deplorably filthy, and induced a wit to say, that he never knew what the beggars of London did with their cast off clothes, till he found that they were sold to the Dublin beggars. I have heard of a wandering wretch, who, in

passing over a corn-field, thought himself very fortunate in exchanging breeches with a mawkin or scarecrow, set up to frighten away the birds ; and such seems to be the condition of those mendicants. Their perseverance is generally irresistible.

Some of the police with a black covered cart occasionally go round the city to pick up such mendicants as do not disappear as the terrific vehicle turns the corner of a street, and convey them to the house of industry, from which they escape the first opportunity. They prefer a precarious crust of bread steeped in tears with liberty, to comfort and protection in the shape of restraint. In London we have many sights of sorrow before us, but they are generally confined to certain parts of the town ; whereas in Dublin they affect the eyes, and ears, and disfigure the beauty of this superb city every where. As the present arrangements are so inadequate, the legislature cannot direct its eye with too much ardour and anxiety to the subject. To that legislature the poor mendicant may say, in the language of Shakespeare,

“ You taught me first to beg ; and now, methinks,
“ You teach me how a beggar should be answered.”

The native wit and humour of the low Irish is singularly happy. A beggar had been for a long time besieging an old, gouty, testy, limping gentleman, who refused his mite with great irritability, upon which the mendicant said, “ Ah, plaze your honour’s honour, “ I wish God had made your *heart* as tender as your *toes*.” Many of these poor creatures, to secure a decent interment, respecting which the low Irish are very tenacious, with a spirit of hospitality beyond the grave, implore the aid of alms to purchase a coffin for themselves, and candles, pipes, tobacco, and whiskey for their mourning friends.

As the dress of Pat is pretty nearly the same from Dublin to Galway, and from Fairhead to Bantry, and has continued so for ages, one description will be sufficient, and I shall take it from Spenser in his Review of Ireland : It is a long loose coat, or mantle, made of woollen, of stone-colour, which Pat always wears alike in the nipping winter and the sultry summer, and of which the poet, with

some bitterness of spirit, thus speaks : “ It is a fit house for an outlaw, a meet bed for a rebel, and an apt cloak for a thief : first, the outlaw being, for his many crimes and villanies, banished from the towns and houses of honest men, and wandering in waste places far from danger of law, maketh his mantle his house, and under it covereth himself from the wrath of Heaven, from the offence of the earth, and from the sight of man. When it raineth, it is his penthouse ; when it bloweth, it is his tent ; when it freezeth, it is his tabernacle. In summer he can wear it loose, in winter he can wrap it close : at all times he can use it ; never heavy, never cumbersome. Likewise for a rebel it is as serviceable ; for in this war that he maketh (if at least it deserves the name of war), when he still flieth from his foe, and lurketh in the thick woods and strait passages, waiting for advantages, it is his bed, yea, and almost his household stuff.” The lower order of women are also very fond of a long great coat, with many capes.

CHAPTER III.

BRIEF ACCOUNT OF DUBLIN....ITS PROGRESSIVE IMPROVEMENT
PARISHES....JEWS....DEFECTIVE STATE OF ITS ECCLESIAS-
 TICAL ESTABLISHMENT....ITS POPULATION...THE FAMILY
 BIBLE....NECESSARY WEAPON FOR A TRAVELLER IN IRELAND
NEWSPAPER MURDERS....STATE OF THE QUARTERS OF THE
 POOR....AFFECTING PICTURE....IRISH PHILANTHROPY....THE
 GLOVE SHOP....DEPLORABLE STATE OF THE COIN....ABSEN-
 TEES....DISTRESSING ANECDOTES....HIGH STATE OF EX-
 CHANGE....ATTEMPT TO DEVELOPE ITS CAUSE....A FEW SUG-
 GESTIONS OFFERED FOR ITS REMOVAL.

DUBLIN may take a high rank amongst the finest cities of the earth. It covers an area of rather more than one thousand four hundred and sixty-four acres, and is considered to be about seven Irish miles in circumference. In the year 964, in the preface to king Edgar's charters, she is styled "the most noble city of "Dublin." After undergoing a variety of progressive improvements, in the year 1610 the river Liffey was embanked on the southern side only, with quays; the ground called the Bachelor's Walk, the Inn's quay, Ellis's quay, Arran quay, the two Ormond quays, east and west of Essex bridge, to an extent of about a mile and a half, on which are now erected many noble houses, were at that period covered with mud, and overflowed by the tides: the whole of the foundation of that superb building, the Four Courts of Justice, opposite to Merchant's quay, is built upon piles. We find also at this period, that that part of the city called Osmontown, or Oxmantown, was terminated to the last by Mary Abbey: that on the other side to the West Church-street and Michan's Church, were the bounds. Stoney-batter, now called Manor-street, Grange Gorman, and Glasmanogue, now a part of the city, were inconsiderable

distant villages, and so far was the latter from the capital, that in the time of the plague the sheriffs of Dublin held their courts there. At the same period, Temple-bar, Crane-lane, Fleet-street, Lazar's hill, &c., now called South Townsend-street, Crampton, Aston's, George's, and sir John Rogerson's quays, on the south side of the Liffey, had not emerged from the water; and George's quay and many acres extending to Ringsend bridge, were only rescued from the same element within the last century. On the north side, Dame-street contained only a small collection of buildings, and terminated at the Augustine monastery, opposite to the end of George-lane, which was nearly the extent of the suburbs to the east. The city is nearly square, is mostly on a level, but compared with the surrounding country is rather low. It is watered by the river Liffey, which rises about four or five miles westward from the capital, and after nearly surrounding, with the most beautiful meanders, the county of Kildare, intersects almost equally the city, where it much resembles the Seine, as many parts of Dublin through which it flows do the quay Voltaire, quay Malaquais, and the quay de Conti, and other quarters of Paris.

The number of parishes in Dublin is nineteen. The churches of the parishes of St. Nicholas without the walls, and St. Michael's, are in ruins, and the parish of St. Peter's has two churches; therefore the number of churches is at present eighteen: the church of St. George, included in this number, is not yet finished; it promises to be an elegant edifice: to these places of public worship belonging to the establishment, may be added the College-chapel, Blue-Coat-Hospital-chapel, Royal-Hospital-chapel, Stephen's-Hospital-chapel, Magdalen-Asylum-chapel, Lying-in-Hospital-chapel, Bethesda-chapel, and the Foundling-Hospital-chapel.

The quakers have two meeting-houses in Dublin, the congregations of which amount to between six and seven hundred souls. The quakers scattered over the island are about five thousand, with about one thousand who frequent their meeting-houses, but are not in society. It is a singular circumstance, that in Dublin there are only three Jewish families, and it is believed that they have not at any period been more numerous, nor, as far as I could learn, have

the river Liffey rises
about 40 miles westward

they ever had a synagogue. In the cities of Cork, Waterford, Limerick, and Belfast, Jews are to be found, but in no part of the country of Ireland. Last year a foreign Jew from Konigsburg, upon his conforming, was baptized. There are four meeting-houses for methodists, one for anabaptists, one for French lutherans, fifteen Roman catholic chapels, a church for French calvinists, a Danish, and Dutch church. Its parochial division is very unequal. The parish of St. Catherine, the largest and nearly the poorest, comprehends one hundred and twelve acres, and about twenty thousand one hundred and seventy-six inhabitants; St. Nicholas within five acres, and about one thousand one hundred inhabitants; and St. Peter's spreads over an area of one hundred and forty-one acres, including its squares, and about sixteen thousand and sixty-three inhabitants. The unequal duties of the clergy may be easily inferred from this statement, which are rendered the more oppressive, on account of the compensation for their services being very inadequate. The limits of parishes are so irregular, that small streets frequently contribute to the support of three different ministers, as is the case with the quarter called the Poddle. The country parishes vary still more from one to thirty miles. The most populous parishes are within the walls of the ancient city, viz. the parishes of St. Michael, St. Nicholas within, St. Werburgh, St. John, the deanery of Christ's church, and the eastern part of St. Audeon.

The following is a lamentable picture of the defective state of the church-establishment in Ireland. There are two thousand four hundred and thirty-six parishes, one thousand and one churches, and only three hundred and fifty-five glebe or parsonage-houses. The benefices or union-parishes amount to one thousand one hundred and twenty: so that there are two thousand and eighty-one parishes without any residence for the clergymen, and one thousand four hundred and thirty-five parishes without any churches. Where there are no glebe-houses, the resident clergyman rents a house; where he does not reside his curate performs the service, and, I was informed, with tolerable regularity: but the inconvenience must be great, and residence from necessity rare.

The paving of Dublin commenced in 1774. There were no houses of brick or stone (except some poor religious houses) before

the reign of Henry the second. The population of Dublin was determined from actual enumeration in the year 1798; and by the conservators of the peace in 1804, was found to amount to one hundred and eighty-two thousand three hundred and seventy souls. Since that period seven hundred houses have been built, which are tenanted. Seven thousand souls, or ten to a house, may at least be generally allowed, giving a total of one hundred and eighty-nine thousand three hundred and seventy; but as this average of ten to a house is below that of Dublin at large, which is between eleven and twelve, and as the population of the castle is not included, the population of Dublin may be safely taken at one hundred and ninety thousand, including the garrison. The difficulty of obtaining a correct account of the population of Ireland is great, on account of there being no registers of births, marriages, and deaths kept, except in Dublin, and even there I was informed they were kept very irregularly. A friend of mine from Ireland, in order to prove in the court of Chancery here, that a ward of his was of age, was obliged to produce the great family bible, as the only document that afforded him data of the event. The increase of population in the capital has been progressive. In 1682, sir William Petty tells us there were thirteen parishes, including the two deaneries of Christ-church and St. Patrick; that there were but four thousand families, which at eight in each family, made thirty-two thousand souls. Since he wrote, three parishes have been added, viz. St. Catherine's, mentioned before, containing twenty thousand one hundred and seventy-six inhabitants, St. Michael's eighteen thousand and ninety-two inhabitants, and St. Mary's above sixteen thousand inhabitants. The causes of this increase are various: for above a century after the revolution, the island enjoyed the repose of peace; agriculture, manufactures, commerce, and all the other arts and blessings of tranquillity, ^{and} happiness over the face of the land. As wealth increased ^{and} multiplied. The viceregal court expanded, and attracted unusually erratic native nobility; the professors of the ^{most} elegant parts of the city plied with the wealth of the state; the ^{and} the back-yards of the learning, were filled with students: number of these streets, with ed, as when she retained and ^{was} tenanted by little shopkeepers,

ture of Rome, after the west of Europe had been overshadowed by the darkness of the Gothic invader; she became again, "the school of the west, the quiet habitation of sanctity and literature." These were all fruitful sources for enlarging the metropolis. Many of the streets are very superb. Sackville and Westmoreland-streets and Cavendish-row, may vie with any in London for their size and beauty: and most of the streets in the neighbourhood of Mountjoy and Rutland-squares in the north, and of St. Stephen's green and Merrion-square in the south, are very handsome. The greater portion of the city is well paved and lighted, but in general very badly cleansed. The principal fuel is Newcastle coal, and turf from the bog of Allen.

Dame-street is the great focus of fashion, bustle, and business, and is lined with noble shops and buildings. It is the Rue St. Honoré of Paris, and the Bond-street of London; and the beauty of the principal streets of Dublin is not disfigured as in London by an intermixture of butchers', fishmongers', and poulterers' stalls, which are confined to certain quarters of the town. This arrangement adds greatly to the beauty of the city. The number of houses which has been built since the union amounts to about one thousand. I found that the price of middling houses had considerably increased, and that of large ones had much diminished since that epoch. The union inevitably attracted a number of men of rank, wealth, and fashion, to England, who have not been succeeded by an increase of persons of their own degree and resources to purchase their vacant houses at their own price, whilst the spirit and the means of the trading part of the community have increased to a degree developed by the great addition of buildings above stated. Of the principal public buildings I shall speak in the order of my visiting them. At night the city is admirably watched and patrolled. Most of the watchmen are armed with muskets, others with a pike having a curved knife, and the robberies which occur are very rare: indeed, whilst I am upon this subject there are no glebe-men, that in the course of my tour through different counties does not reside his curate. I was frequently alone, and had no other protection with tolerable regularity: never met with the slightest molestation. residence from necessity rare, and predations which are stated to have

The paving of Dublin commenced some time past, have been manufactured of brick or stone (except so.

tured by the editors of English newspapers, to fill up a vacancy in their prints. Upon these occasions, Limerick and its neighbourhood are generally selected for the scene of blood and outrage. The arrival of the mail frequently astonishes some of the inhabitants with an account of their own throats having been cut, their cattle houghed, and their houses plundered. This selection is rather an unfortunate one, as Limerick, since the year 1798, has been particularly free from any spirit hostile to the repose of society.

The city is now plentifully supplied with water, but it is not near so pure and excellent as it was about sixty years since: it was then supplied by a fine mountain stream called Temple-ogo water, collected into the bason in St. James's-street: the river Liffey, dammed up above Island-bridge, now Sarah-bridge, also supplied the town with water; but the population increasing, these supplies were insufficient, and the proper officers contracted with the grand canal company to unite their water with the city bason, and it became necessary to cut off part of the bason for the convenience of the canal, by which the beauty of the bason was quite destroyed. The canal-water passing over such a variety of soil, may imbibe some impurities, which however cannot fail of being corrected by the quantity of rain which falls.

The public buildings which embellish the capital are very magnificent; I shall attempt to describe them in the order in which I visited them. As I have mentioned the nobler parts of the city, it is with no little degree of pain that I step from the sunshine into the shade, to advert to the quarters of the poor, which I believe have no parallel in London, and demand the immediate attention of the government, which has, or ought to have been, most powerfully excited by the labours of the Rev. James Whitelaw, M. R. I. A., which were laid before the public in 1798, since which he assures me no steps have been taken to remove or assuage the misery he has depicted. The poorer parts of Dublin are pregnant with nuisances unusually destructive to health and comfort. In the ancient parts of the city the streets are generally very narrow, and the back-yards of the houses very confined. The greater number of these streets, with their numerous lanes and alleys, are tenanted by little shopkeepers,

the labouring poor, and beggars, crowded together to a degree painful and affecting to reflection. Mr. Whitelaw states, in his admirable Essay on the Population of Dublin, that a single apartment in one of these truly wretched habitations lets from one to two shillings per week, and, to lighten this rent, two, three, and even four families, become joint tenants; he also mentions that a house in Braithwaite-street, some years since, contained one hundred and eight souls; and that in July, 1798, the entire side of a house, four stories high, in School-house-lane, fell from its foundation into an adjoining yard, where it destroyed an entire dairy of cows; that he ascended the remaining ruin, through the usual approach of shattered stairs, stench, and filth; that the floors had sunk on the side then unsupported, forming so many inclined planes; that he observed, with astonishment, that the inhabitants, above thirty in number, who had escaped destruction by the circumstance of the wall falling outwards, had not deserted their apartments. In the course of his investigation, he unfolds some truly shocking circumstances of extreme misery.

With respect to parochial schools, the same enlightened and humane author observes, that there are parishes the most opulent, which, from their total neglect, or languid efforts, seem unconscious that poverty and ignorance have an existence within their pale. That one parish, conscious of its utter inability to form, unaided, any establishment, seems to have relinquished the idea in despair; whilst in three others, their utmost exertions are scarcely more than sufficient to supply a scanty salary to the master of a day-school, with clothing for a very limited number of children. That these, unprovided with food or lodging, must of course, after school-hours, mingle with the idle, the profligate, and the profane; among whom, unfortunately, may be often numbered their own parents: that the utter inability of these neglected portions of the capital is visible in the wretched state of their school-houses, which are situated in the midst of an extremely compressed population, in narrow streets or filthy lanes, without any back-yards. That in seven of the parochial schools the complete separation of the sexes was neglected, and that no less than eight of them had no play-ground, except a church-yard.

Mr. Whitelaw informs me that the present number of parochial schools is eighteen: Peter's parish having two, and the parishes of St. James and St. Luke not having any. That of St. George has been erected since he wrote, and is in its infancy. To remedy the defect stated, Mr. Whitelaw proposes, that in the place of seventeen parochial, four general schools should be established; two exclusively for males, and two for females, each to contain one hundred and twenty children. That these should be built in the suburbs, in healthy, airy situations, with large play-grounds; that to each should be annexed a small infirmary, with a cold-bath; that these schools should be supported in the usual manner by charity-sermons, and subscriptions in the different parishes, and that each parish should be entitled to send to these schools a number in proportion to its poor protestant population, and not to the extent of its contribution. The commissioners of inquiry into the state of the accounts and conduct of the corporation for paving, lighting, and cleansing Dublin have made their report to the imperial parliament, with all the energy due to such a subject, and have established the deplorable picture contained in Mr. Whitelaw's Essay, upon the oath of witnesses. To such an appeal the government can never turn a deaf ear. The fever-hospital answers the sanguine expectations of the public, and has effectually checked fevers among the poor. It is spacious, clean, airy, and well arranged, contains eighty beds, and, though its district has been extended to the entire south side of the Liffey, not more than sixty of these beds have been at any time occupied. Its revenues are ample, and its managers indefatigable. There is also another fever-hospital on the north side of the Liffey.

I may have been a little prolix in my endeavours to enforce the sagacious remarks of this friend of humanity, and I am sure my humane reader will not blame me. I know not in what terms of admiration to speak of this reverend philanthropist. For the noble purpose of unfolding to the eyes of the affluent and powerful, wretchedness the most abject and forlorn, of resuscitating slothfulness, of reclaiming depravity, of opening the hot-bed of insurrectional want and ignorance to the guardian eye of the police, and of aiding the revenue of the state, he quitted his abode of affluence and happiness,

and in the sultry summer months of 1798, unpatronized, unsolicited, attended only by assistants in his great scheme of mercy and benevolence, who were paid out of his own purse, unawed by the dread of contagion, and by the sights of woe that lay before him, as the faithful minister of his God, under His protection, and as the ardent friend of the outcast of his kind, penetrated the dismal, unheeded, and unfrequented recesses of famine, disease, darkness, and despair. The results of his labours, characterized by judgment, perspicuity, and benevolence, have been submitted to the public; and if they have not been followed by the good which was their sole aim and object, they have at least endeared him, not only to his country, but to all who can feel and appreciate the extent and motive of his action. To men so constituted and so disposed, the traveller turns with delight: they are objects more worthy of beholding, and more interesting, than the most graceful relics of the taste and genius of other ages.

Since Mr. Whitelaw wrote, a very fine charter-school has been established in Bagot-street, nearly on the banks of the canal, for sixty girls. To this school, in which the rooms are spacious and airy; girls, when of a proper age and state of improvement, are removed from the different schools belonging to the corporations in various parts of Ireland; here their education is finished, and from hence they are apprenticed to proper protestant masters and mistresses, an object which was found difficult of attainment in the distant parts of the kingdom, where protestants are comparatively few. As this school is under the immediate inspection of the governor, it is well conducted; and not only the moral and religious instructions of the children, but habits of industry are deeply impressed.

Upon entering a shop to purchase a pair of gloves, I observed, with no little degree of curiosity, that, upon my presenting the money for them, my fair shopkeeper placed a little brass weighing-machine upon the counter, and weighed my shillings, all of which, as well as four or five more which I had in my purse, proved to be deficient in weight.

Nothing can impress a stranger more forcibly than the want of a mint coinage in Ireland, and (with an exception to certain portions in the north) the deplorable want of metallic specie throughout that

country, to which may be added the exorbitant state of the exchange between the two countries.

The production of a guinea, in many parts of Ireland, excites as much curiosity as the display of a ruble or a sicca rupee would. Upon the arrival of the first of those precious coins in Dublin, it speedily finds its way either to the banker's counter, or to shops called specie shops, over the doors of which is written, "Guineas bought and sold here, and bank notes exchanged for guineas." Here a guinea, exchanged for a bank of Ireland guinea note, was some time since resold at one pound three shillings, and one pound three shillings and sixpence: at present it is at one shilling, which is low. Small bank of England notes, from one to ten pounds, are at a premium proportionate to guineas, being equally useful to travellers. Larger bank of England bills bear the same price as merchants' bills on London.

The north of Ireland is principally supplied with guineas from Dublin, where they are now so scarce, notwithstanding their premium being low, that it is with difficulty they can be procured in quantities sufficient for travelling expences. The scarcity of this coin cannot be a matter of surprise, when, in addition to the act for restraining payments in specie, it appears that one person alone, between the years 1799 and 1804, purchased a million and a quarter, one million of which was sold for the purpose of exportation; and some of the absentee landlords still persist in making, as far as they can, their tenants pay their rents in specie.

The want of silver specie is more particularly lamentable and embarrassing beyond imagination. Many of the great quantity of base shillings in circulation are not intrinsically worth fourpence; but if they are of sufficient weight, or what is admitted to be so by tacit consent, viz. two pennyweights, and sixteen grains and a half, and do not present too *brazen* an appearance of their *felonious* origin, they are permitted to descend into the till, to prevent a total stagnation of trade. Even these shillings are rare, and their rarity is frequently disastrous to business. After having been detained half an hour for change, I have more than once been told by the shopkeeper, with great regret, that he had sent to all his neighbours for change but could not obtain any, and consequently the article purchased re-

sumed its former seat upon the shelf. It is worthy of observation, that the mint shilling weighs three pennyweights and twenty-one grains, so that, even in *mere weight*, an Irish shopkeeper is compelled to submit to a deduction of rather more than one-third.

It has been asserted, that the rebellion and the absentees have in a great measure occasioned the dearth of specie. During the late insurrectional troubles, the possessor of money naturally concealed it, and as naturally brought it into circulation again when the storm had subsided. It is not likely that a temporary cause could produce a permanent effect; that the absentees have increased the drain of gold, no one can doubt. Their wealth was lately more considerable than at present, and the evil must of course have been greater. It has been urged that, as in the north, where the comparative property of absentees is greater than in the west and south, specie is abundant, it sanctions an inference, that the absentees have *no* influence in increasing the scarcity of gold: but surely the fact must be, that the mischief is merely *less* felt in the north, on account of its being the great depot, I had nearly said asylum, of specie.

The first deficiency of silver may perhaps be attributable, in a great degree, to the effusion of silver paper-notes during the great circulation of base shillings in the spring of 1804, the former of which the lower classes of people preferred; and, in consequence of this cheap substitution, the good silver was sent abroad as the best mode of remittance: after the re-appearance of silver, upon the subsidence of the rebellion, the interest of individuals induced them to export all the good shillings they could industriously procure, to England, where twenty-one of them could be exchanged for an English guinea, and in Ireland, no less a number would be taken for an Irish guinea note; the difference between which, in point of exchange, left a handsome profit to those who engaged largely in the traffic. Another, and an alarming cause of the baseness of the silver coin, is the facility with which it may be coined, and the frequent impunity extended to coiners on conviction. Coiners of shillings in Ireland, as well as in England, are punishable with death; but, notwithstanding several convictions of this crime, the only punishment that fol-

lowed, as far as I could learn, for some years, was that of the pillory; and even that was rarely inflicted.

The silver coin in Ireland has always been inferior to the silver coin in England. In the beginning of the year 1804, the silver was so adulterated, that the public offices, particularly the treasury at the castle, refused to take it from the post-office, and in consequence the postmen refused to take it from the public, and detained their letters; and the sellers of the necessary articles of life required a higher price for their articles paid for in silver, and this distressing difficulty was softened only by permission to the buyer, if he had credit, to keep up a running account with the seller, until the articles sold amounted to a guinea note, when it was paid in paper to that amount. Many persons of this description were obliged to part with what they received as five shillings for wages, for less than half the value in goods. By the government improvidently refusing to take the silver in circulation without supplying a better, the public, particularly the artificers and manufacturers, suffered the most grievous embarrassment: at length a representation of its distresses was made, on the 31st March, 1804, to the then secretary sir Evan Nepean, from the lord mayor and board of aldermen in Dublin, the result of which was the following note: "There is no intention at present of ordering the discontinuance of the receipt of the *best* of the silver coin, now in circulation, at the public offices as usual," which was followed by the mayor and aldermen recommending their fellow citizens "To take in payment the *best* of the silver coin then in circulation," which *best* silver was worth, upon trial, about sixpence, and the worst about half that value; and the proportion of the best silver to the worst was about equal. In consequence of the public sensation which this grievance produced, several of the retail dealers found themselves in the possession of the basest silver to the amount of seven and eight hundred pounds, which they could not circulate.

To the eternal honour of Mr. Foster, and the directors of the bank of Ireland, the latter, under the sagacious advice of the former, issued a large quantity of silver tokens, enumerated in the table of the current coin, for the accommodation of the public, subjecting themselves to the hazard of circulation, and to the loss attendant upon

the redemption of that silver whenever a mint coinage should be effected.

The silver six shilling Irish tokens were issued on the 18th July, 1804, to the amount of two hundred thousand pounds; but, notwithstanding so large an issue, it is a curiosity to see one, in consequence, as it is supposed, of their being locked up by the petty country bankers, to accelerate the circulation of their paper called silver notes: for this reason they also hoard up large quantities of the genuine Irish shillings, called, by the low Irish, *mint hogs*. These bankers also issue notes from one to three guineas, whilst their responsibility would tremble at a prompt demand for fifty pounds. In some parts of Ireland the people are so embarrassed, by the immense effusion of the notes of small banks, that a premium of threepence in the pound is frequently paid for an Irish bank note, although it is in all parts in a state of depreciation; and many of these bankers have been known to refuse their own notes in payment for rent, without a discount being allowed: the mischief produced by such a combination is very great, and calls loudly for the interference of the legislature. The tenpenny and fivepenny tokens were issued on the 11th June, 1805, to the amount of four hundred thousand pounds. The copper coinage of penny, halfpenny, and farthing pieces, which has been recently sent over to Ireland, amounts to one hundred and forty thousand pounds; owing to the wretched state of the small circulating medium in Ireland, this was a most seasonable supply, and is in high demand and rapid circulation. There are very few, if any, counterfeits of the large tokens; but those of the tenpenny pieces are very numerous, and difficult of detection, owing to the bad execution of the originals. One cargo of tenpenny-piece counterfeits, to a very large amount, has been recently sent over from England, intrinsically worth about threepence less than the originals: these require the nicest eye to discover them. The coining of these tokens is punishable with seven years transportation. In the north of Ireland, since I visited it, I find that the bank silver tokens are at a discount, at the same exchange as between notes and gold; and dollars that pass for five shillings and fivepence in Dublin, pass there only for four shillings and tenpence halfpenny. Sixpences are frequently

objected to in the capital, as well as in the country. I have given a beggar one of these pieces of coin, and he has requested me to give him a penny piece instead.

As Ireland is now incorporated with the British empire, I cannot see why a universal assimilation of the coin should not take place. In the year 1637, lord Strafford issued a proclamation, directing that all payments should be reckoned by English money; and that the consideration money of all contracts, made after the 1st of May of that year, should be considered to be in English money. It was not till the abdication of James II that this identity of English and Irish money was effected, when the shilling was raised, by royal proclamation, to thirteen-pence; and afterwards, in 1695, to fourteen-pence; and in 1701, it fell again to thirteen-pence, at which it has ever since continued.

Some steps have already been taken to assimilate the currency of both countries, in the payments of the custom-house duties, which are generally made payable in English money. Although I am aware that this identity of coin would be attended with temporary inconveniences in detail, and would, for a short period, embarrass the ordinary mode of common calculation, yet I am satisfied that the advantage of the measure would be speedy and powerful.

The vast effusion of bank paper in Ireland cannot fail of attracting the attention of a stranger. No cause, within the range of political economy, can be more propitious and invigorating to the agriculture, commerce, and manufactures of Ireland, than an extensive credit, arising from a *temperate* substitution of paper for gold; I have said a *temperate* substitution, for an *excessive* one must in a progressive degree be injurious. The features of this evil are said, by two able writers on the subject, lord King and Mr. Thornton, to consist in a *permanent* rise in the price of bullion above the mint price, and a *permanent* increase in the rate of exchange. With great deference to such authorities, I should think an *excessive*, though *fluctuating*, exchange to be the surer criterion. In no part of the commercial world can more integrity, liberality, and responsibility be found, than amongst the bankers of Dublin, and the higher provincial bankers. The result of such an association of qualities is, that the

public are more favourably disposed towards the substitution of paper for gold to such a degree, that gold, which was at ten per cent. in Ireland, is now reduced to less than the fourth of that sum, yet the exorbitant state of exchange between the two countries continues.

In the north of Ireland there is a strong disposition to resist the admission of paper. The linen manufacturers purchase gold and silver before the linen markets open. Persons concerned in that part in the linen trade have two prices, a gold price, and a paper price: hence the north has become the depository of the specie of the country; but even there, when no doubt is entertained of the responsibility of the person offering paper, notes are received; and, in the payment of rents by respectable tenants, the landlords seldom refused paper. With respect to the profusion of paper-currency in the south, I am sure I shall make my reader smile, by some instances which I shall adduce in a description of my visit to that quarter.

The exorbitant state of the exchange between England and Ireland also cannot fail of strongly impressing a stranger. Exchange is established between *separate, independent* commercial countries, for the purpose of accomplishing balances where extremes exist; and it is clear that a high exchange between such countries must operate as a bounty on exports, and as a duty on imports.

Let us take a view of the exchange between England and Ireland, now no longer politically separated:

If I draw, in Ireland, upon England for 100 <i>l.</i> British, at			
the rate of exchange as it was in December last, it will	£.	s.	d.
be for	113	0	0
100 <i>l.</i> at par is	108	6	8
<hr/>			
I therefore gain	4	13	4
<hr/>			

If I draw, in England, upon Ireland for 100 <i>l.</i> of that cur-			
rency, at the same rate of exchange, it will be for	87	0	0

This statement, which I merely offer for those who may visit Ireland, as I did, without any commercial habits, will show how much oppressed the commercial transactions of that country must

be. The Irish importing merchant must suffer by it, because he is obliged to make good the amount of the invoice of the goods he receives in sterling money in London, be the rate of exchange what it may; and the exporting merchant can receive no remuneration at all proportionate, or in relation to the fluctuating state of exchange by extra charge, the Irish being purchasers on credit, and consequently would object to any advance of price, as prospective of an evil that might be only temporary.

A high exchange has induced individuals to collect the good silver for exportation to England, which, as I have stated, is one cause of the embarrassment for want of silver; and as long as the exchange continues so high against Ireland, a silver mint coinage, unless placed under the protection of legislative restriction, would not remain eight-and-forty hours in the country. The *fluctuations* of the exchange must also be a source of embarrassment. For two years and a half it settled at about par: and once an extraordinary instance occurred, of English bank paper being sold upon the exchange of Dublin at three and a half per cent. under par. In August, 1798, it was at eight per cent. in London for one post day; in February, March, April, May, and June, and part of July, 1798, it vibrated from nine to nine and three-quarters per cent.; on the 14th of February, 1804, it was at seventeen, and has since been as high as twenty.

This high rate of exchange has been attributed to the restriction of bank payments in specie, to the interest of the public debt due from Ireland to England, to the buyers and sellers of bills, to the remittances to absentees, but more to the depreciation of Irish bank notes. In my humble opinion the last is the only cause, and all the others are immediate effects, mistaken for subordinate causes. Nothing can be more clear than that when foreign bills are to be paid in the currency of any country, which is in its own nature of a depreciated value, the exchange always must be against that country. *The bank of Ireland notes are not exchangeable either for specie or bank of England bills, without a premium*, which since the summer of 1803 to December last, has arisen from ten to twelve per cent. The man who goes to market in Dublin with a guinea in gold, has

an advantage to the extent of the premium over another going to market with a guinea in paper, for the former calls at a specie shop, and sells his guinea for a paper guinea and the premium. This *depreciation* must arise, I should suppose, from an *excessive issue of paper*, which in the time of the restriction upon the issue of gold, increased from six hundred thousand pounds to two million six hundred thousand pounds, in addition to the vast augmentation of private bankers' notes in Dublin and other parts of Ireland. The army in Ireland suffered considerably from being paid in paper; they are now, in consequence of the interference of government, paid one-third in silver tokens and halfpence, and the remaining two-thirds are drawn for.

In Dublin the paper of the Dublin bankers is received in the same manner as that of the bank of Ireland, for which the Irish bank is always ready to change it. The bank, except in extraordinary cases, discounts no mercantile bills for more than sixty-one days, and always endeavours to discriminate between bills which represent real commercial transactions, and those of mere accommodation. If the high state of exchange be fairly imputable to those other causes which have been assigned and enumerated, the mischief appears to be remediless; the restriction on the bank payments in specie cannot at present be prudentially removed: the interest of the Irish debt must be paid, until the debt be extinguished. Money brokers have a right to frequent the exchange; and the law dares not, because it would be unjust and arbitrary, confine absentees to their native country, or tax their property for their absence.

As agriculture is increasing in Ireland, and as I trust every other national blessing will there increase also, an increased circulation is immediately, and will be more pressingly wanted. To remedy the exchange several plans have been proposed; amongst others, it has been suggested for the bank of Ireland to invest a part of its capital in convertible securities, either in the hands of the bank of England, or of its own agents, or to take bills at a given rate of exchange, and by being drawers at a higher rate, to create a fund to draw upon, which would give it a controlling check over exchange operations, or to pay two, three, or four millions to its credit in the bank of Eng-

land, to be drawn for or remitted at the pleasure of the bank of Ireland : but the most effective measure seems to be a consolidation of the two banks, under the title of the Imperial Bank, to be effected by a transfer of the stock of the bank of Ireland proprietors, to their credit in the bank of England, to be denominated imperial stock, and by an adoption on the part of the bank of England of all the engagements of the bank of Ireland, and by placing the united concerns of the two banks under the controul of directors of the existing banks, in such numbers as might be agreed upon : a bank, as a branch of the Imperial Bank, to be kept up in Dublin for the payment of the paper of the mother bank, which should be made payable either in England or Ireland, similar to the organization of the twenty local bank offices which radiate from the bank in Scotland.

The effect of such a consolidation, if it could be accomplished, would in all probability keep the exchange at par for ever : the facility and safety of receiving and transmitting paper so issued, assisted by a common coin, would be felt as a public blessing, from the heart to all the extremities of Ireland.

It may perhaps be objected, that in the years 1728 and 1737, when guineas were issueable in both countries, the rate of exchange was never lower than ten and a half per cent., and was sometimes as high as twelve ; but this circumstance is fairly attributable to the want of mail-coaches, and to a general risk of conveyance. I hope the day is not distant when this great measure of policy will be carried into effect. What I have said is with great deference, prompted alone by an ardour for the amelioration and happiness of Ireland, which every one who visits her must feel as I do.

But uniting Ireland to us in her advantages, and leaving her the gloomy dignity of unenvied independence in her wants and inconveniences, approaches a little too closely to the selfishness displayed in the fable of the two travellers, in which the friendly pronoun *we* with respect to the treasure found was only recognized by the finder, when the hue and cry of the country were raised for the loss of the treasure.

The union of Ireland will ever want a cordial cement, as long as political distinctions that degrade her are permitted to exist; *till then* an uninformed Irishman, looking upon the ocean from his cabin, and finding that it divides his country from England, will insist upon it, and completely settle the point with his conscience, that the great Creator, in parcelling out the universe, had destined, from the first, that Ireland should be a separate nation.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LATE PARLIAMENT-HOUSE....DIRECTORS OF THE BANK,
 OLD CROAKER....FORMER IRISH HOUSE OF COMMONS AND LE-
 GISLATIVE ASSEMBLY COMPARED....FEMALE AUDITORS....
 ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS....FRENCH ORATORS....INFLU-
 ENCE OF A LARGE AUDIENCE ON PARLIAMENTARY ORATORS...
 PATRICIAN ELOQUENCE AND THE GARDEN-POT....BARRY THE
 PAINTER.....PACKETS.....MAIL-COACHES.....A BRILLIANT RE-
 PROACH...THE COLLEGE....MONKISH LAW....COLLEGE WIT....
 TASTE HOW MANIFESTED.

AMONGST the public buildings, one of the first which I visited was the late Parliament-House, now converting into a national bank.

The parliament, in distant times, used occasionally to meet in the large halls of the religious houses. The parliament of 1333 assembled in the hall of the Carmelites, in White Friars-street. The noble pile which we are contemplating was designed and built, as was generally supposed, but, singular to relate, not accurately known, by Mr. Castle : to the genius of the architect it does infinite honour. It was commenced in the year 1729, during the administration of lord Carteret, under the inspection of sir Edward Lovet Pierce, and Arthur Dobbs, Esq., successive engineers and surveyors-general, and finished in 1739. The front recedes from the street, forming a court enclosed by iron rails. The centre consists of a portico of four columns, attached to a peristyle, forming three sides of a court, and advancing to the street, the ends of which are composed of lofty arches with piers : between are three quarter-columns which rest on sub-plinths. The order is Palladio's Ionic, and the material used is Portland stone, finished with an entablature, having a swelled frieze, over which are pediments of less

dimensions than the portico. Between the plinths of the wings, and round the peristyle, is a flight of steps under the colonnade, the walls of which are decorated by a rustic basement, in which were the doors of the entrance : over the basement, in the front, is a range of windows. A dome once formed the centre of this noble pile, which was destroyed by fire. Strange to relate, the portico is not finished by a balustrade, nor is it surrounded either by statues or vases, the absence of which the eye perpetually laments.

That part of the building which was appropriated to the house of lords, is situated, to great advantage, towards the east in Westmoreland-street. This front is very elegant, and extends one hundred and thirty-five feet, and is constructed of the same stone as the old building. The portico was originally intended to have been of the Ionic order ; but, from the the great fall of the ground, and other circumstances, the architect was compelled to alter his original design ; and as the front was in a different street, there did not appear an actual necessity for the order to be similar. The present portico consists of six noble columns of the Corinthian order, thirty-six feet high, finished with its proper entablature, and a pediment, on which are placed three fine statues by Smith. The face of the building is decorated with a rustic basement, exactly corresponding to the old front, over which are architraves, &c. ; but the apertures, instead of windows, as in the old front, are adorned by niches for statues, having over them circular and square tablets alternately for inscriptions. The top of the building is finished with a balustrade.

It is but fair to observe, that the architect was obliged to pay great attention in his plan, to have the portico situated opposite the centre of the old house of commons, and the dome that belonged to that building (which was by judges acknowledged to be too low) ; he therefore produced a design to give it that degree of elevation, so that it should become a conspicuous object of striking and commanding appearance from the magnitude of its parts. The difficulties which the architect must have had to contend with, in the alterations for the lords and commons, must have been very great. As the convenience and arrangement of the plan make it necessary

to have the portico situated at a considerable distance from the peristyle of the old building (the rubble walls of which were left exposed by the pulling down of the old houses), it became necessary to screen the deformity : and, after a variety of designs proposed, none appeared so eligible as the sweep, or circular wall, which, by the simplicity of its parts, appears to make a pleasing junction, not too imposing in its decoration of parts to injure or disturb the harmony of the principal fronts.

The house of lords was designed and executed by Mr. Gandon. The west front, in Foster-place, is constructed of the same materials as the other fronts, and is from the design of the same gentleman with some few alterations, such as a pediment being substituted in place of Caryatic figures in the centre ; and instead of a corresponding screen wall, as on the other side, as I was well informed, a colonnade was substituted at the suggestion of a gentleman who had the management of the business : and although a colonnade is always and every where a most beautiful piece of architecture, yet it must, in this instance, have been the principal instead of the subordinate feature, and must have attracted the eye from the principal front, and produced a very visible incongruity in the whole building.

This stately pile is now undergoing great alterations, both externally and internally, in order to be appropriated to the use of a national bank. The spirit which the governors and directors of the bank have displayed is whimsically laudable : they have educed the latent genius of the country, by giving premiums for the best designs appropriated to a national bank : and yet, amongst no less than thirty-five, three of which obtained premiums of two hundred, one hundred, and fifty pounds, not one of them has been adopted, nor could I learn that any regular design had yet been made ; and much is it to be lamented, that, whilst they are offering premiums for designs, they pursue their own. They appear to think with old Croaker, in the Good-natured Man : “ Come, then, produce your reasons. I tell you I’m fixed, determined ; so now produce your reasons. When I’m determined, I always listen to reason, because it can then do no harm.” But much harm, I fear, has already been done. The intervals between the colonnade, or screen, on the west side, have been

filled up with little or no taste. If at first that elegant screen were improperly raised, the error of its situation has been increased, by the violation of its chaste and beautiful columns; if it were judiciously erected, it is now spoiled.

Should the alteration in this building proceed as it has commenced, it will be as inferior to its original design, as the technical language of banking-clerks, stock-brokers, and money-changers is below that eloquence, which, vying with Roman genius and expression, once resounded within its walls.

In the name of taste, I recommend to those who have the direction of this noble pile, the unfinished state of the principal front, and may they, by the appropriate embellishments to be bestowed upon it, atone for the outrage which has been offered to the colonnade! it seems to be all the reparation within their power.

It were useless now, but as an example to the government of the united kingdom, to describe the former beauties and conveniences of its internal structure, compared with which the imperial senate dwindles into a plain methodist meeting, and the room of a popular auctioneer, upon the sides of which gloomy pieces of ancient tapestry appear to be suspended for inspection previous to sale.

The former house of commons of Ireland was an octagon, surmounted by a dome, which rested upon columns of the Ionic order, that rose from an amphitheatrical spacious gallery, surrounded with a light and elegant balustrade of iron, within which strangers were admitted to hear the debates, and were conveniently accommodated. From the description which I had of this part of the edifice, it must have been second only to the hall of the legislative assembly at Paris, which is the most elegant senatorial building I ever beheld. In England, a man must have the ribs of a rhinoceros, and the patience of the great example of that divine faculty, before he dare venture, when an interesting debate is expected, to assume, and amidst a pressing mob to maintain, his position at the gallery door, for ten hours before it opens, into a place not capable of holding the twentieth part of those who have attempted an admission. In the Irish house of commons, the fair were the most welcome visitors, and, by their presence, no doubt conspired to render the eloquence which they admired more

pure and exalted. From the English house of commons, with an exception of the female part of the royal family, they have been excluded, time out of mind, where they are considered as contraband goods, which, however, I have been told, have occasionally been smuggled in and out under the disguise of a round hat, a Belcher handkerchief, a great coat, and pantaloons. The twin-spirit of British and Irish eloquence now dwells in a little dark dirty house,

“ As your pearl in a foul oyster.”

Were the French minister, in such a room as this, to lay his exposé before the public, the narrative would lose half its imagination and vivacity.

One of the most distinguished orators of the age assured me, that he always felt himself encouraged and animated by a full audience, and particularly by a crowded gallery, in which, more than in the body of the house in general, a superior power of discriminating and relishing the beauties of an oration is to be found ; and that, under these circumstances, his most successful speeches had been made. He attributed the frequent absence of energetic declamation in the upper house to the want of the animating presence of numbers ; and, on that account, compared the soil of eloquence in that region to earth in a garden-pot, which wanted the invigorating and generous quality which it derived from manure, depth, expansion, and *exposure*. To which may be added, that, in a blissful constitution like ours, the people appear to have a sort of inherent right to witness the conduct of their delegates, and ought not to be obliged to search for it in newspaper reports, and ephemeral pamphlets, in which, for a valuable consideration, meagre speeches may undergo any embellishment ; and orations never spoken not unfrequently excite the admiration of the breakfast-table.

The hammer and the saw have not yet demolished the Irish house of lords, the whole arrangement of which is nearly entire, and appears to have been constructed more with a view to convenience than elegance. This room was formerly embellished by a very fine painting, from the hand of that eccentric but wonderful genius, the late Barry, who was born at Cork. The subject was St. Patrick.

the apostle of Ireland, preaching the glad tidings of salvation to Leogarius, the haughty pagan prince of that country.

Opposite to the grand front of the late parliament-house is the general post-office, where the ear is annoyed with newsmen, crying out, "Two packets, two packets;" meaning that the news, which they hold in their hands, contain the intelligence brought by that number of packets last arrived from England. It was upon the steps of this place that, one day, Curran and lord P—— were standing, when the latter, who had voted for the union, as he looked towards the late parliament-house, which was then in a forlorn state of mutilation, observed, "How shocking our old parliament-house looks, "Curran!" to which the witty barrister finely replied: "True, my "lord; it is usual for murderers to be afraid of ghosts."

THE PACKETS

Between England and Ireland are stationed at Dublin, Donaghadee, and Waterford: these packets belong to Great Britain, and their expence is charged upon the British revenue. No part whatever of this establishment is supported by the revenue of Ireland.

THE MAIL-COACHES

Run from Dublin to Cork, Belfast, Longford, Limerick, Derry, Enniskellin, Waterford, Sligo, and Dungannon. There are also two mail-coaches established between Cork and Limerick: one passes by Fermoy, and the other by Charleville.

POST TOWNS.

There are three hundred and four in Ireland; to two hundred of which the mails are conveyed six times in each week; and to one hundred and four, three times in each week.

In the year 1801, there were but *four* mail-coaches in Ireland, viz. to Cork, Limerick, Belfast, and Longford. But that valuable part of the establishment, the importance of which manifests itself every day, has been considerably and *wisely* augmented, as it ensures an expeditious and secure conveyance of the public correspondence. The same system has been attempted to be extended to other parts

of the kingdom ; but the insufficiency of travelling intercourse, and the bad state of the roads, deflated the intentions of the postmasters-general, and forced the contractors, after becoming bankrupts, to resign their contracts.

It must ever be the object of the post-office, so long as the postmasters-general are actuated by a desire to promote the prosperity of the department and the public interest, to increase the mail-coach system to the utmost extent, in every direction where circumstances will admit such extension.

	£.	s.	d.
Gross revenue for the year 1805	138,186	9	2
Nett ditto	54,032	6	7½
Expenditure.—Dublin establishment	13,960	13	3
Country ditto	15,247	10	5
Mail-coach and guards	11,037	8	2

My next visit was to the College of the holy and undivided Trinity, the students of which in their collegiate habits give much vivacity to the city. This building forms to the eye one termination of Dame-street, and is in the shape of a parallelogram, extending in front three hundred feet, and in depth about six hundred, and is divided into two nearly equal squares, in which are thirty-three buildings of eight rooms each: the principal or west front is in the Corinthian order, and is built of Portland stone, as are all the buildings in the first square; this front is ornamented with pilasters and festoons, and, considering how recent its construction is, viz. in 1759, I must own it did not favourably impress me. The most beautiful parts of this vast pile are the chapel and the theatre, designed by sir William Chambers, which are opposite to and correspond with each other, and have each of them a handsome dome, and a front supported by four noble columns of the Corinthian order. The theatre is used for examinations and lectures. Its principal ornament is a monument erected to the memory of provost Baldwin, which represents the figure of Learning weeping over the recumbent figure of that great man: the whole is chiseled out of one solid block, and is the masterly production of Mr. Hewetson, a native of

Ireland, who left his country to settle in Rome. There are portraits of queen Elizabeth, lord Clare, bishop Berkley, dean Swift, and Burke. This noble room, exclusive of a semicircular recess, thirty-six feet in diameter, is eighty feet long, forty broad, and forty-four high. The chapel opposite is very handsome. In the same area are the refectory and hall. The south side of the inner square is entirely occupied by the library, which is supported by a piazza, more than two hundred feet long, which, as well as the front of the library, is built of very friable stone, and has rather a heavy effect. The inside is very commodious and magnificent, and will hold ninety thousand volumes; there is a gallery round it supported by pillars of Irish oak, the balustrades of which are adorned with busts in white marble, of Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, Cicero, Demosthenes, Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Newton, Locke, Boyle, Swift, archbishop Usher, who contributed largely to the library, the earl of Pembroke, Dr. Delaney, Dr. Lawson, Dr. Gilbert, who also bequeathed a great number of books, and Dr. Baldwin. The number of books and MSS. in this room is seventy thousand.

At the further end is another room, which is not yet opened, in which is the celebrated library of baron Fagel from Holland: the books are not yet arranged, some of them are most beautifully illuminated. I had the pleasure of being attended by the librarian, Dr. John Barrett, one of the most learned men in Ireland. It is said that the doctor has scarcely ever passed the gates of the college for twenty years, and that he has perused most of the volumes of this vast library, which I think infinitely finer than the celebrated one at Upsala in Sweden. This valuable depot of learning owes its preservation to a Roman catholic ecclesiastic of the name of Moore, who being a lover of letters, and having a liberal and expanded mind, when the fellows and scholars were forcibly expelled by the ruffian soldiers of James II, on account of a most honourable and firm resistance to a most foul and infamous mandamus, contrived to get himself nominated provost, and thus preserved this literary treasure from the ravages of those armed Vandals. In the museum there is scarcely any thing worthy of notice. In the anatomy-house there is a curious collection of figures properly labelled, representing women in every stage of

parturition, formed of wax upon real skeletons: they occupied the whole life of a very ingenious French artist, and, as appears from a tablet, were purchased by lord Shelburne, and by him presented to the university. This part of the building stands in a noble piece of ground laid out in walks for the recreation of the students, which was formerly the grand parade of all the belles and beaux of the city. It was near the spot on which the college stands, that Henry the second, when he went to Dublin, was lodged in a *palace of wicker-work and wattles*.

The number of students is about five hundred. Ever since the year 1311, various attempts were made to establish an university in Dublin, which were rendered all abortive till 1584, when sir John Perrot, the lord deputy, endeavoured to raise two universities out of the ruins of the cathedral of St. Patrick, which Loftus, archbishop of Dublin successfully opposed, deeming the alienation a sort of sacrifice; yet convinced of the necessity of such a foundation, he prevailed upon the mayor and citizens in common council to grant the Augustine monastery of All Saints within the suburbs for erecting a college. This grant was confirmed by queen Elizabeth in 1591, who endowed it with lands in Ulster, and the stream of royal bounty was afterwards enlarged by James I, and his devoted successor, the former of whom presented to it the patronage of fifteen church-livings in the same province, to whom they escheated by the rebellion of O'Neill: and strange to relate, the college contains neither bust nor portrait of either of the latter royal patrons.

The government of the whole of this learned body is invested in the provost and senior fellows alone. The present provost is the Rev. Dr. Hall, a divine distinguished for the depth of his learning, and the purity of his morals. The situation is worth about one thousand five hundred pounds per annum. The provost has also a casting voice upon all matters relating to the college. The average income of a senior fellow is about eight hundred pounds a year; and that of a junior fellow, including lodgings, commons, and lectures, about one hundred pounds per annum, which is frequently increased by pupils to a considerable income. The fellows of Trinity-college, by a stupid and unnatural clause in the college-charter, are restrained

from marriage; or if they taste of connubial happiness, their ladies are under the whimsical necessity of retaining their maiden names, until a dispensation is procured from the king.

It is high time, in this age of reason and liberality, that so monkish an inhibition should, like a rank and unwholesome weed, bow before the scythe of the legislature. It would not, I am sure, be a dangerous experiment, to endeavour to ascertain whether the great social offices of husband and parent are fatal to learning and piety.

The qualifications for a junior fellowship are most unreasonably numerous; and few can pass the ordeal of a three days examination, which presupposes a knowledge of astronomy, mathematics, ethics, physics, logic, chronology, history, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and the whole circle of arts, sciences, and classics. Even Swift obtained his degree in this college *speciali gratiâ*.

An examination at this college produced the following circumstance, with which I am sure every mind of liberal feeling and classical taste must be delighted. When Curran was in the college, it happened that a fellow-student and friend of his had to repeat in public a Latin thesis which he had written. Unfortunately for the orator, the word *nimirum* occurring in it, he pronounced it *nimîrum* (sounding the second *i* short), which so wounded the critical ears of the learned auditory, that a general buz was heard in the room, and the words "false quantity" were whispered by one and another to the utter confusion of the speaker. To divert the attention of the assembly, and relieve the embarrassment of his friend, Curran had recourse to the following generous and brilliant expedient: "Gentlemen," said he, "it is by no means extraordinary that the student should have mistaken the quantity of this word; for, according to Horace, there was only one man in all Rome that understood the word, and that was Septimius:

"Septimius, Claudî, *nimirum* intelligit unus."

This apposite and ready application of the first line of one of Horace's epistles, it is needless to say, produced universal good-humour, and effectually extricated the young student from the awkward situation into which he had fallen.

An absurd fashion induced the Irish nobility and gentry to send their sons to Oxford and Cambridge; as if the seat of learning in which a Swift, a Burke, a Grattan, and a Curran, had been reared, were incapable of bestowing upon the mind an adequate proportion of erudition. This custom, which cannot be too much reprehended, is gradually submitting to a more enlarged and liberal mode of thinking. In ancient times, the venerable Bede says, “ that many noble English, and others of inferior rank, were in the habits of going to Ireland to cultivate letters; and many of those who attended the lectures of celebrated teachers were received by the Irish, and supplied with food, books, and instruction, without any recompence.”

The provost's house is adjoining the college, although it does not sufficiently appear to be a part of it. It is built of free-stone, and the first story is embellished with isicle and rusticated work: upon the second is a range of pilasters of the Doric order, and in the centre is a Venetian window of the Tuscan order; before the house is a court, enclosed by a rusticated wall. The external appearance of the whole is heavy and gloomy.

The area of which the late parliament-house, the new club-house, a handsome edifice of hewn stone, and the college, form two sides, is called College-green, in the centre of which is an equestrian statue in brass of king William, upon a marble pedestal, raised by the citizens of Dublin to commemorate their deliverance from slavery under his auspices, on the 4th of November; on which day in every year a grand military spectacle, at which the viceroy *en gala* assists, is exhibited. This statue is barbarously painted, and the pedestal exhibits all the coarse association of colours which constitutes the most striking ornament of a glazier's shop.

CHAPTER V.

DUBLIN SOCIETY... CERES AND TRIPTOLEMUS... GERMAN AND RUSSIAN
 INGENIOUS BOORS... DRAWING-SCHOOLS... VENUS'S SHELL...
 FEMALE LEGS... NATURAL GENIUS FOR FORGING FRANKS...
 "PORT, IF YOU PLEASE"... THE PARLIAMENTARY ORATOR AND
 BOTTLE OF PORTER... CHURCHES WITHOUT STEEPLES... THE
 EXCHANGE... THE COMFORT OF ARCHITECTURAL ERRORS...
 CATHEDRAL OF ST. PATRICK'S... THE CHOIR... DEAN SWIFT
 AND STELLA... BRILLIANT WIT... CHURCH-RESIDENCE.

I WAS much gratified by a visit to the Dublin Society of Arts, which is supported by the national spirit of individuals with occasional parliamentary aid. The whole is under the superintendence of general Vallancey, chief engineer of Ireland; author of the *Vindication of the Ancient History of Ireland*; of a *Prospectus of a Dictionary of the Irish Language*, compared with the Chaldean and Arabic; and many other learned works: under whose auspices more immediately the society has attained a rank and consideration amongst the principal institutions of a similar nature in other countries. Its object is the promotion of those arts that are most propitious to the amelioration of that country. In the hall are several pillars from the Giant's Causeway. In the library are excellent imitations of basso-relievo by De Grey, a promising young Irish artist, from the subject of Ceres and Triptolemus; which bear a strong affinity in names and meaning to the Irish words *cairim* or *cuirim*, to sow or plant, *treabhtalamh*, a plougher of the earth. In a long gallery are several good busts and casts, and at one end is a fine cast of Laocoon, presented to the society by David La Touche, junior, Esq. The original I have seen, as well as the divine statue of the Belvidere Apollo, in the imperial museum at Paris, and give the preference infinitely to the latter. Near the Laocoon is a model of the celebrated bridge of Schaffhausen over the

Rhine, which, notwithstanding the veneration which the French have frequently observed in all their campaigns for works of art, unfortunately fell a victim to the destroying fury of war. It will be remembered that a common carpenter of Appenzel undertook to throw a wooden bridge of one arch across this river, near three hundred feet wide; that the magistrates, apprehensive of its insecurity, insisted upon its having two arches, and that he should rest the fabric upon the middle pier of the old bridge, which then remained entire. The architect was obliged to submit, but contrived with admirable dexterity that the bridge should only apparently come in contact with the middle pier, from which it never derived any support. The model is well formed, but is defective in not representing the consummate skill of the carpenter in the latter instance. I remember seeing in the gardens of the Taurida palace at Petersburg, a most beautiful model of a bridge ninety feet long, of one arch, intended to be thrown over the Neva; it was the astonishing production of an untutored Russian boor.

In the society there are three schools for drawing, engraving, and designing, to each of which fifty boys are admitted. I found several of the young students applying with activity and tolerable success. The drawing-master has a salary of one hundred pounds per annum, and devotes three hours to his pupils three days in the week. Every article necessary for drawing is provided at the sole expence of the society. Ireland has produced Barry, and other distinguished artists, from this school; and others may hereafter emanate to shed lustre upon their country in the arts: at all events the youthful mind is directed from low and ordinary habits, to the contemplation of objects of elegance and taste, and the cause of refinement is promoted. It is a circumstance worthy of remark, that the French school is not in the slightest degree improved, nor has any change of manner been effected in it, by the works of the sublimest masters, which, in the character of spoils of war, have been with occasional augmentation for some years past introduced into the imperial cabinet at Paris. At Stockholm I witnessed a similar institution, but not quite so liberally conducted, the object of which was more to produce refined citizens than able artists.

Under the same roof is the Leskeanum mineral museum, in which there is a fine collection of fossils, all admirably arranged and labelled, and catalogued. Amongst them I was much gratified by some very fine wood agates, ships of oak petrified, chrystallized water, pheasant's-eye agate spoon, a beautiful polished milk-white opal enclosing a drop of loose water, some fine spars, several curious petrifications of fish and plants: it is a memorable circumstance, inasmuch as it tends to fix our faith in divine narration, that the fish and plants so petrified are the native production of regions very remote from those in which they were discovered, and evidently illustrate the marvellous history of the deluge. There is also a highly curious petrification of an arm, brought by general Vallancey from Gibraltar, where as there are no monkeys, it is presumed that it must be a human one; previous to this discovery, animal petrification was much doubted.

In the Numarium is some beautiful stained glass by Richard Hand, an Irish artist of much promise, coloured in 1794. In the Regnum Animale, amongst many precious shells, are specimens of the nautilus, from which wonderful tropical production the Romans first constructed their boats; it is a siphon throughout, and by its valves is capable of raising or depressing itself: Pope offered it the incense of his song:

Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin web, and catch the driving gale.

If I pass over Venus's cockle without paying my homage to the beautiful shell, may I never love or be loved! This is one of nature's happiest efforts, and is exhibited as a great and precious rarity. There are also some horns which belonged to the moose deer, a race of animals which are now extinct in Ireland, dug out of bogs; several Irish minerals of great richness and beauty with which Ireland abounds; and specimens of gold from the mine of the Wicklow mountains.

The exhibition room is about seventy feet long, thirty broad, and twenty-five high; the room was under repair, and excepting some dogs by Quadel, there was little in it worthy of notice. In the model

room were a great number of ingenious models of mills, ploughs, &c. There are four professors attached to this society, viz.:

1. Of chemistry and mineralogy, at a salary of three hundred pounds per annum, at present filled by Mr. Higgins.
2. Of botany, three hundred pounds per annum, Mr. Wade.
3. Of experimental philosophy, one hundred pounds per annum, Mr. Lynch.
4. Of veterinary art, fifty pounds per annum, and house-rent allowed at sixty-six pounds, Dr. Peele.

Each professor gives a course of lectures annually. The annual expenditure, including premiums, is seven thousand pounds. The society has a botanical garden, near a small village called Glasnevin, about one mile from Dublin, in which there is a large collection of indigenous plants, &c. The annual expenditure is about seventeen hundred pounds; head-gardener's salary is one hundred pounds per annum; three under-gardeners at fifty pounds each per annum, and twelve labourers, are constantly employed.

As I am no botanist, I beg leave to quit shrubs and flowers for beauties of another and far more interesting nature. As I returned to my hotel, my eye naturally endeavoured to ascertain the truth of an assertion made by a writer, who has justly rendered himself obnoxious by his want of candour or of observation, in his celebrated critique upon the legs of the Irish ladies: the day was singularly favourable, for the wind was fresh, and the atmosphere was clear, and the belles of Dublin were enjoying the beauty of the weather. With all the solemnity due to the subject, I am ready to swear, upon the altar of Cupid, or any other altar, that the ancles and feet which I saw, were as tapering and as pretty as the ancles and feet of the belles of London, or even of Stockholm, although not so numerous as in the latter city, where they are to be found in great perfection; and that the assertion of the writer alluded to is a most foul and slanderous libel upon those beautiful portions of the female frame, and which, if time has not chilled the feelings of the libeller, ought for ever to be withheld from his sight. If pretty feet do not abound in Ireland, it is only because they do not abound in any other country: being a part of female beauty, it partakes of its rarity. Had this

writer been making the tour of a county in England which I well know, and had he been present at the following scene which occurred there, he would, with equal precision, have made a memorandum, that all the women of England had thick legs. An English young lady just married, being much oppressed by the heat of a ball-room, fainted; a gentleman offered to assist her husband, who held her in his arms, to remove her into the open air, and stooped to raise her legs from the ground; upon which the husband, with much truth and great calmness of consideration, said, "My dear sir, let me recommend you to leave them alone, for you will find them very heavy."

The same writer has charged the Irish ladies with being naturally addicted to the *forgery of franks*: this accusation enlarges the sphere of genius to an extent unknown before. I have heard of a rich Hamburgher, of whom, having been very successful in trade, it was said that he was most happily organized by nature for a sugar-refiner; but this predisposition will, I am sure, be confessed to be far short of the natural bias towards an imitation of the handwriting of a member of parliament. I understand that this wonderful discovery originated from the writer having made, several years since, an unsuccessful application for a frank to an Irish lady of fashion, who used frequently to be the amanuensis of her husband, who was in parliament, and occasionally, by his direction, to write his covers: a custom which, without any felonious intent, I do assure this irritable tourist, is practised in the families of several members in England at this day. This knight-errant *against* that sex, *for whom* the sword of chivalry has hitherto been unsheathed, has also charged the Irish ladies with being so naturally bacchanalian, that at dinner, if a gentleman only accidentally glances his eye upon one of them, she converts the look into a convivial challenge, and with a true jolly Anacreontic smile, and a cordial seizure of the decanter, exclaims, "Port, if you please." To defend them from such an imputation would be like hurling a rock at a fly, and as ridiculous as the accusation. How far they merit such sarcasm, will appear in my remarks upon the present state of society in Ireland. This writer, well knowing that the love of ridicule is a predominant

passion with most of us, has feathered his arrow with falsehood, to wound the purest bosom, which truth, as well as gallantry is bound to protect. If we suffer from satire, it is but a requital for indulging in ourselves the weakness which is gratified with it. To such an extent is that imbecility permitted to range, that the happiest efforts of genius have been frequently shaken by the most contemptible occurrence. Not many years since, in the middle of one of the finest effusions of eloquence ever heard within the walls of the Irish house of commons, every avenue of which was filled; whilst the crowded assembly were listening in mute astonishment to the orator, the cork of a bottle of porter, which had been conveyed into the gallery, suddenly flew; its sound immediately withdrew the public attention, a titter ran round the room, and the speaker abruptly closed a most brilliant oration in chagrin, to find all the attention which his oratory had excited, dissolved by this ridiculous explosion of a little fermenting beer.

In walking in the streets of Dublin, a stranger is much struck by observing so many churches without steeple, tower, or dome, the want of which renders this magnificent city of little consequence to the eye at a distance. This circumstance may perhaps induce some future tourist, in the spirit of the one I have alluded to, to assert that the people of Dublin are naturally very much alarmed at lightning, and therefore take care to have as few attractors as possible. I was much gratified with the Royal Exchange, which stands opposite to Parliament-street and Essex-bridge. It is nearly a square, with three fronts of Portland stone in the Corinthian order, surmounted by a dome in the centre of the building. The principal front has a range of six columns with correspondent pilasters and entablature, which support a richly decorated pediment; and in the same range, are two pilasters on each side. A spacious flight of steps ascends to the front, in which, between the columns, are three entrances, with elegant iron gates fastened to Ionic pilasters. Over the gates are three windows which light the coffee-room, and on each side are two others very handsomely decorated. The inside is singularly elegant. The dome is supported by twelve composite fluted columns, the entablature

over which is very beautiful. The ceiling of the dome is embellished with stucco ornaments in the mosaic taste. Between two of the columns is a bronze statue of his present majesty, said to have cost seven hundred guineas ; its size and situation are not favourable to it. Every visible part of the inside of this building is of Portland stone. There are several noble apartments above, which I now regret I did not visit ; for this edifice, although too small for the comfortable accommodation of its visitors, is a beautiful specimen of the architectural taste of the country.

This building was designed by Mr. Cooley, commenced in the year 1769, during the viceroyalty of lord Townsend, opened in the beginning of the year 1779, and cost about fifty thousand pounds, which sum was raised by lotteries, under the spirited and able management of the merchants and bankers of Dublin, to whose humanity, zeal, and munificence, the city is indebted for many of her public buildings, which would do honour to the taste and feelings of any country. Having thus spoken of the construction of this building, it is but just that I should make one comment upon the singular situation, not only of this elegant pile, but almost of every other public building of consequence in Dublin. Some of them project obliquely from the street of which they form a part of the side ; yet, strange as it may appear, the effect is not unpleasant : the access to others is very bad and inconvenient ; and there are some which, if they terminate a street, or the view of one, present only three parts of their front to it : the latter is nearly the case with the Royal Exchange : however, this coy appearance is not without its comfort ; for a foot-passenger is not obliged to contend with the mud of the middle of the street, and to run the hazard of having his brains knocked out by the pole of a carriage, to obtain a full view of the building : by walking quietly and cleanly on the pavement, he will be able to command the centre ; and, for this purpose, the closer he presses against the side of the street, and the nearer he advances towards the building, by so much the better will his eye be gratified : many of the streets are out of the line with those which form their continuation. Swift, with his usual pleasantry, accounted for the buildings in his time not being straight, by observing that the bricklayer's *line* was crooked.

Genius, which consecrates whatever it touches, induced me to pay an early visit to St. Patrick's Abbey, the depository of the ashes of Swift: this venerable pile stands in one of the most squalid and filthy parts of the town, called the Poddle. The cathedral, in rainy seasons, is frequently laid twelve feet under water, and part of the inside is supported by props and scaffolding. It was built in 1190, upon the scite of an ancient parochial church, said to have been erected by St. Patrick. There is only one choir, which sings at St. Patrick's, Christ's church, and the college chapel. It is a remarkably fine one, and consists of nine singers, the principal of whom are sir John Stevenson, well known for his fine musical genius and exquisite composition, and Mr. Spray. Their labours are a little severe: they sing at the College at ten o'clock every Sunday; from thence they repair to Christ church at half past eleven; afterwards, at three o'clock in the afternoon, they sing at St. Patrick's, and repair to Christ's church again at six.

The monuments are neither numerous nor excellent. In the same nave are three mortuary slabs: one to the memory of a faithful servant of Swift's; another to Mrs. Johnson, his beloved Stella; and the third to the dean, with the following morbid epitaph, written by himself.

Hic depositum est corpus
 JONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. D.
 hujus ecclesiæ Cathedralis
 Decani,
 ubi sæva indignatio
 ulterius
 cor lacerare nequit.
 Abi viator
 et imitare si poteris
 strenuum pro virili
 libertatis vindicatorem.
 Obiit 19 die mensis Octobris,
 A. D. 1745. Anno ætatis 78.

In English.

Here lies the body of
 JONATHAN SWIFT, Doctor of Divinity,
 and Dean of this Cathedral,
 where unrelenting persecution
 is unable any farther
 to lacerate his heart.
 Go, stranger,
 and imitate, if you can,
 one who was to his utmost
 the strenuous defender of his
 country's liberty.

Such is the brief, modest, but melancholy description, of one of the greatest and most eccentric geniuses of the age, whose heart has been finely compared to "a perpetual spring of the purest benevolence; always flowing, always full." And such was the man who may be said, by his unbounded influence over lord Oxford and lord Bolingbroke, to have ruled the kingdom in his day; and who, such are the triumphs of transcendant genius! made himself loved, feared, and courted by persons of the highest rank, at a time when he received them in a lodging of *eight shillings a week*. Let us contrast these gloomy marks of a melancholy mind with one of its many brilliant effusions in moments of gaiety and happiness. A lady, in quitting a room, happened with her long train to throw down a fine cremona fiddle belonging to Swift, when he applied, with a felicity which has never been surpassed, the following line from Virgil:

"Mantua væ miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ!"

Many wealthy people in Dublin owe their present flourishing condition to their ancestors having been benefited by dean Swift's charitable bank, who out of the first five hundred pounds he could call his own, accommodated poor tradesmen with small sums, from five to ten pounds, to be repaid weekly, at two or four shillings with-

out interest, which, as his able biographer elegantly states, "small as the spring was, yet by continual flowing it watered and enriched the humble vale through which it ran." * Previous to the death of this great man, his servants used, to their eternal disgrace, to exhibit their wretched master in his last moments of mental debility to the populace of Dublin, at twopence a piece, which Pope notices with horror, where he says, "And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show." An instance of infamous rapacity, which had no imitation till, to the eternal disgrace of the country, it was displayed under the dome of St. Paul's, by the exposure of the coffin of our immortal Nelson, after the solemn honours of a public funeral, to the vulgar eye, for one shilling a head*.

In the chapter-room is a black slab placed over the remains of the duke of Schomberg, who fell in the battle of the Boyne, with an inscription by Swift, who thus severely reflects upon the warrior's relations, who refused to raise a mortuary monument to his memory. "*Plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos quam sanguinis proximitas apud suos.*" "His virtue prevailed more amongst strangers, than the ties of blood amongst his kindred."

On the day when I visited the cathedral, a celebrated senatorial doctor of civil laws presided in the choir, as vicar-general of the metropolitan court of Armagh, and of the consistorial court of Dublin, at a full visitation. In the course of his speech, he rather sharply rebuked them for non-residence, and neglect of the parochial schools, which, as a stranger, had the effect of humiliating the character of the Irish clergy in my opinion, until, by a subsequent association with several of them, I was enabled to ascertain the high respectability of their order, and to form a respect and esteem for their learning and virtues, which will last as long as my memory endures.

The residence of the clergy would undoubtedly be desirable, but to chain them down to a spot at the mercy of one man, would in Ireland be a case of extreme hardship, and in many instances impossi-

* To more liberal enthusiasts the body was raised, so that the hand might touch the lid of the coffin; but *half-a-crown* was demanded of those who thus committed "sacrilege out of veneration."

ble, from there being so great a deficiency of glebe-houses; and moreover it would savour of a severe retaliation upon the protestant ministry, for the severe pressure which the catholic sustains from being obliged to contribute to the support of the priest of a religion which he follows, and of the minister of one which is repugnant to him. Clerical residence in Ireland is more to be *encouraged* than *enforced*, from the reason above stated. The conduct of the right reverend Dr. William King, archbishop of Dublin, in Swift's time, may not be unworthy of notice. "When a lease had run out seven years or more, he stipulated with the tenant to resign up twenty or thirty acres to the minister of the parish where it lay convenient, without lessening his former rent," leaving a small chief rent for the minister to pay.

The deanery so celebrated for the residence of Swift has been pulled down, and another erected upon its scite; and the palace of the archbishop of Dublin is converted into barracks. Both these houses are situated in a close neighbourhood, with a collection of more mud, rags, and wretchedness, than London can exhibit in its most miserable quarters.

CHAPTER V.

THE BLACK-ROCK...LOCAL ADVANTAGE OF DUBLIN....MARTELL
TOWERS....COOK-MAID, WHISKEY, AND PRIEST....A LETTER....
IRISH TASTE....NEWGATE....IRISH MODE OF EXECUTING CRI-
MINALS....WIT....THE CASTLE....STATUE OF JUSTICE....THE
LATE LORD KILWARDEN.....THE LORD MAYOR....A BULL.....
MAYORALTY HOUSE...SECRETARY TO THE LORD LIEUTENANT...
A VICEREGAL DEVICE.

FROM the Poddle I waded to my hotel. I mounted a jingle at the great jingle-stand, at the corner of Bagot-street; and, after passing several beautiful villas, I reached a town called the Black-rock, about four miles from Dublin: this town, like Richmond with respect to London, is the great summer Sunday attraction of the lower class of the good citizens of Dublin.

The proximity of this great capital to the sea gives it an enviable advantage in point of salubrity, as well as beauty. Whilst the inhabitants of most of the capitals are obliged, if health require a marine visit, to travel to a considerable distance, with much inconvenience to their business or pursuits, the Dublin people can, in their own shops, inhale the sea-breeze, and have it in their power, by rising a little earlier in the morning, to bathe in the sea, without any disarrangement to their occupations in life.

Before I approached the Black-rock, which lies to the south of the city, the bay of Dublin superbly opened to the view: it was a vast expanse of water, blue and placid as a mirror, rippling only as its flow increased upon the shores; and, at a distance, melting into the cloudless sky which it reflected. The sails of vessels, faintly discernible, alone directed the eye to the tender line of its horizon. In front, the hill of Howth re-appeared in all its majesty, the craggy sides of which the softening hand of distance seemed to have covered, as it were,

with a russet robe ; whilst, at the end of a long white line, projecting far into the sea, the light-house rose, and resembled a figure of white marble rising out of the ocean : a more beautiful scene the eye never reposed upon. At low water, the sands along the Black-rock, which are very compact, afford a sea-side ride for several miles. Upon the sides of this coast is a long chain of equidistant martello towers, which, if they have been constructed to embellish the exquisite scenery by which they are surrounded, the object of building them has been successful ; and the liberality of the late administration cannot be too much commended for having raised so many decorations of picturesque beauty at the cost of several thousands of pounds, to gratify the eyes of the passengers of every packet sailing in and out of the bay, at a period when the prosperity of the country is so forcibly illustrated by the trifling amount of its debt. I believe it would require the inflamed imagination of the hero of Cervantes to discover one possible military advantage which they possess, placed as they are at such a distance, on account of the shallowness of the bay, from the possibility of annoying a hostile vessel.

Upon quitting the Black-rock, I visited the villa of a most amiable and respectable family who resided a little beyond it, within whose circle I was at all times received with that cordial politeness and hospitality, which distinguish the Irish, and by which they so strongly resemble the families of ancient descent still to be found in France.

As it happened in this neighbourhood, I may here mention a little occurrence which illustrates the habits of the lower orders of the people. At a house where I was, the cook had, for some time past, relieved the exertions of culinary toil by copious libations of that *liqueur*, so dear to the common Irish, commonly called whiskey, or “ the crature.” This indulgence grievously disordered the arrangements of the kitchen. A service of twenty-four years, in a family too gentle to punish a frailty with severity, pleaded strongly for the offender ; and, instead of being dismissed, she was sent to the lodge, under the care of the gate-keeper, until she had recovered her sobriety. Upon an appearance of penitence, her master sent her to her priest (for she was a Roman catholic), who, at the next

confession, granted her absolution, upon condition that she would abstain from whiskey for one whole year. The letter of the catholic priest to the master of the servant breathes such mildness, and displays such a spirit of christianity, that the doctrines of the established religion, in which I have been reared, ought to urge me rather to offer than to withhold it from the reader ; the former of which I shall do in its own unaffected language.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I have been much edified by the compunction of the penitent you sent me, and by the benevolent solicitude which I see extended to the meanest part of your household. I recalled to her mind an instance of it, in the charitable tenderness which she experienced from you two years ago, when I attended her in a fever. She seems to want neither sensibility nor gratitude. The consciousness of the unworthy returns she has made for all your kindnesses, threw her into a state of agitation that alarmed and melted me. She has made a resolution, which I hope she will adhere to. Alas ! the best of us are but imperfect beings, and our wisest resolutions are frequently and easily overpowered. A conviction that we may want mercy ought to keep us in the constant observance of it ; yet, I trust, from the sincere repentance of this unfortunate woman, that there will be no occasion for your again exercising it towards her for a similar frailty. I have the honour to be, &c., &c.”

The Black-rock and its neighbourhood are filled with the most elegant country-houses, gardens, and plantations, more numerous, and far more beautiful and picturesque, than the villas of Clapham-common, to which it may in some respects be compared, and the inhabitants are very elegant and sociable. The land is very rich and valuable, and lets from ten to twenty-five pounds an acre. Near the Black-rock, in Still-organ park, is a noble obelisk, upwards of one hundred feet high, supported by a rustic basement, having a double stair-case on each side, leading to a platform which surrounds the structure. It was erected in the year 1739 by lord Carysfort, for the purpose of affording employment and support to the neighbour-

ing poor in a very severe winter. The view from it is superb; and its history, which is traditionary only, for, with the characteristic of true charity, it has no inscription to tell the name of its beautiful founder, excites in the mind of a stranger an impression highly favourable to the beneficent spirit of the Irish nation. In other places in Ireland, I have seen similar monuments, which have been raised from the same benevolent motive.

In the neighbourhood of the Black-rock, and in other parts of Ireland, I saw a taste in building displayed, which is rarely exhibited in England. The drawing-room frequently opens through a large arch, elegantly festooned with drapery, into a green-house, or rather another room of glass, which is filled with rare plants and beautiful flowers, tastefully arranged, round which are walks finely gravelled, and at night the whole is lighted up by patent reflectors, and has a singularly beautiful appearance.

Upon my return to town, I visited the new gaol called Newgate, which is not shown without a special order or letter from a magistrate. This building is erected on the north side of the city, the foundation-stone of which was laid by the right honourable lord Anally, lord chief justice of the court of king's-bench, on the 28th October, 1773, and the whole was designed and built by Mr. Cooley, and cost about sixteen thousand pounds. It is a large quadrangular building, extending one hundred and seventy feet in front, and about the same in depth: the sides are of lime-stone, and the front of mountain-stone rusticated, and at each external angle is a round tower. On the left side of the entrance is the guard-room, and to the right are the gaoler's apartments. A little beyond the gate-way is a door that leads to the press-yards; one of them on the left hand is for the men, from which there is a passage to the apartment in the east front, for those who turn evidence for the crown, and adjoining is a large room for the transports. The cells are in the felons' squares, communicating with the press-yards. There are twelve cells on each floor, with a stair-case to each side. Before the cells is a gallery, terminated by the privies. In the prisoners' yards are two common halls, where they are allowed to walk, and to have fires in the winter. The condemned cells are below the east front. Water

is conveyed to the different cells by an engine, from a cistern in the centre of the south side; and on each side of the cistern is the infirmary, in which, as in every other part of the building, the sexes are separated. Over the entrance is the chapel, which communicates with the "gallows-room," in which is a windlass and machinery for raising or depressing the bodies of criminals when they are executed, which awful ceremony takes place on the outside of a grated window, even with the floor, in the centre of the front of the building, which opens upon a grating or platform of iron bars, projecting over the street, having a railing about breast-high: about nine feet above this platform is a long cross-bar of iron resting upon two projecting bars; over the centre of the cross-bar the axe of the law is represented in iron, and below it two pullies are fixed, through each of which a cord runs from the windlass upon pullies, and which cord is fastened to the fatal halter; upon a signal given, the executioner pulls a lever, which detaches the bolt of the grating or platform upon which the malefactor stands, who, upon its falling down upon its hinges, becomes suspended with a sudden jerk, which frequently shortens the agonies of death. Upon this machine only two criminals can be executed at the same time. As long as a mode of putting capital offenders to death, so cruel and procrastinating as that of hanging, is resorted to, the construction of the fatal apparatus in the gaols in Dublin, and other parts of Ireland, appears to be the best for that purpose.

In London, a vast square machine, containing the platform, acting upon the same principle as that of Dublin, is drawn out from the place where it is usually kept, to the debtor's door, Newgate, with which it is connected by a temporary wooden building: the wretched sufferers are frequently disturbed in their midnight devotions by the sound of hammers, and the noise of workmen, in completing this stage of death; and the expences of every execution in this manner costs the city of London a considerable sum of money; whereas in Dublin, from the apparatus being of iron, and stationary, the cost is very trifling.

It is a gloomy subject to discuss, but I cannot help observing, that the apparatus in Dublin might be better made to answer the

purposes of justice and humanity, by having a wooden box fixed under the falling grate or leaf, into which the body of the malefactor might partly descend, instead of its being so horribly exposed at such a height from the ground: there are frequent instances of some of the miserable wretches who have been brought out to die, having been precipitated to the pavement below, from some mismanagement of the rope, by which they have been shockingly torn and mangled before they could be finally dispatched. The subject above-mentioned is highly worthy of the consideration of the city of London. The prisoners in the Newgate of Dublin were comparatively few, and I did not see one of them on the felon side in irons; a circumstance which must be thought highly creditable to the humanity of those who have the superintendence of the prison.

The lower classes of the Irish people have wit for every subject, even the most gloomy. When this mode of executing criminals was first introduced, a fellow said of a comrade of his, who had just been convicted of felony, "By my faith and shoul, Pat has not long to live, he will be *off with the fall of the leaf*," alluding to the machine which I have described, and the sickly season of autumn. This reminds one of the extraordinary talent for badinage, which terror and even the approach of death can rarely suppress in a Frenchman's mind. During the revolution, the infliction of death by the guillotine was popularly called "looking through the little national window," alluding to the hole through which the neck of the sufferer was placed. At another execution in Ireland, the hangman having received a present from a malefactor whom he was about to execute, used a phrase of gratitude which was always upon his lips whenever he had received a kindness, and without reflecting that some little alteration in it was necessary upon this occasion, exclaimed, "Ah! many thanks and *long life* to your honour," and immediately pulled the iron and launched him into eternity.

I was somewhat disappointed in viewing the Castle, the town-palace of the viceroy, and his court. This building was commenced in the year 1205, and finished in 1213, under the auspices of Henry de Londres, archbishop of Dublin and lord justice of Ireland: it afterwards went to decay, and the chief governors were

obliged to keep their court at St. Sepulchre's, Kilmainham, and St. Thomas's Abbey. History says, that in the reign of John it was a place of considerable strength, moated and flanked with towers. It was not used for the viceroy's palace till the reign of queen Elizabeth. The upper castle-yard, the principal part of the building, where the viceregal apartments are, is an oblong square, and much resembles, in gloom and unroyal-like appearance, the palace of St. James's. In the southern range is a neat edifice, called the Bedford Tower, having a front decorated with a small arcade of three arches, surmounted by an octagon steeple, with a cupola. This tower fronts the viceroy's apartments, and is connected with the building on each side by two gates, upon which are two handsome statues of Justice and Fortitude. These statues are worthy of notice, more on account of their rarity, than their superior excellence; for Dublin is certainly very defective in statuary. It is to be hoped, from the known munificence of the country, that the proposed statue to our immortal hero Nelson, about to adorn this capital, will in some measure prevent future travellers from finding cause for the same observation. Birmingham Tower, at the western extremity of the Castle, remained until the year 1775, when it was taken down, and rebuilt in 1777, and is now called Harcourt Tower. It was formerly a state prison; at present the ancient records of Ireland are kept in it. The keeper of these archives in the viceroyalty of the earl of Wharton was his secretary, the celebrated Addison, for whom the salary of the office was raised from ten pounds to five hundred pounds per annum. I did not see any thing worthy of much admiration in the viceregal apartments; perhaps my eye has been too much dazzled by the blaze and magnificence of the palaces in the north of Europe, to contemplate the exterior and internal arrangements of the Castle so favourably as I ought. The council chamber is a good-sized room, but little embellished; and the throne is not so shabby as some of those seats of majesty to be seen in the palaces in England. St. Patrick's Hall is a noble room, and its ceiling has been lately painted with appropriate allegorical subjects by an ingenious artist named Waldre. The parliament and courts of justice were formerly held in the Castle till the rebellion

of 1641, and from thence to the restoration. In the building containing the grand entrance to the Castle, are the apartments of the master of the ceremonies, and other officers of state.

It was at the gate of the Castle over which the statue of Justice appears, during the tumults in Thomas-street in the year 1803, that the amiable daughter of the upright and enlightened lord Kilwarden presented herself to the guard stationed there, half distract'd with the horror of having seen her father and cousin, the Rev. Mr. Wolfe, torn from their carriage by a set of desperadoes, and mortally pierced by her side with pikes. For some time the soldier on duty, observing her without shoes, covered with mud, her frenzied eye and faltering voice, regarded her as a maniac. It was the first information of this insurrectional movement which the government received, or having received, regarded. In the lower Castle-yard are the treasury and other offices, and near them are buildings for keeping military stores, and an arsenal and armoury for forty thousand men.

One day I was present at the swearing in of the lord mayor of Dublin, in whom and the recorder, two sheriffs, and twenty-four aldermen, and a common-council formed of representatives from the twenty-five corporations, the civil government of the city is invested. The ceremony took place in the presence of the late lord-lieutenant, the earl of Hardwicke: after the chief magistrate had been sworn in, he was addressed by baron George, one of the judges, who made a very elegant speech upon the occasion, in which he conjured the lord mayor, in the discharge of his important duties, to dismiss from his mind all religious distinctions, and as a magistrate to consider the catholic and the protestant as equally entitled to his protection. May the beneficent sentiment be impressed upon the mind of every one placed in authority!

Upon my descending into the court-yard, before the chief magistrate had retired, I found an immense crowd to witness the state and show which were exhibited on this day of civic parade. I had been in Ireland some time, and had been wofully disappointed in not having heard one bull; I thought it impossible that amongst so many persons I should not be gratified, and in a few minutes the event

turned out just as I expected. Curiosity induced a fine fresh-faced girl to get behind one of the carriages in the Castle-yard; the mob laughed, and the coachman drove her round the circle; a footman in the viceregal livery exclaimed, "That woman is the first *footman* I ever saw in petticoats." To be quite sure that the man was an Irishman, I went up to him, inquired where he came from, and found that he came from Cambridgeshire.

The equipage of the lord mayor and sheriffs was not remarkable either for taste or splendour. The state-carriage wanted re-gilding, and the halberdiers or javelin-men new clothing; and I think, amongst people so fond of music, a fuller and better band would be desirable. The Mansion or Mayoralty-house, in Dawson-street, is a spacious house, but unsuitable to the dignity of its possessors. In the garden is an equestrian statue of George I, which formerly stood on Essex-bridge; and in the parlours, I was informed, there are tolerable portraits of Charles II, William III, the dukes of Bolton and Richmond, the marquisses Townsend and Buckingham, the earls of Northumberland, Harcourt, and Buckinghamshire, and alderman Henry Gore Sankey.

The style of living of the viceroy combines ease with majesty. His levees are entirely governed by his will and pleasure. He has generally one morning levee in the week, at which the viceroy, and those who have the honour of being introduced to him, appear in morning dresses. Upon state occasions he moves with body guards, and is attended by his pages, aide-de-camps, and officers of his household. His principal place of residence is in the Phoenix-park, distant about one mile and a half from Dublin.

It has been the fate of the Irish to have had, for more than a century past, a rapid succession of rulers. Much of the ignorance which government has displayed, of the real genius and condition of the country, has arisen from the rapid changes which have taken place in the appointment of the principal minister of Ireland, the secretary of the lord lieutenant: the hours of whose political existence are numbered the moment he lands at the Pigeon-house. During the shortness of his stay, his avocations familiarize him

principally with the objects which are to be found between the Phœnix-park and the Castle.

“Is the new secretary come over in the last packet?” is a question very familiar to the loungers at the club-houses and general post-office. So accustomed to these changes are the Irish, that a lord lieutenant once had scarcely received from England all the packages which were necessary to his rank and comfort, before an unauthorized report obtained that he was to be removed. The viceroy, on this occasion, hit upon an admirable expedient for dissolving the rumour, by ordering his gardener to make him an *asparagus*-bed in the Phœnix-park garden. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that an asparagus-bed is some years before it reaches perfection.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CIRCULAR ROAD.....THE BRIDGES.....FIRE, FLOODS, AND
 TEMPESTS, GREAT IMPROVERS.....WESTMINSTER AND ESSEX
 BRIDGES COMPARED.....ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN.....LYING-IN
 HOSPITAL AND OTHER BUILDINGS.....POSTING.....NEW MODE
 OF REPAIRING A POST-CHaise.....A PRINT....A LUCKY MILE....
 ADDRESS TO A DRIVER....THE DARGLE DESCRIBED....LINES....
 THE CONTRAST.....ROSANNA.....DEVIL'S GLEN DWYER.....FI-
 DELITY.

AFTER quitting the Castle, as the day proved very fine, I mounted a jingle, and took an airing on the circular road which surrounds the city, and has been made on the scite of the old Danish wall, formerly erected for the protection of the capital: the view almost every where on this superb road is delightful, and well worthy of a stranger's early attention. The bridges which cross the river Liffey at Dublin, of which there are seven, are very handsome; as they very soon attracted my notice, it may be as well to describe them all here. The most beautiful is Sarah's bridge, so called from Sarah, countess of Westmoreland, who on the 22d June, 1795, laid its foundation-stone; it stands near the Phoenix-park, at the western end of the city, has one arch, extends three hundred and sixty feet, and is thirty-eight feet broad: the arch is an ellipsis, whose span measures one hundred and four feet, which is twelve feet wider than the Rialto at Venice: the key-stone is twenty-two feet above high-water mark; and its breadth on the top within the parapets or plinths thirty-eight feet, including two flagged foot-ways of six feet on each side. Near this bridge stood Island-bridge, built by queen Elizabeth, in 1557; and hence Sarah-bridge is called by some of the inhabitants Island-bridge. Barrack-bridge, formerly called Bloody-bridge, was built in 1671, being originally constructed of wood; four

persons lost their lives in endeavouring to pull it down ; it is not worthy of farther notice. Queen's-bridge stands upon the scite of Arran-bridge, and was finished in 1768. It has three arches, is one hundred and forty feet in length, with flagged foot-passages, stone balustrades, and ornamental decorations, in a style of considerable taste ; the whole was executed under the inspection of general Vallancey. The old bridge is a crazy, dirty, wretched pile of antiquity, and was rebuilt in 1428 ; the sooner it shares the fate of its former hoary brother, called Ormond-bridge, which fell before the floods of December 1803, the better.

Fire, floods, and tempests, although not the most welcome, are in general the most powerful patrons of architectural improvements. Essex-bridge is very beautiful ; it was commenced in 1753, under the direction of Mr. George Semples : it is Westminster-bridge in miniature, which, upon a reduced scale, it resembles in every stone. The spans of the middle arches are to each other as three to five ; their length as one to four. The breadth of Westminster-bridge, from the extremities of the parapets or plinths under the balustrade, is forty-four feet ; at Essex-bridge it is fifty-one feet. Westminster-bridge was eleven years nine months and twenty-one days in building ; Essex-bridge was one year five months and twenty-one days. The former cost two hundred and eighteen thousand eight hundred pounds sterling, the latter twenty thousand six hundred and sixty-one pounds sterling. The breadth of Essex-bridge is well proportioned to its height, and counterpoised by a strong foundation built in coffer dams.

Carlisle-bridge stands in a noble situation, and concentrates in one view the finest parts of Dublin : it has three arches, the centre is forty-eight feet wide : the length of the whole is one hundred and fifty feet, and its breadth between the balustrades sixty feet, which is wider by ten feet than Westminster-bridge. The approach to it on either side is gradual. The arches are executed with bright mountain granite, and the cornice balustrade at top, with part of the piers, are composed of Portland stone, and form a contrast by their different tints. The structure is a noble one, and the whole was designed and executed by Mr. Gandon, to whose taste and genius the city is

much indebted. The highly-merited celebrity of this gentleman induces me with great deference to observe, that I think this bridge would be improved by the removal of the four obelisks, which are placed at each end of the sides as ornaments. From this bridge the passenger has a fine view of the shipping and custom-house, and from its south, the portico of the house of lords and the college present a magnificent appearance, and resemble the superb architectural view at the entrance of the Linden-walk in the beautiful city of Berlin, looking towards the opera-house.

The river is seldom enlivened by the appearance of boats : there is a ferry-boat which plies near the ruins of Ormond-bridge. It is in contemplation, I am informed, to embank the sides of the river, through the city, with granite ; should this be accomplished, it will be a beautiful improvement, and may perhaps lead to the river being frequented by pleasure-boats.

The largest square in Dublin is St. Stephen's-green, which is nearly an English mile in circumference. It is a fine meadow, walled and planted with a double row of trees, but is disfigured by a dirty ditch formed on every side, the receptacle of dead cats and dogs. In the centre is an equestrian statue of George the second, by Van Nort. The houses on each side are most of them very noble buildings ; their want of uniformity, owing to the vast space of the area, is not objectionable. If this square were handsomely railed round and planted, and the ditch filled up, it would be one of the most magnificent in Europe.

The Lying-in Hospital is situated in Britain-street, but the rotunda and contiguous apartments form a termination to part of Sackville-street, and are seen from Carlisle-bridge. The front of the hospital is built of the mountain-stone ; over the entrance in the centre is the chapel ; the remainder of the building is appropriated to wards for women, with apartments for the nurses, physicians, &c., &c. ; the centre of the hospital is finished with a steeple, and on each side of this building are colonnades of the Doric order ; that towards the east communicates with the entrance to the rotunda, which is seventy-two feet diameter : the inside is decorated by a number of fluted Corinthian pilasters ; at one side a grand orchestra, between

the pilasters are ornamented windows, and beneath are recesses between the pedestals of the pilasters. On the east side of the rotunda, and communicating with it, has lately been erected a very elegant building, ornamented with a rusticated basement: over the entrance in the centre are four columns of the Doric order, with its entablature and a pediment. There are several noble apartments, intended for card and supper rooms, &c., &c. The profits arising from the social meetings, which are held there as well as in the rotunda, are applied in support of this valuable institution. To make pleasure contribute to the consolation of the wretched, I found by no means unusual. The gardens behind the hospital have been lately surrounded with an iron railing, set on a low mountain-stone wall, connecting pavilions at the north-east and north-west angles, with columns of the Doric order, which, with the trees behind, produce a very pleasing effect.

The Blue-coat Hospital forms a termination to Blackhall-street; the first stone of this building was laid by the earl of Harcourt, lord lieutenant of Ireland, on the 16th of June, 1773; the centre contains apartments for the principal officers and their servants, a committee room, record room, and a handsome board-room for the governors to meet in. The front is enriched in the centre by four Ionic columns, supporting a pediment; over this the steeple is intended to rise one hundred and thirty feet from the ground, enriched by Corinthian and composite pilasters. On one side of this building stands the chapel, and on the other the school, forming the two wings of the building; the whole front extends three hundred and sixty feet. Both the wings are united to the centre building by handsome circular walls, ornamented with a balustrade and niches: this building is from the design of Mr. Ivory.

The linen and yarn-halls form a building of considerable extent, composed of various squares, built at different periods, some of rough masonry and others of white mountain-stone, in a plain substantial style of architecture. The rapid increase of the linen manufacture, and the sales at this hall, have rendered the late considerable additions necessary, which are, with the other parts, well constructed for the purposes of their application.

At the west end of the town, and situated in a fine and conspicuous situation, stands the Royal Hospital of Kilmainham, a large commodious building, founded in 1695, for the reception of superannuated veterans, and those who have been, by sickness or by chance of war, rendered incapable of serving their country in a military capacity. On the opposite side of the river are the barracks, the largest building of the kind in the British dominions, and probably in Europe. They are capable of containing three thousand foot, and five hundred horse: the old, or principal part, is of rough stone, ornamented with cornices, and window-cases of cut stone. Within a few years, to the east, a new square of considerable extent, of white mountain-stone, has been added to the buildings; its character is that of extreme plainness, but perfectly suitable and convenient. Near the barracks is situated the Military Hospital, on a fine healthy and commanding situation in the Phoenix-park: the front is built of the mountain-stone, and consists of a centre, and two wings with pediments, finished with a cornice and a small cupola; the whole forming a pleasing and picturesque appearance: this design, with some little alteration, was made by Mr. Gandon.

The other public buildings are the Hibernian and Marine Schools, the Foundling, Stephen's, Swift's, Simpson's, and the Meath Hospitals, but none of these possess any superior architectural beauties.

The most distinguished private houses are those of the duke of Leinster and the lords Charlemont, Tyrone, and Powerscourt; the two first of these houses are highly becoming the residence of a nobleman.

I did not observe that any of the churches possessed any particular beauty worth describing: that of St. Thomas's possesses the best front, which is said to be a copy of Palladio's celebrated church at Venice. St. George's, when finished, will be handsome.

As the weather was exceedingly beautiful, I resolved upon making an excursion into the county of Wicklow, and to leave the city for future observation and description. In this ramble I had the happiness of being accompanied by an enlightened and amiable friend, who augmented the pleasure of every scene. The summer still extended its sway beyond the ordinary period of its reign; and although

the season of autumn was arrived, not a leaf denoted decay. Having made an appointment to meet a gentleman, who undertook to be our guide to the most striking of the many scenes which adorn that favoured county, at an early hour, at Newry-bridge, we set off before the dawn of morning peeped upon us. Our driver, post-chaise, and horses, were not so neat as a posting equipage in England; but, however, they were all well enough.

The Irish in this respect are much improved, I am told, although they are unquestionably behind us; yet, after England, they are superior to any other country that I have seen in the comforts of conveyance. In one of the remote counties there was only one post-chaise for some years; and as precious things, like good persons, are generally the objects of misfortune, an unlucky contusion disabled the door of this rare vehicle: the carpenter was called in to repair it, but it was beyond his art. The bricklayer was next applied to, and proud of the opportunity of displaying his skill, he very neatly bricked and plastered it up, and the chaise, with some little obliquity, performed its duty very well for some time after. In the very focus of taste, in Paris, it was the fashion last year to paint the carriages to resemble stone and marble. Who would blush in rouge, if they could procure the rosy tint of nature? Who would ride in a marble-coloured carriage, when they could move in one of real substantial brick? I have seen, in our print-shops, a delineation of Irish posting. A knight of St. Patrick is represented in the act of setting off in a post-chaise with a thatched roof, upon which a cock is scratching for grain; the knight's feet having pierced through the front and bottom of the carriage. He appears to be impatient at the delay of the horses, and the following words are put into the mouth of a great brawny driver: "Forward immediately, your honour; but, sure, a'nt I waiting for the girl with the poker, just to give this mare a burn, your honour: 'tis just to make her start, your honour." All this is very humorous, but happens to be very false.

The laws of posting in Ireland require that one shilling shall be paid if one or two persons engage a chaise; but if three, then eighteen-pence per Irish mile. Eleven Irish miles are equal to fourteen English. A *lucky* mile means a long one; for the Irish miles vary

not a little: why so called I could not learn. "Now, Pat! mind you drive the gentleman *beautiful*," were the farewell words of the waiter at our hotel, upon which Pat drove us furiously over the stones, whilst the iron steps within, but not fastened, kept dancing all the way to a clatter which rendered our tongues useless, and our ears burthensome, until we had passed the barrier, which was raised, with many others, at the entrance of the city, during the rebellion. Soon after which we saw

"The grey-ey'd Morn smile on the frowning Night,

"Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light:"

when we were enabled to discern a beautiful country, and one of the finest broad and level roads I ever travelled upon. Our first stage was to Bray. Our route lay through fine plantations, embellished with elegant houses, and fields and meadows, in which every symptom of good husbandry appeared.

We passed through Dundrum, a very pretty village about three miles and a half from Dublin. Near the four-mile stone is Moreen, a very picturesque situation: it is remarkable for a desperate battle which was fought, some centuries since, by two neighbouring families, who, having satiated their revenge, very piously erected a church in the valley where the battle was fought; but whether in expiation of their infuriated rage, or to perpetuate the history of it, ancient story does not tell. Not far from Moreen, is the castle and church of Kilgobbin. The frequent recurrence of names of places beginning with *kill* is not a little alarming to a stranger in Ireland, more especially if he be under the influence of those stupid prejudices which have been excited against that country. I have just enumerated, in my memory, no less than forty-nine of those *kill* places. The name produced the following ridiculous mistake: when some of our militia regiments were in Ireland during the rebellion, a soldier, a native of Devonshire, who was stationed at an outpost, stopped a countryman, and demanded who he was, whence he came from, and whether he was going. The fellow replied: "And my name, my dear honey, is Tullyhog; and, d'ye see, I am just been

“to *Killmanny*, and am going to *Killmore*.” Upon which the sentinel immediately seized him, expecting to receive a high reward for having apprehended a most sanguinary rebel, by confession, just come from murder, and going to a fresh banquet of blood.

The first grand and extraordinary object which we met with was a chasm which some vast convulsion of nature seemed to have formed, by having forced its way through a mighty mountain, and divided it into elevated ridges of detached grey rock and massy stones, which, projecting in a variety of forms, looked ready to roll down, with ruin and havock in their train, into the valley below, through which the road turned. This wonderful aperture is called the Scalp, of which I made a sketch, more for its extraordinary appearance than picturesque beauty. Between its craggy slopes, a contrasted level country, well cultivated, gradually swelling at a distance, and closed by the mountains called the Sugar-loaves, pushing their dusky tops into the skies, presented an interesting and very singular view.

As we descended to the beautiful village of Inniskerry, on one side the eye reposed upon rich meadows; on the other, a slope of trees presented a compact shade. Before us, as the road, enlivened by passing peasants, turned over a picturesque bridge, a neat farmhouse presented itself; and a village-school, standing in the bottom of the valley, just peeped with its upper windows above the level: whilst a hill, lightly clothed with young wood, extended a rich screen behind. Expressions of delight burst at the same moment from both of us: it was Auburn, in all its pristine loveliness.

As we wished to walk through the Dargle, we alighted from our chaise near a beautiful cottage upon the domains of lord viscount Powerscourt, and ordered our driver to go to the principal entrance of the Dargle, about two miles distant. We had scarcely measured one hundred feet from the cottage, before, as we stood upon an eminence, a new world of rural beauty opened upon us, of rich vallies and mountains covered with wood, melting into the air: whilst below a serpentine river glistened in the sun, until it lost itself in the Dargle, whither we followed its course. Impossible as it is to convey, by verbal painting, a just idea of this exquisite scene, I approach an at-

tempt to describe it with considerable apprehension. The Dargle is a deep glen, or narrow valley, of about a mile in length; at the entrance where we approached it, opposite to us a beautiful little pleasure-cottage peeped over the ridge of one of the hills which form the green-breasted sides of this glen; it was just discernible in a little plantation which crowned the precipice upon which it stood: this elegant and romantic little summer retreat was raised after the tasteful design of Mrs. Grattan, the lady of the illustrious member of that name, to whom it belongs. As we descended by the paths which have been cut through the woods, new beauties opened upon us. The hill, on the sides of which we stood, and its opposite neighbour, were covered with trees, principally young oak, projecting with luxuriant foliage from masses of rock half green with moss, which reminded us of Milton's description of the

“ *Verdurous wall of Paradise upraised.*”

Here, concealed by over-arching leaves, the river, like fretful man in his progress through this unequal world, was scarcely heard to ripple; there it flashed before the eye again, as if in anger at its concealment, rolled impetuously over its rocky bed, and roared down a craggy declivity; a little further, having recovered its calmness, it seemed to settle for a while, resembling, in sullen silence and placidity, a dark mirror; then, never destined to long tranquillity, it proceeded, and was again lost in arches of foliage, under which it murmured, and died upon the ear.

It was in this spot, under the green roofs of native oaks starting from their rocky beds, sequestered from the theatre of that world upon which he afterwards sustained so distinguished a character, that Grattan, when a very young man, addressed the tumultuous waters as his auditory, and schooled himself, like Demosthenes, in that eloquence which was destined to elevate the glory of Ireland with his own.

We lingered for some time in a rustic temple, whose back and seats were formed of intertwined branches, softened by moss, and whose arches opened upon one of the most favoured spots of the

Dargle: it seemed to be suspended, like an aëronautic car, from some vast impending oaks, which spread far over it an umbrella of leaves. In this spot the imagination wandered through all the witcheries of fable, and invoked the naiad and the wood nymph; and upon my memory stole the following exquisite, but irregular, lines of a brilliant fancy, which were written and presented to me by one of the friends of my boyhood, Charles Leftley, Esq., a youth of high and richly cultivated genius, who died in the bloom of life.

Zephyr, whither art thou straying?
Tell me where:
With prankish girls in gardens playing,
False as fair.

A butterfly's light back bestriding,
Queen-bees to honeysuckles guiding,
Or in a swinging hair-bell riding,
Free from care.

Before Aurora's car you amble
High in air;
At noon, when Neptune's sea-nymphs gambol,
Braid their hair.

When on the tumbling billows rolling,
Or on the smooth sands idly strolling,
Or in cool grottoes they lye lolling,
You sport there.

To chase the moon-beams up the mountains
You prepare;
Or dance with elves on brinks of fountains,
Mirth to share.

Now seen with love-lorn lillies weeping,
Now with a blushing rose-bud sleeping;
Whilst fays from forth their chambers peeping,
Cry, oh rare!

We ascended the Lover's-leap, a vast high grey rock, whose base is concealed by sloping trees : it rises higher than any other object, and commands a very extensive view of this verdant scenery, which travellers, who have visited Italy, pronounce to be equal to any spot in that benign climate.

Heavens ! what a contrast to the luxuriant richness of this scenery has Mr. A. Young given us, in his clear and invaluable account of Ireland, when he speaks of that vast, wild, and impenetrable tract of mountain and bog, called the barony of Erris. " It is no easy matter " to get in or out of it in winter ; and very few persons ever attempt " it from November to Easter, having impassable bogs in the way. " There were eight hundred and ninety-six families in the barony " in 1765, four hundred of which are inhabitants of the Mullet ; " forty-seven protestant, and eight hundred and forty-nine popish. " The bishop of Killalla has built a house in the Mullet for a clergy- " man, who resides there ; the living is between fifty and sixty pounds " a year, and forty acres of land, which the bishop has given " from the see-lands. This may truly be called a sphere for content " and the philosophic virtues to exert themselves in. There is not " a post-house, market-town, or justice of peace, in the whole barony, " which is also the case with another barony in this county, Costello. " A post-house and a market are excellent things ; but a jus- " tice may very well be dispensed with. There are many herds of " small cattle, and some sheep kept, which are sold from thence. " There is *not a tree in the whole barony of Erris* : a man going out " of it to pay his rent, his son with him, a lad of near twenty ; when " he came near Killalla, and saw a tree, '*Lord, father ! what is that ?*' " But bare of wood as it is at present, it was, in the sylvan age of " Ireland, completely covered : for in no part of the kingdom is there " found more or larger in the bogs."

The Dargle is part of the ample and beautiful domains of lord viscount Powerscourt, who, with a liberality worthy of his rank and mind, permits every one to visit it, and has erected seats in various parts of it for the accommodation of the public. We quitted this scene with mingled emotions of delight and regret, and entering our

chaise at the principal gate, proceeded through a rich and romantic country to the town of Bray.

This town, which is near the sea, has a very neat and respectable appearance: it is about eleven miles from Dublin, and stands on the verge of the counties of Dublin and Wicklow, which, as well as the town, are divided by a river abounding with excellent trout. This place has two annual fairs, at which black cattle and sheep, and large quantities of frize and flannel, are sold; and is much resorted to during the seasons for drinking goat's-whey and sea-bathing. It has a church, a Roman catholic chapel, good barracks, several lodging-houses, and, in its neighbourhood, are several elegant country seats. The post-chaises which belong to the principal inn here are the best in Ireland, and are inscribed, in great letters, with the word "Quin-bray," which I thought was the name of the owner; but, upon inquiry, I found that he was only entitled to the first half, and that the other half of the word belonged to the town.

Here we took a fresh chaise, and proceeded to Newry-bridge, where we found an old, but very comfortable inn. Our fish, meat, wine, beds, and waiters, all were good. This spot we made our head quarters, and strongly recommend them to every future Wicklow wanderer.

The first place we visited was Rosanna, the seat of Mrs. Tighe: the house appears to be a comfortable brick mansion; the grounds, abounding with the most beautiful arbutuses, holly, and ash-trees, are perfectly Arcadian. Genius may advance considerable claims to share the celebrity of the spot with Nature: it was the residence; whilst I was there, of a most amiable and elegant-minded lady, formed to embellish her sex with its purest attributes, and to enlighten society by the charms of a cultivated mind and rich imagination. Alas! in the exercise of these precious endowments, she is destined to exhibit, to a wide circle of admiring, affectionate, and anxious friends, with what serenity the gentle spirit of innocence, supported by piety, can endure the pangs of sickness, and how the energies of genius can brighten in the gloom of affliction. An invincible timidity, and the dread of exciting the animadversions of those who have so much influence upon the public opinion through the channels of

criticism, have at present confined to a small circle of friends, a printed poem which, although my perusal of it was limited, would, I can with confidence say, entitle the fair authoress to the admiration, without an appeal to the gallantry, of the candid reviewer, and would render the name of *Psyche* more memorable, and inscribe the name of Tighe high upon the roll of feminine celebrity. In the construction of this poem, Mrs. H. Tighe has displayed great fancy, and much richness and variety of language. If these few remarks should have any influence to induce the fair writer to a more diffuse publication of a work so interesting, I shall at least make some atonement for the errors of that by which it is recommended.

From Rosanna we proceeded to Glenmore-castle, through the most rich and romantic country. The castle, the seat of Francis Synge, Esq., has not yet received the hoary tints of time; some of its battlements were constructing at the time of my visit; but when it is completed, and well coloured by the elements, it will be a fine object. At a little distance it seems to impend over a vast abrupt precipice, from which it commands a superb view of the country, and the entrance of the celebrated Devil's-glen, into which we descended through a well-planted shrubbery.

The glen is a valley, the bottom and side of which are composed of rocks: one side was till lately covered with trees, principally oak; the other was always much denuded, which must have afforded a fine contrast. At the further end, the river Vartrey, after violent rains, falls with astonishing fury from a height of one hundred feet, and runs through the glen amongst the rocks that compose its bottom. During the rebellion, these unfrequented depths frequently afforded shelter and concealment to its routed followers. Groups of such figures must have augmented the gloomy grandeur of the scene, and rendered it a subject worthy of the pencil of a Salvator.

It was here, and in the neighbouring mountains, that Dwyer, a rebel chieftain, as celebrated as three-fingered Jack, contrived to elude the hot and persevering pursuit of justice for a period almost unexampled. Although the virtue of singular incorruptibility was displayed in a bad cause, yet it loses nothing of its intrinsic value on that account. The remuneration offered by the government for the

discovery of this daring chief, who so long hovered near the capital after his followers had been routed and reduced, was very great, and presented a temptation to betray, which in another country would scarcely have been resisted; but wherever this arch ruffian avowed himself, and claimed the protection of hospitality, his person was held sacred; and, in the midst of rags and penury, a bribe, which would have secured independence to the betrayer, was rejected with scorn.

In Waller's time their secrecy and fidelity in all their engagements were remarkable; that poet, when the *Sophy* appeared, said of the author, "That he broke out like the Irish rebellion, three-score thousand strong, when nobody in the least expected it." In no country in the world is treachery held more in detestation than in Ireland; because in no region can be found a higher spirit of frankness and generosity. Upon the door of every cabin might be justly inscribed,

" Mistake me not so much,
" To think my poverty is treacherous."

florid children in a cabin, said to the father : "How do your countrymen contrive to have so many fine children?" "*By Jasus it is the potatoe, sir,*" said he.

Three pounds of good mealy potatoes are more than equivalent to one pound of bread. It is worthy of remark to those who live well, without reflecting upon the condition of others to whom Providence has been less bountiful, that one individual who subsists upon meat and bread, consumes what would maintain five persons who live on bread alone, and twelve who subsist on potatoes; and if such individual keeps a horse, he maintains an animal for his pleasures, for whose subsistence more land is necessary than for that of his master.

In China the men are said to have nearly eaten out the horses, and hence it is usual for travellers to be carried along the high roads to the greatest distances by men. The mode of planting potatoes is as follows: the potatoe is cut into several pieces, each of which has an eye: these are spread on ridges of about four or five feet wide, which are covered with mould, dug from furrows on each side, of about half the breadth of the ridge. When they dig out the potatoes in autumn, they sow the ridge, immediately before digging, with bere, and shelter the crop in a pit, piled up so as to form a sloping roof. Potatoes are said to be very propitious to fecundity; and I have been told that some investigators of political economy, enamoured with the fructifying qualities of the precious vegetable, have clothed it with political consequence; and in Ireland have regarded it like Cadmus's teeth, as the prime source of population; so that hereafter, the given number of potatoes necessary to the due proportion of vital fluid being found, it will only be necessary to have due returns of the potatoe crops, in order to ascertain the average number of little girls and boys, which have for the last year increased the circle of society. It has been considered that the cultivation of rice was the most favourable to population, not only on account of its nutrition, but because it employed a great number of men, and scarcely any part of the work could be done by horses; but it has been since admitted, that more persons can subsist upon potatoes. I am ready to acknowledge the nutritious quality of the potatoe, and that it may be sufficient for the purposes of mere existence with an Irish rustic,

who, having little to do, does little : but an enlightened and experienced medical friend of mine assured me, that it could not supply the frame with its necessary support under the pressure of violent exercise. A workman in an iron-foundry would not be able to endure the fatigue of his duty for three hours together, if he had no other food than potatoes.

As the peasants and cabins, in the neighbourhood of Dublin, are more respectable and neat than those in many other parts of Ireland, I shall reserve any further remarks upon either, till they are suggested by the objects I meet with in the course of my tour.

Poor as the cabin is, do not, reader ! think that hospitality and politeness are not to be found in it. The power of showing these qualities, to be sure, is very slender ; but if a stranger enters at dinner-time, the master of the family selects the finest potatoe from his bowl, and presents it, as a flattering proof of welcome courtesy.

After a day of high gratification, we returned to Newry-bridge, where we sat down to a couple of delicious fowls, for which, as for poultry of every description, and for its veal, this country is very famous : we had also trout, and excellent wine, particularly port. In England it is a very rare piece of good fortune to get good port-wine at any inn ; and the vilest stuff sold under that name, is to be found at the places of the greatest public resort : on the contrary, in Ireland excellent wine is to be had in the poorest public houses. A friend of mine, travelling in that country, came late at night to a little inn, which was so wretched that it had not a single bed for him or his servant, yet, to his surprise, the ragged host produced him a bottle of very fine claret.

After a refreshing repose in clean beds, we rose to renew our rambles. At our breakfast we had excellent honey and eggs ; the latter the Irish have certainly the merit of having introduced to the English tables. Not many years since, even their neighbours the Welsh were so unaccustomed to the sight, that upon an Irishman ordering some eggs for breakfast, the waiter asked him whether he would have a rasher of bacon with them.

So much do the Irish consider their own eggs to be superior for sweetness and flavour, that some Irishmen will not allow that an English hen can lay a fresh egg.

Under a cloudless sky, we proceeded to Cronroe, about two miles from Newry, the seat of Isaac Ambrose Eccles, Esq., a gentleman of fortune, of considerable classical acquirements, and of the most amiable private character: this gentleman has edited three of Shakespeare's dramas, upon a *liberal* and extensive plan. The great natural curiosity of Cronroe is a vast rock, which rises perpendicularly from some beautiful woods behind the house, to the top of which we ascended, and enjoyed an exquisite prospect of an extensive, undulating, and highly cultivated country, and the sea. One part of the view was enlivened by the busy movements of a crowded fair.

After a display of hospitality, which in Ireland is no novelty, although always charming, we parted with our enlightened host, and proceeded to our chaise, which waited for us in the fair. Here all was bustle; shoes, stockings, hats, pigs, sheep, and horses, were exposed for sale to the best advantage.

It is always a source of pleasure to listen to the conversation of the lower Irish; at these places, wit, drollery, or strength of expression, is sure to be the reward of it. "I am very bad, Pat," said one poor fellow, rubbing his head, to another. "Ah! then may God keep you so, for fear of being worse," was the reply.

If Pat falls, his drollery is the first to rise up and laugh: the following instance of it was communicated to me by a very dear friend of mine, who personally knew it to be a fact. An Irishman, an assistant-labourer to a master bricklayer, who was building a house for a gentleman in England, fell through the well-hole from the top of the unfinished dwelling, and alighted very fortunately in a large quantity of mortar that lay at the bottom, which saved his life; the moment he had recovered himself, the only observation he made was, "By Jasus, I had like to have hurt myself."

The approach to Rathdrum, our next stage, was very beautiful: the town has nothing in it worthy of remark, unless it is by way of caution to the traveller, to enable him to obviate a very probable inconvenience as far as he can, by previous arrangements with the inn-keeper at Newry:—there are only two post-chaises in the town.

In order to view completely the beauties of Avondale, formerly the residence of that great patriot, the late right honourable sir John

Parnell, now inhabited by lady Wicklow, we ordered our chaise to a spot a few yards out of the high road to Arklow, called the Meeting of the Waters, and walked through this exquisite demesne, which is about a mile beyond Rathdrum : it stands on the banks of the river Avoca, or Avonmore, which signifies, "the great winding stream." The sloping banks, curving with the river, are clothed with a full rich coppice, occasionally ennobled to the view by scattered oak and ash, of stately growth. The mansion is modern and handsome ; in front is a beautiful lawn, dotted with clumps of trees gently sloping from a hill crowned with fine beech and spruce firs ; there is great variety in the scenery ; the rich verdure of meadows or pasture is frequently contrasted with grey romantic rocks, of a great height, covered with old oak, the roots of many of which, from their beds, project one hundred feet perpendicular over the tops of others ; whilst the gentle current of the river is frequently broken into foam and cataract, by opposing rock and shattered granite, half-covered with moss. Our walk extended near three English miles through the woods, and every step afforded us some fresh gratification.

About midway we were attracted by a rustic arched entrance, which led over a little meadow to a sequestered and highly romantic cottage, which forms the summer residence, as I was informed, of one of the sons of the late sir John Parnell : it stands in a vale nearly embosomed on all sides. The scene was at once sweet and solemn. It was suited to console and refresh the mind of a statesman, in a few hours stolen from the toil and cares of the state. The appearance of Nature was too pensive for a man who had no mental resources to fly to. I have seen nothing to compare with it in character, but in the beautiful islands which abound in the gulf of Bothnia. In this sequestered spot we heard the murmur of the Avoca, rolling at the base of a stupendous cliff, fringed with oak, holly, and quickset, and warmed by the red tint of a setting sun.

Previous to the union, sir John Parnell filled the office of chancellor of the exchequer, with great dignity to himself, and advantage to his country ; but in consequence of his resistance to that memorable measure, as conscientious opposition is a virtue only with its possessor and those who think with him in politics, he was

removed from that dignified station, without losing any portion of his popularity. Although I have Dr. Arbuthnot's "God's revenge against punning," before my eyes, I cannot help relating a little compliment which flowed from one who has said many good things, but never an unkind one. When the union was effected, sir John Parnell was frequently the subject of a *toast* after dinner ; and being one day in company with Joseph Atkinson, Esq., the present treasurer of the ordnance of Ireland, in the course of conversation he sportively observed to the party who were present, "that by the union he had lost his *bread and butter* ;" to which Mr. Atkinson good-humouredly replied, "Ah ! my dear sir John, never mind it, for you know it is amply made up to you in *toast*."

When we passed the gate that led out of Avonmore, a new scene of enchantment presented itself at "the Meeting of the Waters," and rivetted us in silent admiration. It was a scene of valleys, whose lofty sides were covered with the most luxuriant foliage, presenting a compact slope of leaves through which neither branch nor trunk of tree could be seen. Upon the top of one of these umbrageous mountains, a banqueting room or tower arose, the casement of which was brightened by the sun ; whilst below, dimly seen through over-arching beech-trees, a confluence of streams mingled with the river under the blue mist of approaching evening.

Our road lay through the same exquisite scenery, the effect of which was not injured by the abrupt appearance of two mountains of copper mine, which lie nearly opposite to each other ; the savage sterility of these mountains, varied by the green, red, and yellow stains of their vitriolic streams, which scantily dripped down their sides, presented a striking contrast to the soft verdure and luxuriant foliage which marked the termination of their desolate features.

By the time we reached Arklow, the night had closed in upon us. Our inn was not the most comfortable in the world, but tolerable ; one side of the lower part of it was occupied by a shop, for the sale of groceries, wine, whiskey, &c. This union of the characters of shop and inn-keeper, I found very frequent in Ireland. Here we got excellent wine. The waiter assured us that the beds, for we

dined in a double-bedded room, were well aired, and added, "for one gentleman slept in both of them last night." I thought I had caught a bull here for the first time; but upon a moment's reflection I found that the gentleman, after sleeping in one bed, might have been disposed to try the other, and so it proved.

A short distance from the town we passed by the spot where a very bloody and decisive battle was fought on the 9th of June, 1798, against the rebels, who were seven-and-twenty thousand strong, and who were routed with the loss of one thousand men left dead on the field. A brief account of the particulars, and of a very extraordinary character, who shone in all the splendour of high daring, will, I am sure, be interesting to my readers, as related by the reverend James Gordon. After speaking of the arrival at Arklow of the Durham fencibles, the rebels being in great force near it, he says: "A few hours after, one of those ludicrous incidents occurred, which, amid the calamities of war, serve to exhilarate the spirits of military men. Two of the officers of this regiment, passing by the house of Mr. O'Neile, in Arklow, where general Needham was quartered, and where a great breakfast was prepared for the general and his guests, were mistaken by a servant for two of the suite, and informed that breakfast was ready for them and their associates. This intelligence being communicated, the Durham officers came instantly in a body, and devoured the whole breakfast." One of them, the writer states, remained behind to settle with the drivers of the carriages in which the regiment had travelled from Dublin, and upon him devolved the unpleasant situation of hearing the complaints of the general and his officers, who arrived soon after and found all their breakfast vanished. He then proceeds:

"In some hours, more serious objects engaged the attention of the troops. The rebels, who, after the defeat of Walpole's army on the 4th of June, had wasted their time in burning the town of Carnew, in trials of prisoners for orangemen, the plundering of houses, and other acts of the like nature, at length collected their force at Gorey, and advanced to attack Arklow on the 9th, the only day in which that post had been prepared for defence. The number

“ probably amounted to twenty-seven thousand, of whom near five
“ thousand were armed with guns, the rest with pikes, which gave them
“ in some points of view the appearance of a *moving forest*, and
“ they were furnished with three serviceable pieces of artillery.
“ The troops posted for the defence of this, at that time, most im-
“ portant station, consisted of sixteen hundred men, including yeo-
“ men, supplementary men, and those of the artillery. The rebels
“ attacked the town on all sides, except that which is washed by the
“ river. The approach of that column which advanced by the sea-
“ shore was so rapid, that the picket-guard of yeomen cavalry, sta-
“ tioned in that quarter, was in extreme danger: a party of the
“ rebels having entered and fired what is called the fishery, a part of the
“ town on that side, composed of thatched cabins, before they could ef-
“ fect their escape, so that they were obliged to gallop through the
“ flames, while the main body of this rebel column was at their
“ heels. So great was the terror of this troop of yeomen, that most
“ of them stopped not their flight till they had crossed the river,
“ swimming their horses, in great peril of drowning, across that
“ broad stream. The farther progress of the assailants was pre-
“ vented by the charge of the regular cavalry, supported by the
“ fire of the infantry, who had been formed for the defence of the
“ town, in a line composed of three regiments, with their battalion
“ artillery, those of the Armagh and Cavan militia, and the Durham
“ fencibles. The main effort of the rebels, who commenced the at-
“ tack near four o’clock in the evening, was directed against the
“ station of the Durham, whose line extended through the field in
“ front of the town to the road leading from Gorey. As the rebels
“ poured their fire from the shelter of ditches, so that the opposite
“ fire of the soldiery had no effect, colonel Skerrett, the second in
“ command, to whom major-general Needham, the first in com-
“ mand, had wisely given discretionary orders to make the best use
“ of his abilities and professional skill, commanded his men to stand
“ with ordered arms, their left wing covered by a breast-work, the
“ right by a natural rising of the ground, until the enemy, leaving
“ their cover, should advance to an open attack. This open attack
“ was made three times in most formidable force, *the assailants*

“ rushing within a few yards of the cannons' mouths ; but they were
“ received with so close and effective a fire, that they were repulsed
“ with great slaughter in every attempt. The Durham were not
“ only exposed to the fire of the enemy's small arms, but were also
“ galled by their cannon. A piece of these, directed at first much
“ too high, designedly, by a soldier taken prisoner by the rebels, of
“ the name of Shepherd, appointed to manage the gun, was after-
“ wards levelled so, by Esmond Kyan, a rebel chief, that it broke the
“ carriage of one of the battallion guns, and obliged the left wing of
“ the regiment to shift its ground, by advancing twenty paces, to
“ avoid being enfladed by the shot. One of the balls carried away
“ the whole belly of a soldier, who yet lived some minutes in that
“ miserable condition, extended on the ground, and stretching
“ forth his hands to his associates.” The historian mentions, that general Needham, after riding from post to post, exposed to the enemy's fire, at last came to the determination that a retreat would be the most prudent measure, in the then posture of affairs. The resolution of colonel Skerrett, on that occasion, saved Arklow, and, in the opinion of the writer, the kingdom.

His reply to the general, when addressed on the subject of a retreat, was in words to this effect: “ We cannot hope for victory otherwise than by preserving our ranks: if we break, all is lost; and from the spirit which I have seen displayed at this awful crisis by the Durham regiment, I can never bear the idea of its giving ground.” This magnanimous answer was decisive; and the rebels retired in despair, after having been repulsed in a most furious assault, in which father Michael Murphy, priest of Ballycannoo, was killed by a cannon-shot, within thirty yards of the Durham line, while he was leading his people to the attack.

Of this extraordinary man, sir Richard Musgrave observes, in his *Memoirs of the Rebellion*, that a column “ was led on by father Michael Murphy, the priest of Ballycannoo, who endeavoured to animate them (the rebels) by every argument and exhortation that could work on their bigotry. Many of their chiefs, who led them on to successive attacks, were killed within a few yards of our guns. Murphy, who had hitherto escaped, headed the column at

“ the Charter-house, which was still very great ; but as they showed
“ a reluctance to advance, he took out of his pocket some musket-
“ balls, which he said were fired by the enemy, and some of which
“ had hit him without wounding him, and others he had caught in
“ his hands. He assured them, at the same time, that the balls of
“ heretics could not injure them, as they were under the protection
“ of the Almighty, in whose cause they were fighting, provided they
“ were stedfast in their faith. By that stratagem, he prevailed on
“ many of his deluded admirers to follow him, and they successively
“ became victims of their superstition and temerity. Father Mur-
“ phy, after many escapes, fell himself by a cannon-ball (which he
“ could not catch), within a few yards of a barricade, whilst shouting
“ to his followers, and waving in his hand a fine standard with a
“ cross, and *Liberty or Death* inscribed on it. The fall of this
“ church-militant hero had an immediate effect in damping the ar-
“ dour of the enemy, which from that moment began to abate.”

Another famous fanatic, father John Murphy, who figured away in the rebellion, was also supposed to be bullet-proof. This man's journal is curious ; it was found on the field of battle at Arklow by lieutenant-colonel Bainbridge, of the Durham fencible infantry, and sent by him to general Needham.

“ Saturday night, May 26, at 6 A. M., 1798, began the republic
“ of Ireland, in Boulavogue, in the county of Wexford, barony of
“ Gorey, and parish of Kilcormick, commanded by the Rev. Dr. Mur-
“ phy, parish-priest of the said parish, in the aforesaid parish, when
“ all the protestants of that parish were disarmed ; and, among the
“ aforesaid, a bigot, named Thomas Bookey, who lost his life by his
“ rashness.

“ 26. From thence came to Oulart, a country village adjoining,
“ when the republic attacked a minister's house for arms, and was
“ denied of ; laid siege immediately to it, and killed him and all his
“ forces ; they same day burned his house, and all the orangemen's
“ houses in that and all the adjoining parishes in that part of the
“ country.

“ The same day a part of the army, to the amount of one hun-
“ dred and four of infantry, and two troops of cavalry, attacked the

“republic on Oulart-hill, when the military were repulsed with the
 “loss of one hundred and twelve men, and the republic had four
 “killed, and then went to a hill called Corrigrua, where the *republic*
 “encamped that night, and from thence went to a town called Ca-
 “molin, which was taken without resistance, and the same day took
 “another town and *sate* of a bishop. At three in the afternoon, the
 “same day, they laid siege to Enniscorthy, when they were opposed
 “by an army of seven hundred men, then they were forced to set
 “both ends of the town on fire, and then took the town in the space
 “of one hour, and then encamped on a hill near the town, called
 “Vinegar-hill.

“BRYAN BULGER,

“DARBY MURPHY, his hand and pen.

“Dated this 26th.”

Some of the rebels who escaped this bloody conflict, by which Ireland was saved, in their forcible mode of expressing themselves, said, speaking of the slaughter produced by the soldiery amongst them: “*By Jasus, they mowed us down by the acre.*”

As it is always a gratifying circumstance to find the military, in times of trouble, when their services were wanted, uniting humanity with duty, I cannot restrain the pleasure of inserting what Mr. Gordon has said upon a particular instance of this union. “On the arrival of the marquis of Huntley, however, with his regiment of Scottish highlanders, in Gorey (near Arklow), the scene was totally altered. To the immortal honour of this regiment, its behaviour was such as, if it were universal amongst soldiers, would render a military government amiable. To the astonishment of the (until then miserably harassed) peasantry, not the smallest trifle, even a drink of buttermilk, would any of these highlanders accept, without the payment of at least the full value. General Skerrett, colonel of the Durham fencible infantry, who succeeded the generous marquis in the command of that post, observed so strict a discipline, that nothing more was heard of military depredation.”

Upon the sands at Arklow, colonel sir W. W. Wynne, at the head of his regiment, displayed great bravery and judgment. A whimsical circumstance happened here during the rebellion. A soldier, who was on guard, got into conversation with a raw countryman, and taking advantage of his simplicity, agreed with him for the sale of his sentry-box: the simple clown paid the amount of the purchase, and came the next morning with his car and horse for it. "What are you doing there?" said a fresh sentinel. "And, by Jasus, I'm come to remove this *little bit of shelter*, and plaze you," said the boor. The same spirit of simplicity is displayed in the following instance, which occurred not long since: a letter was received at the general post-office, London, directed, "To my son in London." The next morning a gawky thumped at the post-office window, and said, "Has my mother sent me a letter?" of course the letter received was immediately delivered to him.

We saw nothing particularly worthy of notice at Arklow except the castle, which is ancient and in ruins. The morning after our arrival we crossed the bridge, which has nineteen arches, through which the Avoca flows into the sea, which is close adjoining: it was low water, and a number of fishing vessels lay on the yellow sands. The learned bishop Pococke, who has distinguished himself for his Travels in the East, has observed that Arklow, with its sands, steeps, and glens, seen from the promontory, where the prospect has the best effect, presents a striking resemblance to the hill of Mount Sion at Jerusalem.

CHAPTER IX.

A TRAVELLING HINT....COPPER MINES....WICKLOW GOLD MINE....
 APPROACH TO GLENDALOECH....DESCRIPTION OF IT.....JOE, THE
 HISTORIAN OF THE PLACE....CHARACTERISTIC CUNNING AND
 WIT...THE FAVOURITE BURIAL-PLACE....ROUND TOWER....USE
 OF THIS CURIOUS BUILDING....BELFRIES....BELLS....ST. KEVIN
DERMODY.....A HINT.....CAUSE ASSIGNED FOR THE HIGH
 STATE OF PRESERVATION OF THE ANCIENT RUINS IN IRELAND
LEDWICH'S ACCOUNT OF THIS REMARKABLE PLACE....MI-
 RACLES.

LET me warn the Wicklow Rambler not to omit seeing the beautiful seats and woods of Ballyarthur and Shelton, and of Lord Carysfort's, and several other villas and plantations in the neighbourhood of Arklow. Alas! forgetting that in Ireland a spirit of liberality opens every door, and unbars every gate to the stranger, we did not explore these exquisite spots, merely because we had forgotten to furnish ourselves with letters of introduction. The oak in Ballyarthur is said to be the finest in that part of Ireland, and the beech of Shelton are of uncommon magnitude, some of them measuring from twelve to sixteen feet in circumference.

After a most delightful drive, we crossed a bridge, and returned to the road over which we had passed the preceding day; and, alighting from our chaise, climbed to the summit of one of the copper-mountains, where we saw several hollow squares, like baths, partly filled with divisions, in which plates of iron were deposited, the vitriolic particles of which are attracted by a stream, strongly impregnated with vitriolic water, which flows into them, and leaves a sediment of copper. At this mine there were no smelting-houses. I was informed that this mine was not very productive, and is very

deleterious to the fish for six miles in the river, which flows in the valley to the sea: indeed, I was informed that a very fine salmon-fishery at Arklow was completely destroyed by the poisonous stream of this mine.

As the working of the once celebrated gold-mine, which lies at the foot of the mountain Croghan, in this neighbourhood, has for some time past been upon the decline, we did not think it would repay the trouble of visiting it. The discovery of this mine for some time elated the breast of every Irishman: his country promised to become another Peru, and the most precious treasures below seemed ready to augment the prodigal beneficence of nature above. "Gold, yellow, glittering, precious gold," flashed before the eye. The shepherd left his flock, the husbandman his field, the manufacturer his loom, thousands deserted their homes and occupations, all rural employ was at a pause; and, had not the harvest been previously gathered in at the time of the discovery, a famine must have followed: this hurly-burly was soon restored to order. A detachment from the army arrived, and took possession of the mine in the name of the crown. The gold was found in marshy spots, in the bed and by the side of a small stream, in a gravelly stratum, and in the cliffs of the rock which lie beneath. In the Dublin Society I saw an exact cast of a mass of gold which was found in the mine, weighing twenty-two ounces avoirdupois: it was discovered by eight labourers, before the mine was claimed by the crown, who agreed to share in the search, and sold it for eighty guineas.

At Rathdrum we took fresh horses and proceeded to Glendaloch (or Glendalough), or the Seven Churches, about five miles off, which, had I not seen, I should have deeply regretted. The whole scene, soon after we quitted Rathdrum, became altered: one might have supposed that an ocean had separated Glendaloch from Avonmore. We found ourselves surrounded by vast mountains covered with brown heath, or more sable peat, whose hard and gloomy summits the rays of the sun, beginning to be obscured, shone upon without brightening: the whole was desolate, gloomy, and sublime. "Your honour," said our driver, upon observing that one of his horses plunged, "that mare is always very uneasy in going down

“ hill.” Immediately afterwards we passed a dark avenue of trees, which led to the ruins of a mansion burnt in the rebellion: it stood at the foot of a mountain; some of the walls, blackened by smoke, remained. The garden was overrun with briars and brambles; not a solitary rose-tree was to be seen, and the plantation was a wilderness. As we gazed upon the melancholy scene, the clouds gathered over our heads: all was silent and mournful. The vast and gloomy glen before us, in the year 1798, afforded shelter and concealment, for a short time, to a body of twenty-five thousand rebels under the command of Dwyer and Hoult. The ruins which we saw marked the residence of a family which, having excited the vengeance of those miserable and deluded beings, were obliged to fly for their lives. Imagination depicted the torches of the frantic mob shooting a frightful gleam through the trees; and now it beheld the crackling blaze of the devoted pile, reddening the sable scenery below, and the murky clouds above, until it sunk amidst the yell of the misguided incendiaries.

Near this melancholy monument of insurrectional fury a barrack has been erected, for the purpose of preventing this place from again affording protection to rebels. Passing the barrack, which is stuccoed white, and is wholly out of unison with the dusky scenery in which it is placed, the dark and lofty round tower of Glendaloch, which means the valley of the two lakes, just appeared rising from a plain; whilst behind were stupendous mountains, half-covered with mist and cloud. This awful spot was formerly an episcopal see, and a well-inhabited city, till about 1214, when it was annexed to the diocese of Dublin. Upon its religious edifices falling into decay, it became a place of refuge to outlaws and robbers; and it was not until 1472, that a peaceable and perfect surrender was made of it to the archbishop of Dublin by friar Dennis White, who had long usurped that see in opposition to the regal authority. Since that period Glendaloch has become a dreary desert. The venerable remains of this city reminded me of the words of Ossian. “ Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou “ look’st from thy towers to-day; yet a few years, and the blast of “ the desert comes: it howls in thy empty court.”

Stupendous mountains enclose this place on all sides, except to the east. On the south are the mountains of Lugduff and Derrybawn, divided only by a small cataract: on the other side of a gloomy dark lake, and opposite to Lugduff, is Kemyderry; between which and Broccagh, on the north side, is a road leading from Holywood to Wicklow. A cascade called Glaneola-brook descends from a hill at the west end of the upper lake. This brook, Glendasan river, St. Kevin's keeve, and other cataracts, form a junction in the valley, called Avonmore, which is frequently swelled by torrents. The two lakes in the vale are divided from each other by a rich meadow; the rest of the soil is nearly sterile. Here and there are some scanty crops of rye and oats. The names Derrybawn, Kemyderry, and Kyle, denote that great forests of oaks, and other timber, clothed the mountains. There is a group of thorns, of a great size, between the cathedral and upper lake, which St. Kevin is said to have planted. It is supposed, from what can now be discovered of the ancient city of Glendaloch, by its walls above, and foundations below, the surface of the earth, it probably extended from Refeart church to the Ivy church, on both sides of the river. The only street now remaining is the road leading from the market place into the county of Kildare: it is in good preservation, being paved with stones placed edgeways, and ten feet in breadth.

A small stream, called St. Kevin's keeve, runs on the north side of the Seven Churches to Arklow, and in its course falls into Glendaloch. In this stream weak and sickly children are dipped every Sunday and Thursday before sun-rise, and on St. Kevin's day, on the 3d of June. The tall brown round tower, the ivied churches which occupy a level in the valley, the distant sound of cataracts, the stupendous mountains midway magnified by mist, a few miserable cabins crouching at their ease, the deep shade upon the valley, are all well calculated to inspire the imagination with religious dread and horror.

Before the curious reader is gratified by a brief extract from the learned history of this place, by the profound and amiable Dr. Ledwich, I think it but fair that the local historian of the place, who has never been known to fame by any other name than that of Joe,

and who presents himself to every visitor in that studious undress so finely depicted in the statue of the great Dr. Johnson, erected in St. Paul's cathedral, namely. without shoes and stockings, and encumbered, if I rightly recollect, with only half a pair of breeches, should relate his story first, especially as the cunning, ingenuity, and drollery of the discourse, will serve to illustrate the character of the low Irish. The speech which succeeds I took down verbatim in my sketch-book, under the pretence of sketching. This personage had been attending three general-officers, to explain to them the gloomy history of the place: they had paid and dismissed him; and I met him, on my return from the lower lake (my friend having gone to the upper one), making great dispatch to find me out. for the purpose of raising some pretensions to my bounty. "And plaze your honour, I will tell you the history of the place; *and true,*" said he, "as ever was made in Ireland. All that you see belonged to St. Kevin, who lived one hundred and twenty years *before he died.* Long life to your honour, three generals have just now given me only two ten-penny pieces, and that's little enough; for your honour may perceive (pointing to his cabin upon the mountains, and smiling) that it is *high living* there. The fat little general told me to show him the Ivy Tower, as they wrangfully call it; but I said there are two jontlemen, meaning you, your honour, and the other jontleman, long life to you both, who are gone amongst the mountains there to see the loch, and I must not leave them. Then, said the little fat general, I will pay you accordingly: I meant to have given you a thirteen, but now I will give you nothing. Ah! said I, I don't care a ha'p'orth for a trifle: it is the friendship of a jontleman that I value, and so, long life to your honour, said I, I cannot go, but must go back to those jontlemen; so I was coming to your honour, when your honour met me." Here let me observe, that the general afterwards told us, that Joe had invited him very pressingly to let him attend him to the Ivy Tower, and the invitation was declined. As we entered the principal gate of this ancient city, he continued: "These arches, your honour! are very injanious; there are twenty-six stones in one, and twenty-seven in the other, and all without sament (cement). Next, your ho-

“nour will observe the church-yard; 'tis a tight, snug little burial-place. Ah! all the world loves to be buried here” (an assertion which seemed to be confirmed by the great number of ancient and recent tomb-stones). “Poor shoul! I dare say they think it pretty lying here. We have no complaints of it at all, at all.”

As I stood at the base of the Round Tower, I observed that the cement was very hard, and expressed a wish to have a piece of it knocked off; upon which my guide said, “Ah! and won't I get you some? Oh yes! your honour shall have a *taste of it*.” This tower is very perfect, and has a very novel and a very noble appearance. I climbed up to the door, which was about eight feet high, the stone steps of which lay in a pile below, and found the tower completely hollow to the top within. I remarked several apertures, in which, I should suppose, the beams, which once supported the stairs or ladders, were fastened. The whole fabric appeared to have the firmness and durability of rock. In descending, I was obliged to have recourse to Joe's arm. “Ah!” said he, “take it; I would no more drop your honour than I would *my own shoulder*.”

Of these round towers there are fifty in Ireland; but of their particular use the learned have very much differed. Some consider them as anchorite pillars; and that one of the monks, to increase the pious reputation of his brethren, used always to watch and pray in them; so that the tower acted like a sort of upright tube or speaking-trumpet, to enable the devotee to hold more perfect converse with the Deity: others assert, that it was a place of penance, or a purgatorial pillar, in which the penitent was raised according to his crime; others, that it was a belfry, being called in Irish *cloghahd*, which imports a steeple with a bell. As the opinions of antiquarians are so various, a plain-minded traveller is more at liberty to exercise his own judgment. All these towers are very near churches, and have been or are covered at the top; below which a little way there are narrow oblong holes, which evidently must have been constructed for the emission of sound: the top of these towers is capacious enough to admit of a bell of the size and shape in fashion in a distant era. The apertures very visible in the tower at Glendaloch, might have supported the principal props of a

wooden staircase. In Denmark and Sweden, the belfry, although not a round tower, is generally detached from the body of the church. In that part of Tartary which lies to the north-east of the Caspian Sea, round religious towers are said to be common. At Venice, Bologna, and Florence, the belfries of the metropolitan cathedrals are detached; and in the east, round towers called minarets, with a balcony at the top, are used for calling the people to worship. From all these circumstances I should be induced to think, that the round towers of Ireland were neither more nor less, from their first foundation, than belfries. In one of the ancient buildings, here called St. Kevin's kitchen, there is a small round tower, rising out of the roof, and has the strongest appearance of a belfry. Walsh asserts that, upon the expulsion of the Danes, the *christian clergy* converted the round towers into belfries, and that they derived their name from clogteachs; *cloe* and *clog* signifying a bell, and *teach* a house. Primate Usher informs us, that bells were used in the churches in Ireland in the latter end of the seventh century. Sir John Hawkins, on the authority of Polydore Virgil, confines the invention of suspended bells to the year 400; whilst W. Strabo declares, that large suspended bells were a recent invention in the ninth century. In the Irish history, the keol and keolan, the bell and little bell, are mentioned as used in religious ceremonies, by the *pagan priests*, which it is supposed, but why I know not, were in the shape of those of the present day; but no such have been found. Oblong square bells, from twelve to eighteen inches high, with a handle to sound them by, have frequently been found in the bogs in Ireland; some of bell-metal, and some of iron: of the latter, there is one very much corroded in the museum of the Dublin Society, and a very curious one in the possession of the countess of Moira, at Moira-house, in Dublin. In the monkish legend, much is said of the virtues of St. Patrick's bell; and it is a well-known story, that the bell of St. Muling was stolen from Ireland, conveyed to Germany, where being afflicted with the *mal du pays*, it floated back again to its dear native country. There is another clash of opinions and assertions upon bells! If Polydore Virgil and sir John Hawkins be correct, and bells were invented in the year 400, they might

have been much improved in the year 515, when, allowing St. Kevin to have made a very rapid proficiency in the cell of his three old eremetical tutors, named Dogain, Lochan, and Enna, ancient story seems to have fixed the foundation of Glendaloch. I rejoice, and no doubt my reader does too, that this discussion is over; for, from a peculiarity of nerve, I dislike the subject of it too much, not to wish most heartily that the honour of inventing bells had been reserved for posterity. Upon this subject I have, however, an illustrious opponent in the good and great sir Matthew Hale, lord chief justice of the king's bench, who, according to bishop Burnet, when a young man, belonged to a society of ringers.

At Ardferf, near Tralee-bay, in the church-yard of the cathedral there, a round tower formerly stood, which, although apparently very firm, fell down some years since; and what is very remarkable, all the stones fell inside, and formed a pile on the scite of the tower. In Scotland there are two small round towers: at Abernethy in Perthshire, and at Brechin in Angus.

To return to Joe: as we went to the cathedral, he showed me a font, and observed, "This was a place of baptism in sarviceable times; and here," said he, having climbed up to one of the old ivied windows, "and here, your honour, upon my taking this bit of ivy away, you will observe" (showing me an ancient piece of sculpture) "this jontleman's head being bit by a serpent." Amongst other barbarous subjects to be found in the sculpture here, is that of the pigtail of a young man curling round the tail of a wolf. The effigy of the serpent exhibits some knowledge of zoology in the carver, as serpents are not to be found in Ireland. "And pray," said I, "Joe, how did you procure all this information?" "Oh! your honour, and I learned it all from my great-uncle, who lived one hundred and twenty years before he died; he was the only man who knew any thing about the place but me." As we were quitting the cathedral, my cicerone said, "that a lark had never been seen within the hearing of the cathedral" (a low Irishman is always fond of the poetic figure of personification), "because the undertakers, whilst they were building St. Kevin's house, had no other hour to call the men up but the lark; and one day, your honour,

“ St. Kevin finding these poor shouls looking very sadly, asked them
 “ what ailed them, when they said it was the lark, and that they
 “ were worked to death : with that St. Kevin wished the lark might
 “ never sing more within the hearing of the building, and it never
 “ did sing more.”

Upon inquiry I was informed, that the lark never gladdens this inhospitable region with its song, owing, no doubt, to the bird being scared away by the horror of its desolation. Speaking of the stone of which the churches are composed, he figuratively said, “ Not a
 “ stone-cutter had ever struck his mallet on such stone before.” Joe related a variety of medicinal virtues, which almost every hole and stone in the place possessed, in efficacy and number sufficient to remove every ache and malady which assail those various parts of the human frame enumerated in Moore’s Almanac. “ And by my
 “ shoul,” said he, “ and there is the saint’s bed,” pointing to a cave which hung over the lake, “ and whoever goes there is sure never
 “ to die in child-bed.” As I was pretty sure of not perishing in this manner, I thought it more prudent to stay where I was, than to take a perilous peep at this frightful hole, which I should have thought that surprising young Irish genius, Dermody, had in contemplation when he delineated Danger in the following beautiful colours :

High o’er the headlong torrent’s foamy fall,
 Whose waters howl along the rugged steep,
 On the loose-jutting rock, or mould’ring wall,
 See where gaunt Danger lays him down to sleep !
 The piping winds his mournful vigils keep ;
 The lightnings blue his stony pillow warm ;
 Anon, incumbent o’er the dreary deep,
 The fiend enormous strides the lab’ring storm,
 And mid the thund’rous strife expands his giant form.

The churches are scattered, and are very small. Their style of architecture is said to be a unique specimen of the early Danish style in Ireland : I saw nothing like it in Denmark.

At parting, my historian said, “ There is a pretty ale-house
 “ there,” pointing to a cabin not far from the principal entrance of

the deserted city, "and never finer mountain ale was ever tasted; a jontleman said to me yesterday, 'Go, get a pint of whiskey; give me a sup, another to my servant, and do you take the rest.'" This hint I would not understand. Joe spoke much against drunkenness; and I dare say the hovering spirit of St. Kevin, if he gratefully notices his historian, beheld him as happy as whiskey could make him, with the remuneration I gave him before we were half-way to Rathdrum. I shocked the superstitious veneration which this whimsical fellow had for the place, until I had tranquillized it with money, by asking him to assist me in the removal of two stones into my chaise, which were elegantly sculptured, belonging to one of the arches, the edges of which were singularly fresh and sharp.

To this hour, in such high sanctity is this place held, that every year, on the third of June, great numbers of persons flock to the Seven Churches to celebrate the festival of St. Kevin.

The veneration entertained by the peasantry, not only here but in every part of Ireland, for the ruins of castles, monasteries, and chapels, is so great, that scarcely any inducement can satisfy the conscience of an Irish labourer to mutilate their remains, even where they are neither useful nor ornamental. This amiable weakness has been singularly protective to the remains of antiquity in Ireland, where, from this reason, there are more of these venerable ruins than perhaps in any other country of the same extent in Europe. In the county of Tipperary alone, there are more than two hundred ruins in fine preservation.

As I think this spot is one of the most interesting, and so highly worthy of attention, no apology will, I am sure, be necessary for introducing to the antiquarian reader, an extract from Dr. Ledwich's remarks upon the subject.

"From the earliest ages, Glendaloch seems to have been a favourite seat of superstition. The tribe of wild and ignorant savages who here first fixed their abode, deprived of the light of letters, unoccupied in any amusing or profitable employment, and wandering among human forms as uncivilized and barbarous as themselves, were a prey to melancholy thoughts and the basest passions. Their fears animated every rustling leaf and whisper-

“ing gale, and invisible beings multiplied with the objects of their
“senses.

“*Quicquid humus, pelagus, cælum, mirabile gignunt,*

“*Id duxere Deos, colla, freta, flumina, flammæ.*—PRUDENT.

“The gloomy vale, the dark cave, the thick forest, and cloud-
“capt mountain, were the chosen seats of these ærial spirits, and
“there they celebrated their nocturnal orgies. These superstitious
“and idle fears could only be appeased by the bold claims of pagan
“priests to mystic and supernatural power, equal to the protection
“of the terrified rustic, and the taming the most obstinate dæmon.

“The first christian preachers among these barbarians, what-
“ever might have been the purity of their faith, or the ardour of
“their zeal, were forced to adopt the high pretensions and con-
“juring tricks of their heathen predecessors; and by thus yielding
“to human prepossessions and imbecility, indirectly and impercepti-
“bly introduced the great truths of revelation.

“As superstition had filled Glendaloch with evil spirits, and its
“lakes with great and devouring serpents, the christian missiona-
“ries found it indispensably necessary to procure some saints, under
“whose protection the inhabitants might live secure from temporal
“and spiritual evils. At a loss for a patron, they adopted a prac-
“tice, common throughout Europe in the dark ages, that of personi-
“fying rivers, mountains, and places. This custom had reached
“Ireland; we had made of the Shannon, saint Senanus; of the
“town of Down, saint Dunus; and now the mountain Kevin at
“Glendaloch was to be metamorphosed into saint Kevin. Kevin is
“the name of many mountains in Wales noticed by Camden.”

“To this dreary and sequestered vale our saint (St. Kevin) re-
“tired. He was born in 498, baptized by St. Cronan, and at the age
“of seven years put under the tuition of Petrocus, a Briton. “St.
“Coemgenus,” says another, “shall next be spoken of; in Latin as
“much as to say, Pulchrogenitus; he was ordered by bishop Lugi-
“dus, and led an heremetical life in a cell, in a place of old called
“Chuayn Duach, where he was born and brought up: now the place

is called Glean-dalach, saith mine author, *vallis duorum stagnorum*—where one Dymnach, lord of the soil, founded a church in honour of St. Coemgenus, joined thereunto a fair church-yard, with other edifices and divers buildings.”

“To believe that a barbarous people, naked and ignorant as American Indians, should have preserved the pedigree of St. Kevin, is too much for the most stupid credulity. Neither will the following miracles tend to establish the credibility of St. Kevin’s legend on his reality. “There was,” says the Icelandic MS. before cited, “in Ireland one, among the body of saints, named Kavinus, a kind of hermit, inhabiting the town of Glumelhagam (Glendaloch), who, when that happened which we are about to relate, had in his house a young man, his relation, greatly beloved by him. This young man being attacked by a disease which seemed mortal, at that time of the year when diseases are most dangerous, namely, in the month of March; and taking it into his head that an apple would prove a remedy for his disorder, earnestly besought his relation, Kavinus, to give him one. At that time no apples were easily to be had, the trees having just then began to put forth their leaves. But Kavinus grieving much at his relation’s sickness, and particularly at not being able to procure him the remedy required, he at length prostrated himself in prayer, and besought the Lord to grant him some relief for his kinsman. After his prayer he went out of the house, and looking about him, saw a large tree, a *salix* or willow, whose branches he examined, and as if for the expected remedy, when he observed the tree to be full of a kind of apples just ripe. Three of these he gathered, and carried to the young man: when the youth had eaten part of these apples, he felt his disorder gradually abate, and was at length restored to his former health. The tree seemed to rejoice in this gift of God, and bears every year a fruit like an apple, which from that time have been called St. Kevin’s apples, and are carried over all Ireland, that those labouring under any disease may eat them; and it is notorious from various relations, that they are the most wholesome medicine against all disorders to which mankind are liable; and it must be observed, that it is

“ not so much for the sweetness of their savour, as their efficacy in
 “ medicine, for which they are esteemed, and as at first for which
 “ they are sought. There are many other things which were sud-
 “ denly effected by the virtue of this holy man : perhaps this story
 “ arose from exhibiting the bark, leaves, and catkins of the willow,
 “ which the Irish believed to be efficacious in dysenteries.

“ Cambrensis tells us, that in the time of Lent, St. Kevin retreat-
 “ ed from the commerce of the world to a little hut in the desert, to
 “ enjoy meditation, reading, and prayer. On a certain time, putting
 “ his hand out of the window, and lifting it up to heaven according
 “ to custom, a black-bird perched on it, and using it as a nest, drop-
 “ ped her eggs there. The saint pitied the bird, and neither closed
 “ or drew his hand in, but indefatigably kept it stretched out until
 “ she brought forth her young. In memory of this, all images of
 “ St. Kevin have a hand extended and a bird sitting on it.”

“ St. Kevin, as tradition reports, going up a neighbouring hill,
 “ in time of dearth, met a woman with a sack on her head, contain-
 “ ing five loaves. He inquired what she was carrying ; she an-
 “ swered, stones. “ I pray,” says the saint, “ they may become
 “ stones,” when instantly five stones tumbled out.” These were
 “ kept as sacred reliques for many years in the Refeart-church, but
 “ are now in the valley, at a considerable distance from it ; they
 “ weigh about twenty-eight pounds each, are shaped as loaves, with
 “ the marks of their junction in the oven. Let these impious and
 “ foolish tales of ignorant and superstitious ecclesiastics suffice, and
 “ let them warn us of that miserable degradation of the human
 “ mind, which alone could give them currency and credit. Let us
 “ now attend to the remains of ancient art which this celebrated glen
 “ affords to us.

“ On entering it from the east, we first reach the Ivy-church, so
 “ called from being enveloped in the umbrage of this plant. The
 “ belfry is circular, and shows one of the first attempts to unite the
 “ round tower with the body of the church. South-east from this,
 “ and on the opposite side of the river, is the Eastern-church, or the
 “ priory of saint Saviour. Near this is a stone-roofed chapel, disco-
 “ vered a few years ago by Samuel Hayes, Esq., one of the repre-

“ sentatives for the borough of Wicklow. About a furlong west from
 “ the Ivy-church, and on the same side of the river, is a small square,
 “ which was the market-place. In its centre was a stone cross, the
 “ pedestal only remaining. South from the market-place, you pass
 “ Glendasan river on stepping-stones, where formerly was a bridge,
 “ and then you arrive at the cemetery, which is entered by a gateway
 “ through a semicircular arch, and in this inclosure stands the cathe-
 “ dral. The nave is forty-eight feet long by thirty wide : a semicir-
 “ cular arch forms the chancel. The eastern window is a round
 “ arch, ornamented with a chevron moulding. The sculptures of the
 “ impost mouldings are legendary : on one part a dog is devouring a
 “ serpent. Tradition tells us, that a great serpent inhabited the lake,
 “ and it is at this day called Lochnapiast, or the Serpent-loch, and,
 “ being destructive of men and cattle, was killed by St. Kevin. In
 “ another part the saint appears embracing his favourite willow, and
 “ among the foliage may be discovered the medicinal apple. The
 “ window itself is very singular, running to a narrow spike-hole ; nei-
 “ ther it or any other at Glendaloch seems to have been glazed.
 “ Under a window on the south side of the choir, is a tomb of free-
 “ stone adorned with carving, but without any inscription. Not far
 “ from the cathedral is the sacristy, otherwise called the priest’s
 “ house. The closet, in which the vestment and holy utensils were
 “ kept, remains ; the vulgar believe it an infallible cure for the head-
 “ ach to turn thrice round it ; a notion arising from the veneration
 “ paid to its sacred furniture in times of predominant superstition.

“ Kevin’s-kitchen is a stone-roofed oratory ; the ridge of the roof
 “ is about thirty feet above the ground, and its angle sharp ; at the
 “ west end is a round tower of about forty-five feet in height. Our
 “ Lady’s-church is the most westward of all the others, and nearly
 “ opposite the cathedral. The Refeart-church is literally the sepul-
 “ chre of kings, being the burial-place of the O’Tooles ; seven of
 “ these toparchs lying here interred, according to tradition. On a
 “ tomb is said to be the following inscription in Irish :

“ JESUS CHRIST

“ Mile deach feach cort Re Mac Atthuil.

“ That is,

“ Behold the resting-place of the body of king Mac Toole, who died
“ in Jesus Christ, 1010.

“ These letters and words cannot now be made out, after the
“ utmost pains and attention, nor scarcely a single letter with any
“ certainty. Besides, if the whole was legible, it could not be in
“ modern Irish, but in that dialect of it, which from its antiquity could
“ not at present be easily understood. In returning from the Refeart-
“ church is a circle of stones piled up conically, about three feet high ;
“ at and round these pilgrims perform penance.

“ In the recess of the south mountain is Teampall na Skellig,
“ equivalently called in the old records, the Priory de Rupe, and the
“ Convent de Deserto : St. Kevin’s-bed is above it.

“ Almost in the middle of the glen are the ruins of the abbey, or
“ monastery, dedicated to the apostles Peter and Paul : and north of
“ the abbey stands Trinity-church, at the end of which is part of a
“ round tower, which was evidently used for a belfry. There were
“ many smaller chapels and oratories. The Seven-churches for
“ which Glendaloch was so celebrated, seem to have been,

“ 1. The Abbey.

“ 2. The Cathedral.

“ 3. St. Kevin’s-Kitchen.

“ 4. Teampall na Skellig.

“ 5. Our Lady’s Church.

“ 6. Trinity Church.

“ 7. The Ivy Church.

“ The others appear to be later constructions. The Seven-
“ churches, when approached by the bridge of Derrybawn, form a
“ very picturesque and pleasing scene. The bridge is thrown over
“ the Avonmore, and is composed of three elliptic arches from a de-
“ sign of Samuel Hayes, Esq. Derrybawn, covered to a great extent
“ with an oak coppice on one side, and the huge Broccagh on the
“ other, confines the view up the river to the valley ; at the end of
“ which the great round-tower and the other ruins appear to great
“ advantage. A remarkably smooth and high mountain makes a no
“ less singular than agreeable back-ground.

“ The number seven was mystical and sacred, and early consecrated to religion. It began with the creation of the world, and all the Jewish rites were accommodated to it. It is found among the Brachmans and Egyptians. The Greek fathers extol its power and efficacy, and the Latin, as usual, apply it to superstitious purposes. The church formed various septenaries. The following is extracted from archbishop Peckham’s constitutions made at Lambeth, A. D. 1281.—‘ The Most High hath created a medicine for the body of man, repositied in seven vessels, that is, the seven sacraments of the church. There are seven articles of faith belonging to the mystery of the Trinity. Seven articles belonging to Christ’s humanity. There are seven commandments respecting man ; seven capital sins, and seven principal virtues.’ Much more to the same purpose is in Amalarius, Durandus, and the ritualists. The Irish entertained a similar veneration for this number ; witness the seven churches at Glendaloch, Clonmacnois, Inniscathy, Inch, Derrin, Inniskealtra, and the seven altars at Clonfert and Holy Cross. Crowds were attracted to these places to celebrate the profoundest mysteries.”

CHAPTER X.

LUGULA....SOCIAL DISPOSITION OF THE PEASANTS....BELLE-VUE
HUMANE INSTITUTION....THE PALACE OF GLASS... BEAUTI-
 FUL CHAPEL.....GLEN OF THE DOWNS.....SWISS COTTAGE.....
 ANECDOTE OF NATIVE DROLLERY....GARRICK AND THE IRISH-
 MAN...WIT.....POWERSCOURT WATERFALL.....VENOMOUS ANI-
 MALS AND ST. PATRICK....TOAD-EATERS....CLIMATE OF IRE-
 LAND....ROADS....THE ADVANTAGES AND ABUSES OF PRESENT-
 MENTS.....THE INTELLIGENT DIRECTING POST.....CHURCH-
 YARDS....EPITAPHS....BEAUTIFUL LINES.

NOT far from Glendaloch is Lugula, the shooting-box of Peter Latouche, Esq., a name which has long been associated with every public and private virtue that can adorn human nature. We regretted that our time would not admit of our visiting this place, which we were informed is finely placed between two vast bleak mountains, which, as well as the adjoining country, abounds with growse; the rich green foliage of the grounds and plantations present a striking contrast to the brown sterility by which it is enclosed, and the whole scene is diversified by waterfalls and rocks singularly shaped. It is six or seven miles from any habitation. A part of the building is allotted for respectable strangers, where, in the spirit of Irish hospitality, beds and attendants are provided.

In different parts of this tour, we found the peasants very civil and social. If they saw me making a sketch, with an intelligent look, and a smile on their countenance, which prevented their approach from being thought either vulgar or impertinent, they would gently move round me, and examine my drawing; at other times they would ask what o'clock it was, for the blended gratification of saying something and seeing a watch; and in the road I have seen many a little urchin, who was carrying a parcel or letter as a gas-

soon, keeping up with the chaise for a considerable distance, without ever presuming to get behind, solely for the sake of being in society. These little fellows will frequently carry letters to a distance of forty or fifty miles, for scarcely any other remuneration than a hearty supper and a bed to sleep upon. We returned to Newry-bridge, and set off the next morning for Belle-Vue, another seat of Peter Latouche, Esq. The house is a handsome modern-built mansion; and the grounds, which are elevated, command a fine view of the sea, and are laid out with infinite taste. This noble demesne contains above three hundred acres of improved ground, which about thirty or forty years back was a barren waste, except about ten acres, on which a cabin stood, and half a dozen trees grew.

The first object worthy of being seen here, is an institution which does equal honour to the head and heart of Mrs. P. Latouche, a lady who, in a country remarkable for its benevolence, has distinguished herself for the extent and variety of her goodness. A fresh little girl, neatly dressed, conducted us through a winding walk to an extensive house and offices, built upon the estate, in which eight-and-twenty girls, the daughters of the neighbouring peasants, are clothed, boarded, and educated at the expence of this lady. The education of the girls is confined to useful objects, under the direction of a governess, and they alternately attend to all the domestic economy and arrangements of the house. Since the commencement of the school, several of the girls, having completed their education, have been comfortably married: three of them I learned have been settled in lodges upon the demesne, one of them in a shop established for the benefit of the neighbouring poor, in which every article of clothing, fuel, &c., bought at the best wholesale price, is sold to the poor at a very trifling advance, just sufficient to afford a little allowance to the young shopkeeper. Upon the whole, as the reader may well suppose, it is a losing trade to the fair patroness, but she well knows that in a concern of beneficence, those who have the numerical balance in their favour, will have their debt doubly paid both here and hereafter.

I believe in England and Ireland the green and hot-houses of Belle-Vue are unrivalled. This palace of glass, which looks as if it

had been raised by Aladdin's lamp, is six hundred and fifty feet in length, and includes an orange, a peach, a cherry-house, and vinery, and is filled with the most precious and beautiful plants from the sultry regions of Asia, Africa, and America, which, tastefully arranged and in the highest preservation, banquet the eye with their beautiful colours, and fill the air with the most voluptuous perfume.

As I was roving through this delicious spot, some steps led me into the chapel: the area of this room is twenty feet square, exclusive of the circular recesses, which are on each side raised by two or three steps, festooned with Egyptian drapery, in one of which the reading-desk is placed, and in the two others the seats for the family; the area is filled with accommodations for the children of the school I mentioned, and the servants of the family; the height of the chapel to the top of the dome is twenty-six feet: the seats are covered with scarlet cloth, the decorations are in the highest style of appropriate elegance, and the entrance opens into the conservatory.

In this room, under the roof of which there is a large *ceratonia siliqua edulis*, or locust-tree, of the class polygamia and order trioecia; it is a native of Sicily and the coasts of the Mediterranean, and covers sixty-four feet of the wall. There is also another locust-tree, a native of Jamaica, called the *hymenaca courbaril*, of the class and order decandria monogynia, and a vast number of plants not long arrived from New South Wales. No expence is spared to make the collection as valuable as possible. Upon the continent I have seen several princely conservatories, but none any where so extensive or so well filled as this surprizing range of glass-work. If it be surpassed, it is only by the celebrated winter-garden in prince Potemkin's palace at Petersburg, and by that only in its prodigious magnitude.

A serpentine ascending walk conducted us to a Turkish tent, from which there is a magnificent prospect, and thence to a banquetting-room, which impends over the summit of a high mountain, from which there is a fine view of the Glen of the Downs, a great pass between two long ranges of mountains covered with wood, and below, the vale narrows into a passage just capable of admitting a road, and a stream which runs along the side of it. This view is monotonous,

and wants relief ; it is more grand than beautiful. From the mountains we descended into the road where our chaise was waiting, and found on one side, at the bottom, a most romantic cottage *à la Suisse*, designed and furnished with great appropriate taste by Mrs. Latouche. A little rustic bridge of pine branches is thrown over a clear stream, which at this place has a gurgling descent ; a colonnade of the trunks of trees marks that part of the dwelling in which the cottager lives ; a walk round a casement diamond-cut window conducts to a delightful room, fitted up, in a style of rural simplicity, with every accommodation for the enjoyment of a few retired hours in the sultry heat of summer ; and a mountain arises immediately behind, overhanging it with trees.

A story relates, that some years since the archbishop of Dublin was passing on horseback in this road, and finding himself stopped by a peasant and his car, cried out to the countryman, " Get out of my way there, get out of the way ; do you know who I am ? " " No," said the boor. " Why then," replied the mitred prelate, " know that I am the archbishop of Dublin ;" upon which the fellow turned round, and with an arch look, dryly said, " Then so much the better for you."

Garrick had no very high opinion of the talents of the common Irish, until the following whimsical circumstance induced him to change his mind. Having laid a wager with sir John O'Farrel that the common people were not witty, they agreed to ask an Englishman what he would *take* to stand naked upon the top of St. Paul's ; the fellow scratched his head, and said, " Ten guineas ;" they next accosted a low Irish labourer with the same question. " What !" said he, " in *mudder's* (*mother's*) *nakedness* ? " " Yes, Pat," was the reply. " Why then," said he, " by Jasus, I would take could (cold)."

From Bray we proceeded to Powerscourt waterfall, which rushes down a rocky channel, upon the side of an extensive amphitheatrical and almost perpendicular mountain, richly clothed with the foliage of ascending woods. On account of the dryness of the season, the fall was very scanty when we were present : when copious, in rainy seasons, it must be very grand. We would have prayed for a shower,

but remembered the answer of a curate, who, upon being requested by a wealthy farmer, one of his parishioners, after a long drought, to pray for rain, replied: "My friend, if you earnestly press the matter, I will pray, but I think we had better wait till the wind gets round into another quarter."

Upon some of the cabins in our road to Dublin, I read upon a board fixed over the door, "Dry lodgings," which inscription I was informed does not mean that the beds to be let there are free from damp, but that lodgings only, and no spirituous liquors, are to be had. They were a sort of ditch hummums. In some of the cabins where milk is sold, a *white* rag, fixed upon a pole, figuratively announces that milk may be purchased within. We returned to the capital in time for dinner, much delighted with our Wicklow excursion.

In the course of this tour, and afterwards, I made several inquiries whether it were true that Ireland is not infested with venomous animals, and in what particulars it differed from other countries in its animate and inanimate character; and was informed, by authorities which I could not doubt, that Ireland has neither snakes, toads, vultures, moles, or mole-cricketts; and it is gravely asserted that there were no frogs till king William the third landed.

The Irish are like the Chinese, in being passionately fond of tracing their origin from the remotest ages; hence, from tolerably authentic history, they soon get into the fog of fable: and ancient story tells, that their holy guardian, saint Patrick, came to preach the gospel in Ireland in the third century; that, being well received, and very grateful, he cunningly attracted all the devils, with which Ireland at that time was infested, to the top of a mountain, where, after fixing their attention by a right merry tale, he threw them all into a deep hole, and afterwards collected all the tigers, lions, rats, frogs, snakes, and every venomous animal in the island, and sent them headlong after. The rats returned, and the frogs either made their escape, or a fresh colony came over with William, as before related. I heard a better reason assigned for one of the above species of animals being excluded. A viceroy of Ireland asked one of his chaplains, at a great dinner given at the

Castle, "Why there were no toads in Ireland?" to which he replied: "Because, your excellency, there are so many *toad-eaters*."

I must not omit to say that general Doyle has ascribed a new animal to Ireland. Upon a traveller telling him that he had been in countries where the bugs were so large and powerful, that two of them would drain a man's blood in one night, the general wittily replied: "My good sir, we have the same animals in Ireland, but they are called by another name; they are called *humbugs*." In Ireland there is no chalk. The moisture of the climate is said to be fatal to venomous animals.

Sir William Petty took great pains, and was the first to ascertain the fact of the agitation of the air in Ireland being greater than it is in England. He says, "That the rain which fell in Dublin in October, 1663, compared with that which fell in London, was as twenty to nineteen; but that the windiness of the same month at Dublin was twenty, and at London only seventeen." Humid as the climate of Ireland is, agues and dropsies are not very common; and one of the first physicians in Ireland informed me, that he knew of no disease which could be considered peculiar to Ireland. According to Smith's History of Cork, the quantity of rain which falls in that city is, upon an average, twice as much as the quantity that falls in London; and Mr. Young, in his admirable work, states, that he kept a diary of the weather from the 20th of June to the 20th of October, and out of one hundred and twenty-two days there were seventy-five of rain, and many of them were very heavy. And he further adds, that he had examined similar registers in England, and could find no year in which such a moisture occurred; and that, according to the information that he received, the wet season generally set in about the first of July, and continued till September or October, when there was usually a dry, fine season for a month or six weeks. Doctor Rutty, after remarking, in his meteorological observations, that the south-west wind was the most violent that prevailed in Ireland, observes, that from a registry of the weather for forty-three years, he found the fair days in Ireland were not a third of the year; whilst in England the dry days are nearly two to one.

During my stay in Ireland, I found part of the summer and the autumn without much rain, and the winter was very mild. This moisture of climate is attributed to the exposure of Ireland to the Atlantic ocean, in which state it operates as a screen to England; and to this almost constant moisture may be attributed the vivid verdure of the fields and meadows of Ireland. The low Irish are, from habit, much attached to this sort of climate, and are as thankful for a shower of rain as if they were amphibious. I should think the general climate of Ireland to be nearly similar to that of Devonshire, perhaps more genial. In the county of Wicklow there are many fine myrtles remaining in the open air all the year round. In Devonshire I have seen much finer; but that must be owing to a greater degree of attention being paid them. At Kittery-court, near Dartmouth, the residence of some highly beloved friends of mine, I have seen, in the gardens of that beautiful and highly picturesque spot, a *hedge* of myrtles.

The climate is so salubrious, that we find, by history, those plagues which so much devastated England, but rarely reached Ireland. The leaves seldom fall till November. From the almost constant motion of its atmosphere, and the balmy softness of it, Ireland has been, for ages past, called "the Land of Zephyrs." It was also termed, on account of the beauty of its verdure, "the Green Island of the West," and "the Emerald Isle."

The inferiority of the flavour of fruit in Ireland may be attributed to the moisture of its climate: peaches which grow in the open air seldom come to perfection: but the south produces excellent apples, and the Irish gooseberry is remarkably fine.

In the course of this tour, I was much surprised, as I have mentioned, to find the Irish so far before us in the beauty and durability of their roads, which are surpassed only by those of Sweden. I do not speak of their turnpike-roads; for I afterwards, in the north, found them to be, few as they are, miserably bad; the result of jobs and collusion. The public are indebted to Arthur French, Esq., formerly of Moniva, for having matured a system by which every traveller is so essentially benefited. One great cause of the roads in Ireland enduring so long when once constructed, is owing to there being no ponderous waggons, or other heavy carriages, to cut them into ruts, except the few mails and stage-coaches, which are scantily established in different parts of the country. The cars, which are alone used for the conveyance of articles, are too light, and their wheels too broad in proportion, to do any injury. A common car generally weighs about 2 cwt. 2 qrs. and 4 lbs., and a common English waggon, with nine inch wheels, from 55 cwt. to three tons. The usual mode of making a road in Ireland is, by throwing up a foundation of earth in the middle, from the outsides, by placing a layer of lime-stone on this, broken to about the size of an egg, by scattering earth over the stones to make them bind, and by throwing over the whole a coat of gravel when it can be had. Upon so important a feature of the country, the reader will not be displeased with a recital of the proceeding by which all the roads in Ireland, except turnpike-roads, are constructed. Whoever wishes to mend or make a road has it measured by two persons, who swear to the mea-

surement before a justice of peace : a certificate, containing its description, and the sum per perch which it will cost, is signed by the measurers, and by two overseers, who are also sworn to the truth of the valuation : this certificate is laid before the grand jury, at the assizes, and allowed or rejected by vote. If the certificate is granted, the applicant, at his own expence, must finish it by the ensuing assizes, when, upon his sending a certificate of his having expended the money properly, it is signed by the foreman, who also signs an order on the treasurer of the county to pay the applicant. This sum is raised by a tax on the land, which is adjusted by officers called applotters, who rate the estates acreably : this method, which has certainly much in it to commend, has also, like every human institution, much to guard against. The money raised by grand jury presentments is not always paid to the persons who make the road, such persons being too frequently under the grinding oppression of the owner of the land through which the road runs, or his agent, in consequence of their being his tenants, and owing an arrear of rent, or being indebted to the agent for the purchase of a horse, cow, or pig ; which rent, or debt, is frequently liquidated by the debtor making or repairing the roads, which is called road-money ; a system which is frequently pregnant with the most cruel grievance. The affidavits also of the overseers have sometimes been signed by, without having been sworn before, the magistrate, and the money for making the road has been paid without the road having been made : these facts were developed in a trial at *nisi prius*, before judge Fox, in the county of Donnegal. Such a system of fraud might be considerably checked, if overseers of roads were to be sworn in open court, before one of the judges at the assizes.

The roads in England, except those which are near the metropolis, are far from being excellent : the cross-roads in the country are very bad ; and, from a deficiency of directing-posts, or from their unintelligibility, the traveller is frequently most vexatiously puzzled. In the west of England, there is a directing-post placed at the corner of three cross-roads, each of which leads to a town beginning with the letter D ; and, by way of distinguishing each road, the three sides of the post are most luminously marked with the letter D, for the

great comfort and information of the bewildered traveller. Oh, if this post had been in Ireland! In Ireland the cross-roads are expressively called "Bridle-roads;" and should the traveller experience, what is not very likely, any difficulty in finding his way, a good-humoured peasant is sure to rectify his error. I met with a striking instance of this sort of urbanity. The same kind spirit induces him, with uncommon penetration, to shape his answer to an inquiry respecting the distance of the town: if he observes fatigue or chagrin marked on the countenance of the stranger, he is sure to cheer him, by telling him that he has only a little way to go. I received this trait from an English gentleman, who had long resided in the central parts of Ireland.

Ireland is not only somewhat our superior in roads, but eminently in that decorum and good sense which prevent the asylum of the dead from becoming the ordinary lounging-place of the halting traveller, who, in England, well knows that almost every church-yard will furnish him, whilst his fowl is killing and roasting for his dinner, with an abundant and right merry feast of pious puns, ridiculous elegies, and solemn conundrums.

In the course of my tour I found no such trash. An Irishman, upon his first visit to England, would, I am sure, be astonished to enter a burial place, and read the following mortuary verses, which were copied, not long since, from a tomb-stone in the church-yard of one of the principal towns in the county of Norfolk.

EPITAPH ON MRS. GREENWOOD.

Oh! cruel death, thou hast cut down
The fairest *Greenwood* in all the town;
Her beauty and her accomplishments were such,
That she might have married a bishop or a judge:
But such was her virtue, and such her humility,
That she chose to marry me, a poor doctor of divinity.
For her, and every other good woman's sake,
Never let a blister be put upon a lying-in woman's back.

Or this :

Here lies three children which their parents had,
 Their gone to rest, whereof they may be glad ;
 For it was said by Solomon the wise,
 The birth-day's not so good as that they dies.

Or this :

ON A BOY WHO TUMBLED FROM THE TOP OF NORWICH
 CATHEDRAL.

This hopeful youth by accident did fall,
 From a scaffold at the cathedral.

If a stranger would wish for a further treat of these *death-grinning* ditties, he will find much amusement should he visit Brighton, to ramble into the church-yard there, or into almost any other cemetery in England. If this exhibition of impious folly is to be considered as a relation to the liberty of the press, the sooner it is placed under an *imprimatur* the better. The mischievous infatuation of burying the dead within the churches in England, is only equalled by the unparalleled levity and dulness by which their virtues are commemorated. But let not the reader think, if the Irish church-yard is free from the nonsense which disgraces the same sacred spot in England, that it cannot boast of those poetic beauties which sometimes call forth the sympathy and tears of those who visit the latter. The following beautiful lines, from the pen of that distinguished man, whose versatility of genius is the astonishment and admiration of all who have been within the range of it, Curran, will prove how the mourning muse can affect in Ireland.

ON SEEING THE FUNERAL OF THE REV. ALEX. LAMELLIERE,
 NOV. 23, 1797.

BY JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN, ESQ.

Behold the mournful train appears,
 In sad procession slow ;
 Whose lengthened sighs and falling tears
 Bespeak the heartfelt woe :

For see, beneath that sable pall,
Extended on that bier,
Lie the remains, the earthly all,
Of youthful Lamelliere.

And is he gone ? relentless Death !
Could nothing stay thy hand ?
Must his, like *every common breath*,
Obey thy stern command ?

If merit could exempt from thee,
Wit, genius, learning, worth ;
Our much-lov'd pastor should not be
Thus early snatch'd from earth :

Those lips, whence sacred truth, good sense,
And soft persuasion flow'd,
With graceful, manly eloquence,
Might still their powers have show'd.

That heart which felt for others' woe,
Where meek-ey'd Pity sweet,
And heav'n-born Charity did glow,
Should not have ceased to beat :

But none, oh Death ! thy power can fly,
In vain we shed the tear ;
We know 'tis vain, yet ev'ry eye
Must weep for Lamelliere.

His friends bewail a treasure lost :
The sickly sufferer,
The poor, and those by sorrow crost,
A soothing comforter.

His father ! hold, my trembling hand,
Seek not to paint that woe,
Which feeling hearts may understand,
But words can never show.

A while to his associates lent,
Towards Heav'n to point the way;
To all, a bright example sent,
Scarce shown, when snatch'd away.

Thus have we seen, in awful night,
A meteor through the sky
Shed all around refulgent light,
Then vanish from the eye.

Though quickly gone, nor left a trace,
To mark its pathless way;
Still Mem'ry can pourtray its place,
And Fancy see it play.

So will we think on Lamelliere,
Recal his precepts sweet;
His name shall to our hearts be dear,
While Mem'ry holds her seat.

Blest youth, adieu! thy rich reward,
The bliss that ne'er can cloy,
Receive from thy approving Lord,
“*Go, enter in his joy.*”

CHAPTER X.

LITERARY PASSION OF THE IRISH....PAPER CALLED ANTI-UNION
SPECIMEN OF THEIR SONG WRITING....LITERARY SOCIETY
 IN DUBLIN.....HOSPITALITY.....ENGLISH PREJUDICES.....IRISH
 ECONOMY....PRETENSIONS OF THE IRISH POTATOE TO SUPE-
 Riority PROFOUNDLY EXAMINED....PERILOUS JUDGMENT....
 MANNERS OF ANCIENT IRISH.....IRISH BREAKFAST.....STIR-
 ABOUT....THE IRISH LADIES....IRISH CRIM. CONS....THE FE-
 MALE BROGUE....IRISH GENTLEMEN....THEIR CHARACTER....
 DUELLING....ANECDOTE....THE IRISH TOURIST....IRISH MILI-
 TARY WITH RESPECT TO DUELLING....NAMES AND DESCRIP-
 TIONS OF DISTINGUISHED IRISHMEN IN POETRY, LEARNING,
 PAINTING, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

A STRANGER of any observation cannot remain many days in Dublin, without noticing the uncommon thirst for literature which prevails in that city, as well as in the country at large. No country of its size, since the times of the Grecian states, ever produced more brilliant geniuses and profoundly learned men than Ireland: many of whom have been transplanted to England, and having there again taken root, and added to the strength and beauty of the land, have been regarded by common fame, as the rich production of its native growth. An example so brilliant has had its effect upon every humble member of the community of letters. Every one in Ireland wishes to be thought entitled to a seat in the circle of the *beaux esprits*; and very small is the number of those, in the respectable class of life, who have not been the happy authors of a sprightly pamphlet, a facetious song, or pointed epigram, so as to be noticed for their literary success as they pass along the streets.

Judges, bishops, barristers, bankers, army-agents, clerks in office, are all writers, and have contributed, by solid information or playful pleasantry, to the augmentation of learning, or of adding a few white days to the calendar. In compositions of sprightliness and fancy, the Irish much resemble the French. A literary subject is supreme and paramount to all business, which I have several times, in different societies in Dublin, seen sustain a temporary pause, until the merits of a song, the most favourite and successful of the minor literary productions of Dublin, have been canvassed and appreciated. The union was a fruitful subject, upon which every quill was placed in active requisition. A periodical paper called the Anti-Union was the principal depository of the wit and talents of the day. It is strongly conjectured that this paper is indebted for its humour and wit to the contributions of Messrs. Plunket and Bushe, the present attorney and solicitor generals, counsellor Goold, Mr. Atkinson, counsellor Barrington, Anacreon Moore, and counsellor P. Burroughs. As the subject which called forth this paper is now at rest, I may be permitted to enliven my pages, by giving No. III as a rich specimen of the playfulness and fancy that distinguish it. I think, and ardently hope, that the union will be pregnant with blessings to Ireland; and those who accord with me ought to be no more offended at my introducing this extract, than if I were to relate the sprightly saying of a deceased wit, to one who was not very fond of him when living. It has been attributed to the present solicitor-general of Ireland.

THE ANTI-UNION.

NO. III. TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1799.

SHALLOW.—“ I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great
 “ love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaint-
 “ ance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one ano-
 “ ther; I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt; but if you say,
 “ MARRY HER, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and disso-
 “ lutely.”—*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

“ THE story told in the following letter may, perhaps, appear to be rather the detail of a domestic grievance than a matter connected with the design of this paper ; yet, as it represents the distresses of a female and an Irishwoman, we could not refuse it admission.

“ SIR,

“ I am a young woman descended of a very ancient family, but owing to the thoughtlessness of my ancestors, and some foolish disputes between them, aggravated by obstinate litigation, as to the title of a small family estate, I was at a very early period of life thrown, as I may say, upon the world, with little more than youth, health, and a good temper, to support me. I set up a shop furnished with but a few trifling articles ; and although I encountered many difficulties, my situation gradually improved, and, in the course of a few years, I began to think of enlarging my trade, and bettering my condition. The chief obstacle I had to encounter in this, was the jealousy and ill-nature of a distant relation by the mother’s side, who lived at no great distance from me, and who had taken advantage of my infancy and poverty, to treat me as a mere dependant, and to counteract all my efforts for opulence and comfort. These pretensions of his arose from the natural pride and imperiousness of his disposition, joined to a sordid and dishonest wish to get possession of my family estate, to which he had no other claim, than that it lay contiguous to his own, and that we both held under the same landlord. At the particular period which I have already alluded to, my project of more extended commercial dealings alarmed all his bad feelings : our trade was of the same kind ; I was placed in a situation more convenient for customers ; and, although my capital was smaller, yet, as I was subject to less house-rent, he apprehended I might deal on more advantageous terms. He insisted, therefore, that I should submit all my affairs to his management, that I should not engage in any business without his permission, and that all my receipts and expenditures should be regulated by persons of his appointment, and accountable merely to him. These proposals were so preposterous and unjust, that I positively refused to comply with them ; and having now got some

money, and many friends, who were all hearty in my cause, I spoke out boldly to Mr. Bull, and told him plainly that he must not intermeddle in my concerns; that I was willing to live on terms of friendship with him, as relations should do, and that he might probably find his account in such a commerce; but that, if he would attempt to force me into compliance, his friends and mine must try whose heads were hardest.

“ These representations had so great an effect, that in the year 1783, he bound himself by a deed, under his hand and seal, never to interfere with me or my business, but that I should have the exclusive management of and dominion over it. This satisfaction, and, as I then thought, unimpeachable security on his part, produced the fullest return of friendship and confidence on mine; my trade, under my own management, rapidly increased; my knowledge of business ripened; my capital doubled; many of the incumbrances on my estate were cleared off; the tenants, who used to be at constant loggerheads, forgot their animosities, and paid their rents punctually, and I indulged myself in the fond hope of years of comfort and prosperity before me. Nor had my kinsman any reason to be uninterested in my good fortune; for, as I am naturally of an open and generous heart, I felt warm gratitude to him for doing me no injury, and was always ready to assist him with my credit and friends: indeed, to borrow a phrase from Mr. Sampson’s pamphlet on the union*, “ my interest was his interest, my prosperity his prosperity, and my power his aggrandizement;” insomuch so, that though he had disgusted one of his own nearest relations, and most valuable connections, by the same mercenary and tyrannical conduct which he had manifested towards me, and had forced him totally to renounce all bonds of alliance with him, yet still I remained so closely attached to him, and by my heartiness in his cause, especially in his shipping business, did him so much service, that his best friends acknowledge he would have made a sorry figure without me. Well! so far as it depended upon me, things might

* *Arguments for and against an Union considered*; now known to be written by counsellor Sampson, notwithstanding the contradiction thereof in Saunders’ News-Letter.

have gone on in the same happy way to this hour; for, although I am persuaded that Mr. Bull never was sincere in his accommodation with me, even at the time when he signed the deed (he having, in fact, made an attempt to violate it in two or three years after its execution), yet still I would, for peace sake, have submitted to some imposition, and would have trusted to my own temper and vigilance to prevent any serious rupture. But he is now bringing matters between us to an extremity, which makes it necessary for me to take a decided part.

“ It seems that for some time past he has engaged in a course of very ridiculous extravagance, and wasted a great part of his property in groundless litigation. This has been partly owing to his haughty, purse-proud temper; but principally to the ill-advised, chimerical plans of a head clerk, whom he has employed in his office, and to whom he has committed the management of all his affairs, with a blind and unaccountable infatuation. This person, whose father was very worthy and respectable, and who set out in life himself with a good character, has played the strangest set of pranks that ever were thought of by mortal man. To describe to you the dance he has led Mr. Bull would be an endless task, vapouring about economical expenditure and increased revenue, till he has left him without a guinea, and swaggering in support of the relations of amity and peace, till he has involved him in deadly variances with all his neighbours: suffice it to say, that he has so bewildered the mind, and fatigued the body, and exhausted the wealth, of his unfortunate employer, that from a reasonable, healthy, affluent man, he has become a flimsy invalid, and, in point of credit, little better than a kite-flyer. But to come to what chiefly concerns myself: this adventurer, finding that all his projects are nearly blown up, and dreading the fatal consequences which must ensue from an abrupt disclosure to Mr. Bull and his family, of the miserable extremity to which he has reduced them, has formed the scheme of getting possession of me and all I am worth, in the hope of making what they call a stop-gap of me, and so protracting, for a while, the inevitable hour of his own disgrace and punishment. For this unworthy purpose, he has contrived to introduce into my

house a set of his own creatures, whose object is to excite dissention among the family. One in particular, who called himself a Cook, but really had been a scullion in Mr. Bull's family, I was prevailed on to hire as a shop-boy, though he was very ragged, and had no discharge to produce; and notwithstanding his being very useless, and very saucy, yet having taken him through folly, I kept him through charity: but bitter cause indeed have I to repent my indiscretion in this particular, for I have discovered that this wretched creature, though he neither knows how to speak or write, yet by the force of impudence and cunning, and by means of a false key to my till, has been able to corrupt many of my domestics, to sow the most virulent animosities amongst others, and to blacken my reputation with numbers of credulous and simple people. Some of my servants he has persuaded (by infusing groundless fears and jealousies into their minds) to put on orange liveries, and to threaten death and destruction to the rest; those others again, by similar misrepresentation, he has induced to array themselves in green, and to commit the most horrible excesses, and others he has actually and openly paid with my own money, to aggravate and perpetuate the quarrels between the two former: but this is a mere prelude to the remainder of his plan, for I have discovered that this complicated system of vice and treachery has been adopted merely for the purpose of compelling me to marry Mr. Bull; and this contemptible wretch has had, within these few days, the presumption, to avow to me all his enormities, and to tell me that he has so impaired my means, blasted my character, and exasperated my family, that I have no resource but in the match; nay, he has actually been base enough to publish an advertisement, informing all my friends that I have been debauched by Mr. Bull through his procurement, and lived in a state of gross prostitution with him for many years past. If this were true, need I comment on the treachery of disclosing the past, and the meanness of proposing the future connection?

“But, sir, conceive, I beg of you, the ridiculousness of this overture. I to marry Mr. Bull! Mr. Bull, whom, in the year 1783, when he was tolerably vigorous, and reasonably wealthy, and well reputed, I would have rejected with contempt! Mr. Bull, now that

he has had repeated fits of the falling sickness, and that a commission of bankrupt is ready to issue against him ! I could not have believed the proposal serious, if the old gentleman himself had not gravely avowed it. Hear, I beg of you, the inducements which he holds out to me. There is to be no cohabitation, for we are still to continue to live on different sides of the water ; no reduction of expences, for our separate establishments are to be kept up ; all my servants to be paid by me, but to take their orders from him ; the entire profits of my trade to be subjected to his management, and applied in discharge of his debts ; my family estate to be assigned to him, without any settlement being made on me or my issue, or any provision for the event of a separation. He tells me, at the same time, that I am to reap great advantages, the particulars of which he does not think proper to disclose ; and that, in the mean time, I must agree to the match, and that a settlement shall hereafter be drawn up agreeable to his directions, and by his lawyers. This, you will say, is rather an extraordinary *carte blanche* from an insolvent gentleman, passed his grand climacteric, to a handsome young woman of good character and easy circumstances. But this is not all : the pride of the negociation is equal to its dishonesty ; for, though I am beset and assailed in private, and threatened with actual force if I do not consent to this unnatural alliance ; yet, in order to save the feelings of the Bull family, and to afford a pretext for an inadequate settlement, I am desired, in despite of all maidenly precedent, to make the first public advances, and to supplicate, as a boon, that he will gratify my amorous desires, and condescend to receive me and my appurtenances under his protection. Still one of the principal features of this odious transaction remains to be detailed : would you believe it, that this old sinner, several years ago, married a lady, who, though of harsh features and slender fortune, was of honourable parentage and good character, and who is at this hour alive, and treated by him with every mark of slight and contumely ; and it is worthy of observation, that many of the clauses in the articles, which were very carefully drawn up previous to his marriage with this lady, have been scandalously violated by him.

“ Some few of my friends at first teased me to yield to this scandalous proposal, partly apprehending that the animosities between my servants in the orange and green liveries cannot be in any other manner subdued, and partly conceiving that this is the only method by which I can avoid a marriage with another person who has for some time affected an honourable passion for me. In both these opinions, however, I have satisfied them they are mistaken. As to the first, these foolish badges have been encouraged for the very purpose of promoting Bull’s match, and I am sure, by proper remonstrances, and indulgent treatment, on my part, I can easily persuade all those who regard me to lay them aside; indeed, I think I perceive them already deserting them, in consequence of their seeing into the designs of those who at first instigated them; but the truth is, the great bulk of my adherents never adopted either of them; and, I am convinced, are heartily attached to my interests, and ready, if necessary, to lay down their lives to preserve me in my present independent state. As to the second reason, I am not in any danger from the proposals of marriage made to me from another quarter. I know too well the mercenary and dishonourable views of that person to listen to him for a moment. I have before my eyes the examples of the wretched victims, some of whom he has forcibly violated, others whom he has seduced under specious promises, and all of whom he has reduced to a state of vice and poverty. I thank God I am in no danger either from his violence or artifices. The truth is, I am determined to live and die a maiden, and I now apply to you merely for advice as to what is the most effectual method of protecting myself in that resolution. If my object was merely to get rid of Bull, the shortest way would be to marry him, as such an unnatural union must very soon end in separation and divorce; but I have no such view: for, ill as I have been treated, I have no wish to break off all connection with an old acquaintance and relation, neither will I listen to the advice of those who bid me get into a passion, and break Bull’s windows, and tar and feather my shop-boy (though, I confess, this latter part holds out strong inducements). On the whole, I am convinced that the true line of conduct for me to adopt is a firm and temperate one.

I will resolutely reject the proposed match, and let my kinsman see the wickedness and folly of it. I will appeal to him and his friends against the frenzy of his clerk; and, above all, I will lay my grievances before our head landlord, who has been always just and gracious to me, and I will rely on him for full protection. But if, after all, the Bulls will not suffer me to live on friendly terms with them, and will still persist in their dishonest practices in my family, I will turn out their adherents (whom I well know), and, in all events, I will restore my shop-boy to his original rags and insignificance, and send him to the place from whence he came. I will re-establish harmony amongst all those who should naturally be my friends; and if the Bulls should attempt to offer me any insolence, I trust I shall be able to repel force by force.

“ I am, sir, your afflicted but determined humble servant,

“ SHEELAGH.”

Upwards of six thousand copies of a pasquinade, called the Political Play-bill, similar in sentiment, were sold in two days.

As I have given a little specimen of the prose which the measure of the union produced, my reader will perhaps be pleased with the following excellent song, which, amongst the many good ones written at that time, I think the most witty and playful, and has much of the spirit of Swift in it. It was a great favourite with the anti-unionists, and I give it with the more pleasure, because its poetical predictions have not been verified, and I *feel confident never will be*. It is from the sprightly pen of Mr. Lysaght.

How justly alarm'd is each Dublin cit,

That he'll soon be transform'd to a clown, sir;

By a magical touch of that conjuror Pitt,

The country is coming to town, sir.

Chorus.—Give Pitt, and Durdas, and Jenkin a glass,

They'll ride on John Bull and make Paddy an ass.

Through Capel-street then you may *rurally* range,

You'll scarce recognize the same street;

Choice turnips shall grow in the Royal Exchange,

Fine cabbages down along Dame-street.

Chorus.

Wild oats in your college won't want to be till'd,
 And *hemp* in your four courts* may thrive, sir;
 As of old shall your markets with muttons† be fill'd,
 By St. Patrick they'll graze there alive, sir.

Chorus.

In the Parliament-house, quite alive shall there be,
 All the vermin your island e'er gathers:
 Full of rooks, as of old, Daly's club-house‡ shall be,
 But the *pigeons* won't have any *feathers*.

Chorus.

Your custom-house quay full of weeds, oh! rare sport,
 While the minister's minions, kind elves! sir,
 Will give you free leave all your goods to export,
 When they've left none at home for yourselves, sir.

Chorus.

The alderman cries, corn will grow in your shops,
 This union must work our enslavement;
 That's true, says the sheriff, for *plenty of crops*
 Already I've seen on your pavement.

Chorus.

Ye brave loyal yeomen, dress'd gaily in red,
 This minister's plan must elate us;
 And well may John Bull, when he's robb'd us of bread,
 Call poor Ireland the land of potatoes.

Chorus.

Considering how strong this literary disposition is, a stranger cannot help expressing his surprize, to find such a paucity of literary societies, and of periodical literary publications. In Dublin there are only two of the former; the Royal Irish Academy, which has declined since the death of that polished ornament of his country, lord Charlemont, and the Historical Society in Trinity college. I have been favoured with the perusal of some of the prize produc-

* The four courts of law and equity.

† The word by which the Irish understand *sheep*, probably taken from the French *moutons*.

‡ A celebrated gaming-house.

tions of the members of the latter, and therefore more forcibly regret that the light of such an institution should shine only within its own walls. The works which I saw would do honour to any literary institution, were they published. In the college are men of distinguished genius and learning, who, by a happy mixture of various talents and attainments, might enlighten and illustrate the age in which they live.

The daily newspapers in Dublin are Freeman's Journal, Hibernian Journal, and Saunders' News-letter. The evening papers are, the Dublin Evening Post, and the Evening Herald, both of which, with Faulkner's Journal and the Telegraph, are published three times in the week. When I was at Dublin there was no Sunday paper; if such a print were well conducted, I should think it would answer.

I need not tell my reader that I write just as my thoughts occur, without marshalling them with the solemnity of a herald, according to their rank and precedence, otherwise I should have mentioned the hospitality of the Irish before any other characteristic. This generous spirit, so pregnant with every social virtue, is proverbially Irish, and has been so often commented upon, that, if my feelings would permit, I should have been content with the pleasure of thinking of it, without making a comment upon a subject which has so frequently the object of merited eulogium. When I landed in Ireland, too many of those prejudices, which the fallacious delusions of malignant or stupid tourists had excited, clung about me. I had not inhaled the air of that country long before they dropped off, and no doubt retired with those venomous animals which have been most happily expatriated by the good apostle of Ireland, St. Patrick: but neither that tutelar saint, nor the soft moisture of the climate, had any share in their removal; they fled before the genuine character of the people. A stranger will always find it more easy to *get in, than to get out* of the house of an Irishman. Before the middling classes of society became refined, the spirit of hospitality was the same; but, like a good melon, it appeared under a rough covering: hence it was usual to force the bottle, and nail up the door, with barbarous conviviality. I cannot help expressing my regret

that English prejudices have been sometimes strengthened even by the representations of Irishmen, arising from chagrin, or some worse motive. There is a saying amongst them, that "Put one Irishman in the spit, and another will turn it."

The tables of the Irish do not differ from ours: the same abundance, style of cookery, order, and elegance, prevail. I once saw a gentleman display an appearance of economy at his table, but it was of Irish growth; he pressed his *champagne* to save his *claret*. The Irish pride themselves on the superiority of their potatoes, and having introduced them to a great part of Europe; they think that a potatoe grown out of Ireland partakes of the sickly growth of an exotic, and cannot be good. As if the daughter born in France, could not be as handsome as the mother born in England. Fontenelle has said, "Had I my hand full of truths, I would think twice before I would open it." Twice have I thought, and, although I fear I never shall be permitted to eat another potatoe in Ireland after the declaration, I do, with all the solemnity due to the occasion, most seriously and conscientiously declare, that, to the best of my observation, and according to the judgment of my palate, I have repeatedly eaten potatoes of English growth as good as are to be found in Ireland, and that in England they are in general better dressed; and moreover I do, with the solemnity aforesaid, protest against their introduction at table, as in Ireland, in their brown great-coats or skins. My English reader, who has never been in Ireland, will scarcely think the subject worthy of remark, and will be slow in believing how much a stranger hazards in that country, by not admitting the paramount excellence of the Irish potatoe.

The poultry in Ireland is considered superior to ours; their fowls, I think, are as delicate and highly flavoured as those of Normandy. The dinner hour is generally six o'clock. An elegant Irish lady will smile to hear how her ancestors lived. "The Irish," says Dr. Ledwich, "had two meals a day; one in winter before day; the other, and principal, late in the evening." Stanhurst must allude to the richer and more civilized, when he tells us they reclined on beds. For sir John Harrington, writing in 1599, has these words: "Other pleasant and idle tales were needless and imperti-

" nent, or to describe O'Neale's *fern-tables* and *fern-forms* spread
 " under the stately canopy of heaven. Their candles were peeled
 " rushes, enveloped in butter or grease, as in other countries they
 " were placed in lamps of oil. They were insatiately fond of swine's
 " flesh, and so abundant was it, that Cambrensis declares he never
 " saw the same in any other country; he notices particularly wild
 " boars. These the northerns esteemed the highest luxury, nor
 " can we wonder at their attracting them to this isle. A guest of
 " O'Neale asked one of his guards, whether veal was not more de-
 " licate than pork? That, answered the other, is as if you asked me
 " Was you more honourable than O'Neale? As they did not much
 " broil or roast their meat, it was full of crude juices, and produced
 " the leprosy; a disease very common here formerly, for Munster
 " had many leper-houses: the same has been observed of the people
 " with whom pork was in daily use. They were taught that the
 " bad effects of this, and every other aliment, were effectually cor-
 " rected by *aqua vite*." *Chacun a son goût*. If the *ancient Irish*
 were fond of pork half raw, the fashionable world, in the gay and po-
 lished age of Charles II in England, vied with each other in having
 a dish of Spanish puppies at their tables.

In miss Brooke's Reliques of the Ancient Irish Poetry, there is a
 note which disproves that the ancient Irish were filthy in their per-
 sons. The writer says: "The breast like the chalky cliff:" "The
 "hero with the breast of snow:" "The side white as the foam of
 "the falling stream:" frequently occur in our Irish poets' descrip-
 tions of their youthful warriors. The ideas which these passages
 convey, are rather inconsistent with the disgusting ones that must
 be conceived of the early Irish, by those who give credit to the ac-
 counts of writers who tell us, *they wore shirts dyed in saffron, for*
the convenience of hiding the dirt, and further adds, that *they never*
pull'd them off till fairly worn out. In *this* case, whatever nature
 might have done in blanching of their skins, habit must have coun-
 teracted all her good intentions. Whence then did the bard derive
 his idea? No false a compliment, one would think, must rather have
 drawn resentment upon him than thanks, by reminding his slovenly
 heroes what filthy creatures they were. The fact is, that the ancient

Irish were so *remarkably cleanly*, as never to rest from fatigue, or sit down to meat, after exercise, until they had refreshed and cleansed themselves by ablutions. See Keating, Warner, &c.

An Irish breakfast is always a very bountiful one, and contains, exclusive of cold meats, most excellent eggs and honey; at the house of a particular friend I met with the ancient favourite aliment in Ireland called stirabout, a sort of hasty pudding made of oatmeal.

The ladies of Ireland possess a peculiarly pleasing frankness of manners, and a vivacity in conversation, which render highly interesting all they do and all they say. In this open sweetness of deportment, the libertine finds no encouragement; for their modesty must be the subject of remark and eulogy with every stranger. I have been speaking of the respectable class of female society, but the same virtue is to be found in the wretched mud cabin. The instances of connubial defection are fewer in Ireland, for its size, than any other country of equal civilization. The appeal of the injured husband to the tribunal of the laws is rare. A distinguished advocate at the Irish bar assured me, that for the last six years there have not been more than five actions of *crim. con.*, and not so many for the preceding twenty years. Two of those actions were between persons of very unequal situations of life in point of fortune, and were by the bar supposed to have originated in collusion for the hope of gain.

The modesty of the Irish ladies is the effect of principle, and not of any coldness in the organization of nature; in no country are the women more fruitful. The husband only feels the tender regrets of love when business tears him from his home: he rarely knows the pang of him,

“ Who doats yet doubts, suspects yet fondly loves.”

The instances of ladies “living and dying in single blessedness” are rare in Ireland. I saw only two old maids, and they were too amiable and pleasant not to convince me that their situation was their choice. The upper classes of Irish women are very hand-

some, and finely formed; and if I did not apprehend that the reviewers would cry out against me, I would enumerate some of those whom I had the happiness of seeing, beginning amongst the married ladies with lady Denny Floyd, Mrs. Ridgeway, &c. The lower Irish countrywomen are so disfigured by the smoke of their cabins, and their feet are so enlarged by being exposed without either shoes or stockings, that I think them inferior in complexion and form to the female peasantry of England. The commonest women in Dublin are, however, in general remarkable for the delicacy of their hands and arms, and the whiteness of the bosom. They are also in general powerfully made, and able to protect themselves. In Dublin I saw a combat between an English footman and an Irish fishwoman, which was well maintained for some time, until at length the footman got most soundly thrashed, and was obliged to yield: the fair Mendoza received many severe blows, but the bystanders never interfered, so convinced were they of the superiority of her stamina, and pugilistic powers. In England the low Irishwomen by their valour alone have established the right of carrying baskets in Covent-garden, that is, of conveying the vegetables and fruit purchased there to the house of the buyer, in their own body.

The ladies of Ireland are generally elegantly, and frequently highly educated; there are very few who do not speak French fluently, and many speak it with the purity of its native accentuation. They also frequently add Italian to their accomplishments, and it is no unusual circumstance to hear a young lady enter, with a critical knowledge, into the merits of the most celebrated authors, with a diffidence which shows that she is moved by a thirst for knowledge, and not by vanity. They are more highly accomplished in instrumental than in vocal music: a greater musical treat can scarcely be enjoyed than to hear some of them perform their own Irish airs, which are singularly sweet, simple, and affecting. Those who have been present at a ball in Ireland, can best attest the spirit, good-humour, grace, and elegance, which prevail in it: in this accomplishment they may rank next to the animated inhabitants of Paris. The balls in Dublin are very frequent, owing to there being such a poverty of public amusement, and this circumstance has also an evident tendency to enlarge

and strengthen the social circle. Many of the ladies have a little of that peculiarity of pronunciation which is coarsely called the brogue, but it is a very small portion of it, and is far from being unpleasant, as long as a stranger is susceptible of it, which is but for a very short time. It is but natural to suppose that the pronunciation of an English lady must be as perceptible to an Irish lady, who had always been confined to her own country, as that of the latter is to the former. A fair friend of mine who had never been out of Ireland, said to me one day, that she knew such a lady to be an English one, because she spoke "*so strong*."

I know not how to make my reader better acquainted with the Irish gentry, than by the following description which Grattan has given of them: "I think," said he, "I know my country; I think I have a right to know her. She has her weaknesses: were she perfect, one would admire her more, but love her less. *The gentlemen of Ireland act on sudden impulse, but that impulse is the result of a warm heart, a strong head, and great personal determination.* The errors incident to such a principle of action must be their errors, but then the virtues belonging to that principle must be their virtues also; such errors may give a pretence to their enemies, but such virtues afford salvation to their country."

The practice of duelling, which has effected more injury to the Irish character than any other cause, is subsiding; but truth calls upon me to say, that it still has too wide a latitude of action. I do not defend duelling, but there are circumstances which call for an appeal beyond the law, and will be satisfied; and the revenge of a bruiser is that of a blackguard. The cause which provokes a duel ought to be of an imperious nature, and the remedy would then be more rarely sought.

At a bookseller's in Nassau-street I purchased a pamphlet, of which the seller said he had sold many copies, entitled, "Advice to Seconds," containing general rules and instructions for all seconds in duels. I one day breakfasted with a gentleman; a shirt was airing at the fire, and I observed that it was patched at the bottom in two places. I was of course a little surprised at such a discovery in any part of the dress of a man of rank and fortune; he saw what had

attracted my eye, and laughingly told me that he had been shot through the body in a duel in that very shirt, and that it was its turn that day to be worn: the wound, I found, had nearly proved fatal, but did honour to the patriotic spirit of the owner of the shirt. Formerly this appeal to bullets or cold iron was horribly and ridiculously frequent in Ireland. An Irish gentleman informed me, that some years since an acquaintance of his, just arrived in Ireland from England, put up at an inn, and hearing a noise in the next room like somebody pricking the wainscoat with a sword, called up the waiter, and demanded of him the cause of his being so disturbed: "Oh! and 'plaze your honour," said the fellow, "it's only lord C—— pushing 'a little, because he expects to fight with some of his friends whom 'he has asked to dine with him here to-day." It was not from a sanguinary disposition, but solely from the chivalrous desire of preserving the far-famed bravery of his country from the stain of a doubt, that often induced an Irishman to mingle in a fray where he could have no interest or provocation. A story is related of an Irishman, who, having had a large fortune suddenly devolved upon him, resolved upon making the grand tour of the continent of Europe. After passing through France and Italy, and part of Spain, with scarcely any emotions of delight, he entered a village in the latter country, where he saw a mob fighting very desperately, upon which in a moment he sprung out of his travelling carriage, and without once inquiring into the cause of the battle, or ascertaining which side he ought in justice to espouse, he laid about him with his shilala, and after having had several of his teeth knocked out, and an eye closed, and the bridge of his nose broken, he returned to his carriage, and exclaimed, "By 'Jasus, it is the only bit of fun I have had since I left Ireland."

In the course of my tour I occasionally mingled with many militia-officers, and had the pleasure of dining at several messes. I found that duelling had very much subsided, and that it was far from raising those who engaged in it in the opinion of their brother-officers. From one regiment, the officers of which I knew, an Irish officer was dismissed for quarrelling and challenging, and a resolution was entered into, that any gentleman of that regiment who accepted a challenge from such expelled officer, should be sent to Coventry by the whole

mess. The result of many inquiries upon the subject was, that military duels in Ireland are rare.

Having in the course of this chapter spoken of the literary reputation of Ireland, I shall close it by subjoining a list of those distinguished men and women who have shed lustre upon their country by their celebrity in poetry, history, painting, music, and the drama. I have taken pains to make my list accurate, but it is possible I may have omitted some names which are as worthy of admiration as those inserted.

IRISH AUTHORS.

Usher, chronologist, linguist, and biblical critic.	Murphy, dramatist and translator.
Boyle, philosopher.	Archdall, antiquary.
Denham, poet.	Burke, Dr., historian.
Farquhar, dramatist.	Dease, surgeon.
Congreve, poet.	Carolan, poet.
Sir Richard Steele, poet and political writer.	Fitzgerald, poet.
Sir Hans Sloane, naturalist.	Helsham, mathematician and philosopher.
Berkeley, mathematician and metaphysician.	Bryan Robinson, physician.
Orrery, belles-lettres.	Goldsmith, poet.
Two Parnells, poets.	Sterne, sentimentalist.
Swift, politician and poet.	Johnson, novel-writer.
T. Sheridan, poet and translator.	Three Hamiltons, mathematicians.
De la Cour, poet.	Young, mathematician.
Campbell, mathematician and historian.	Charlemont, lord, belles-lettres.
Duncan, Dr., poet.	Kirwan, mineralogist.
Sterrit, mathematician and engineer.	Bickerstaff, dramatist.
Roscommon, lord, poet.	Macklin, dramatist.
Ball, poet.	Malone, commentator.
Smith, naturalist and historian.	Canning, poet.
Harris, historian.	F. Sheridan, political writer.
	Griffiths, belles-lettres.
	Courtenay, orator and poet.

- Barré, writer and orator.
 Hussey, belles-lettres.
 R. B. Sheridan, dramatist and orator.
 Patrick Linden, poet.
 O'Geran, poet.
 Father O'Leary, polemical writer.
 Tickel, poet.
 Brooke, poet and dramatist.
 Leland, historian.
 Hales, philologist.
 Stock, philologist.
 Grattan, politician and orator.
 Beaufort, mathematician and naturalist.
 Lovell Edgeworth, belles-lettres.
 Thomas Moore, poet.
 Lord viscount Strangford, poet and translator.
 Atkinson, dramatist, poet.
 Boyd, poet.
 Shee, poet.
 Ledwich, antiquary.
 J. C. Walker, belles-lettres and antiquary.
 Theophilus Swift, poet.
 Edmund Swift, poet.
 Brown, Dr., naturalist.
 Barry, Dr., physician.
 Two Sterlings, poets.
 King, poet.
 O'Hallaran, historian and physician.
 Burgh, belles-lettres.
 Burke, belles-lettres, politician, and orator.
 Bushe, politician and advocate.
 Duigenan, Dr., belles-lettres and politician.
 H. Kelly, politician and dramatist.
 Eccles, commentator.
 Dermody, poet.
 Luke Aylmer Conolly, poet.
 Hardy, belles-lettres.
 Preston, poet.
 Two Kearneys, philologists.
 Drennan, physician and politician.
 Cherry, dramatist.
 Wilson, biographer.
 Tresham, poet.
 Whyte, poet.
 Whitelaw, statist and philanthropist.
 Sir Richard Musgrave, historian, politician, and belles-lettres.
 Sir Lawrence Parsons, historian.
 Plunket, politician and advocate.
 Romney Robinson, poet.
 M'Nally, dramatist and advocate.
 Lysaght, poet.
 Lady Tuite, poet.
 Mrs. O'Neile, poet.
 Lady Burrell, poet.
 Mrs. Grierson, translator.
 Mrs. Pilkington, poet.
 Mrs. Griffiths, belles-lettres.
 Mrs. Brooke, novelist and belles-lettres.
 Mrs. Sheridan, novel-writer and belles-lettres.
 Miss Brookes, poet and translator.

Mrs. H. Tighe, poet.	Sir John Stevenson.
Miss Edgeworth, belles-lettres.	Moore.
Mrs. Lefanue, belles-lettres.	Lady Steward.
Miss Owenson, novel-writer.	

Dramatic performers

<i>Artists.</i>	Barry.
Barry, historical painter.	Sheridan.
Shee, R. A., portrait-painter.	Ryder.
Tresham, R. A., historical painter.	Moody.
er.	Betty.
Garvey, R. A.	Macklin.
Ashford, landscape-painter.	Johnstone.
Pope, portrait-painter.	O'Reilly.
Hamilton, portrait-painter.	Pope.
De Grey.	Cherry.
Heweston, sculptor.	
Williams, landscape and portrait-painter.	Mrs. Woffington.
	Mrs. Jordan.

Smith, modeller.

Hickey, sculptor.

Hand, glass-stainer.

Singers.

Sir John Stevenson.
Kelly.
Cooke.

Composers.

Corolan.

CHAPTER XI.

CHARACTER OF LOW IRISH....THEIR INGENUITY.....IRISH RECRUITS.....LOCAL ORGANIZATION.....LYING AND STEALING....
DITCH SCHOOLS.....NATIVE URBANITY.....COMMON MODES OF
SALUTATION....DREAD OF BEING THOUGHT IGNORANT....HOSPITALITY OF LOW IRISH...THE STRANGER'S FLUTE....THEIR
SOCIABILITY.....PATRONS AND BROKEN HEADS.....DRUIDICAL
SUPERSTITION....UNPLEASANT CUSTOM....IRISH IMPRECATIONS
...ANNIVERSARY OF ST. PATRICK AND SHEELAGH...HERRING
WHIPPING.....THE FAIRY BANSHEE.....INNOCENCE AND LICENTIOUSNESS ILLUSTRATED.....NATURAL DELICACY...CLEANLI-
NESS....BRAVERY, ITS EFFECT....PRECIPITATION OF SPEECH...
WHIMSICAL ANECDOTES.

I HAVE in the course of this tour mentioned some circumstances to illustrate the character of the low Irish ; and a little closer view of it may not be unpleasant.

In this class of society, a stranger will see a perfect picture of nature. Pat stands before him, thanks to those who ought long since to have cherished and instructed him, as it were "in mudder's" (mother's) nakedness." His wit and warmth of heart are his own, his errors and their consequences will not be registered against *him*. I speak of him in a quiescent state, and not when suffering and ignorance led him into scenes of tumult, which inflamed his mind and blood to deeds that are foreign to his nature. We know that the best when corrupted become the worst, and that the vulgar mind when overheated will rush headlong into the most brutal excesses, more especially if, in pursuing a summary remedy for a real or supposed wrong, it has the example of occasional cruelty and oppression presented by those against whom it advances.

The lower Irish are remarkable for their ingenuity and docility, and a quick conception; in these properties they are equalled only by the Russians. It is curious to see with what scanty materials they will work; they build their own cabins, and make bridles, stirrups, cruppers, and ropes for every rustic purpose, of hay; and British adjutants allow that an Irish recruit is sooner made a soldier of than an English one.

That the Irish are not naturally lazy, is evident from the quantity of laborious work which they will perform, when they have much to do, which is not frequently the case in their own country, and are adequately paid for it, so as to enable them to get proper food to support severe toil. Upon this principle, in England, an Irish labourer is always preferred. It has been asserted by Dr. Campbell, who wrote in 1777, that the Irish recruits were in general short, owing to the poverty of their food; if this assertion were correct, and few tourists appear to have been more accurate, they are much altered since that gentleman wrote; for most of the Irish militia regiments which I saw exhibited very fine-looking men, frequently exceeding the ordinary stature; and at the same time I must confess, I do not see how meagre diet is likely to curtail the height of a man. Perhaps the doctor might have seen some mountaineer recruits, and mountaineers are generally less in all regions, according to the old adage—

“The higher the hill, the shorter the grass.”

If I was gratified by contemplating the militia of Ireland, I could not fail of deriving the greatest satisfaction from seeing those distinguished heroes, the volunteers of Ireland: this army of patriots, composed of catholics as well as protestants, amounts to about eighty thousand men; when their country was in danger, they left their families, their homes, and their occupations, and placed themselves in martial array against the invader and the disturber of her repose: they fought, bled, and conquered; and their names will be enrolled in the grateful page of history, as the saviours of their native land.

What they have done, their brethren in arms on this side of the water are prepared and anxious to perform ; and whenever the opportunity occurs, will cover themselves with equal glory.

The handsomest peasants in Ireland are the natives of Kilkenny and the neighbourhood, and the most wretched and squalid near Cork and Waterford, and in Munster and Connaught. In the county of Roscommon the male and female peasantry and horses are handsome ; the former are fair and tall, and possess great flexibility of muscle : the men are the best leapers in Ireland : the finest hunters and most expert huntsmen are to be found in the fine sporting county of Fermanagh. In the county of Meath the peasants are very heavily limbed. In the county of Kerry, and along the western shore, the peasants very much resemble the Spaniards in expression of countenance, and colour of hair.

The lower orders will occasionally lie, and so will the lower orders of any other country, unless they are instructed better ; and so should we all, had we not been corrected in our childhood for doing it. It has been asserted, that the low Irish are addicted to pilfering ; I met with no instance of it personally. An intelligent friend of mine, one of the largest linen-manufacturers in the north of Ireland, in whose house there is seldom less than twelve or fifteen hundred pounds *in cash*, surrounded with two or three hundred poor peasants, retires at night to his bed without bolting a door, or fastening a window. During lady Cathcart's imprisonment in her own house in Ireland, for twenty years, by the orders of her husband, an affair which made a great noise some years since, her ladyship wished to remove some remarkably fine and valuable diamonds, which she had concealed from her husband, out of the house, but having no friend or servant whom she could trust, she spoke to a miserable beggar-woman who used to come to the house, from the window of the room in which she was confined. The woman promised to take care of the jewels, and lady Cathcart accordingly threw the parcel containing them to her out of the window ; the poor mendicant conveyed them to the person to whom they were addressed ; and when lady Cathcart recovered her liberty some years afterwards, her diamonds were safely restored to her. I was

well informed, that a disposition to inebriation amongst the peasantry had rather subsided, and had principally confined itself to Dublin.

The instruction of the common people is in the lowest state of degradation. In the summer a wretched uncharactered itinerant derives a scanty and precarious existence by wandering from parish to parish, and opening a school in some ditch covered with heath and furze, to which the inhabitants send their children to be instructed by the miserable breadless being, who is nearly as ignorant as themselves; and in the winter, these pedagogue pedlars go from door to door offering their services, and pick up just sufficient to prevent themselves from perishing by famine. What proportion of morals and learning can flow from such a source into the mind of the ragged young pupil, can easily be imagined, but cannot be reflected upon without serious concern. A gentleman of undoubted veracity stated, not long since, before the Dublin Association for distributing Bibles and Testaments amongst the poor, that whole parishes were without a Bible.

With an uncommon intellect, more *exercised than cultivated*, the peasantry have been kept in a state of degradation, which is too well known, and which will be touched upon in a future part of this sketch.

Their native urbanity to each other is very pleasing; I have frequently seen two boors take off their hats and salute each other with great civility. The expressions of these fellows upon meeting one another, are full of cordiality. One of them in Dublin met a camrogue, in plain English, a boy after his own heart, who, in the sincerity of his soul, exclaimed, "Paddy! myself's glad to see you, for in troth I wish you well." "By my shoul, I knows it well," said the other, "but you have but the half of it;" that is, the pleasure is divided. If you ask a common fellow in the streets of Dublin which is the way to a place, he will take off his hat, and if he does not know it, he will take care not to tell you so (for nothing is more painful to an Irishman than to be thought ignorant); he will either direct you by an appeal to his imagination, which is ever ready, or he will say, "I shall find it out for your honour imme-

diately;" and away he flies into some shop for information, which he is happy to be the bearer of, without any hope of reward.

Their hospitality, when their circumstances are not too wretched to display it, is remarkably great. The neighbour or the stranger finds every man's door open, and to walk in without ceremony at meal-time, and to partake of his bowl of potatoes, is always sure to give pleasure to every one of the house, and the pig is turned out to make room for the gentleman. If the visitor can relate a lively tale, or play upon any instrument, all the family is in smiles, and the young will begin a merry dance, whilst the old will smoke after one another out of the same pipe, and entertain each other with stories. A gentleman of an erratic turn was pointed out to me, who, with his flute in his hand, a clean pair of stockings and a shirt in his pocket, wandered through the country every summer; wherever he stopped the face of a stranger made him welcome, and the sight of his instrument doubly so; the best seat, if they had any, the best potatoes and new milk, were allotted for his dinner; and clean straw, and sometimes a pair of sheets, formed his bed; which, although frequently not a bed of roses, was always rendered welcome by fatigue, and the peculiar bias of his mind.

Curran, in one of his celebrated specches, thus beautifully described the native hospitality of his country: "The hospitality of other countries is a matter of necessity, or convention; in savage nations, of the first; in polished of the latter: but the hospitality of an Irishman is not the running account of *posted* and *ledged* courtesies, as in other countries: it springs, like all his other qualities, his faults, his virtues, directly from the heart. The heart of an Irishman is by nature bold, and he confides; it is tender, and he loves; it is generous, and he gives; it is social, and he is hospitable."

The peasantry are uncommonly attached to their ancient melodies, some of which are exquisitely beautiful. In some parts of Ireland the harp is yet in use; but the Irish bagpipe is the favourite instrument. The stock of national music has not been much increased of late years. The Irish of all classes are fond of music. Amongst the higher orders of Irish, capable of appreciating the un-

rivalled extent of his genius in music, I heard the name of Viotti mentioned with the admiration which is due to his talents, and the respect which belongs to his character.

Of the accuracy of their ear, sir J. Hawkins, in his *History of Music*, vol. v., mentions the following instance. Speaking of the celebrated Dubourg, he says, that he often wished to enjoy, unobserved, the spirit of an Irish fair; and that an opportunity of gratifying his wish soon occurred at Dunboyne, near Dublin, where the greatest fair in the country is annually held. Having disfigured himself as a country fiddler, he sallied forth amongst the tents, and was soon engaged by a group of dancers who stood up to dance, but who, instead of dancing, became fixed with rapture, although he exerted himself to play in character, and as discordantly as he could. At length the crowd thickened so much, that he thought it most prudent to retire.

A Sunday with the peasantry in Ireland is not unlike the same day in France. After the hours of devotion, a spirit of gaiety shines upon every hour, the bagpipe is heard, and every foot is in motion. The cabin on this day is deserted; and families, in order to meet together, and enjoy the luxury of a social chit-chat, even in rain and snow, will walk three or four miles to a given spot. The same social disposition attaches them to a festive meeting, which owes its origin to the following circumstance: in the provinces of Munster and Connaught, and other counties, there were several fountains and wells, which, in the early ages of christianity, were dedicated to some favourite saint, whose patronage was supposed to give such sanctity to the waters, that the invalids who were immersed in them lost all their maladies. On the anniversary of each saint, numbers flocked round these wells for the united purpose of devotion and amusement; tents and booths were pitched in the adjoining fields; erratic musicians, hawkers, and showmen assembled from the neighbouring towns, and priests came to hear confessions: the devotees, after going round the holy wells several times on their bare knees, the laceration of which had a marvellous effect in expiating offences, closed the evening by dancing, and at their departure fastened a small piece of cloth round the branch of the trees or bushes grow-

ing near these consecrated waters, as a memorial of their having performed their penitential exercises.

In the year 1780 the priests discontinued their attendance, but the patrons, as these meetings were called, still continued the same, and to this day attract all the country for ten or twenty miles round. At these assemblies many droll things are said, many engagements of friendship are made, and many heads are broken as the power of whiskey develops itself: but revenge rises not with the morning. Pat awakes, finds a hole in his head, which nature, without confining the energies of the mind, seems to have formed in contemplation of the consequences of these festive associations; he no longer remembers the hand that gave the blow, and vigorous health, and a purity of blood, very speedily fill up the fissure. I have before given instances of their native humour, and, as they occur, I shall give others. The following story is an instance of that quality united to considerable shrewdness. An Irishman, on having knocked at the door of a low priest after one of these patrons, and requested a night's lodging, the priest told him that he could not accommodate him, because there were only two beds in the house; one for himself and the other for his niece, pointing to their rooms. Pat begged permission to sit down; and, whilst the priest and his niece went out for some thing, he took the bellows and put it in the young lady's bed, and calling about five days afterwards, found it there still.

A faint trait of druidical superstition still lingers amongst the peasantry of Munster, where, if a murder has been committed in the open air, it is considered indispensable in every Roman catholic who passes by to throw a stone on the spot, which, from a strict adhesion to this custom, presents a considerable pyramid of stones. In the counties of Tipperary and Kerry, also, these stony piles are to be found, which are beautifully and expressively called *clogh-breegh*, or *stones of sorrow*.

In Ireland the grim tyrant is noticed with eccentric honours. Upon the death of an Irish man or woman, the straw upon which the deceased reposed is burned before the cabin door, and as the flames arise the family set up the death howl. At night the body,

with the face exposed, and the rest covered with a white sheet, placed upon some boards, or an unhinged door supported by stools, is waked, when all the relatives, friends, and neighbours of the deceased assemble together, candles and candlesticks, borrowed from the neighbourhood, are stuck round the deceased, according to the circumstances of the family, the company is regaled with whiskey, ale, cake, pipes and tobacco. A sprightly tourist, whose name does not appear to his book, observes that, "Walking out one morning rather early, I heard dreadful groans and shrieks in a house. Attracted by curiosity I entered, and saw in a room about fifty women weeping over a poor old man, who died a couple of days before. Four of them in particular made more noise than the rest, tore their hair, and often embraced the deceased. I remarked that in about a quarter of an hour they were tired, went into another room, and were replaced by four others, who continued their shrieks until the others were recovered; these, after swallowing a large glass of whiskey, to enable them to make more noise, resumed their places, and the others went to refresh themselves."

Miss Edgeworth's admirable work, called Rack-Rent, states, "After a fit of universal sorrow, and the comfort of an universal dram, the scandal of the neighbourhood, as in higher circles, occupies the company. The young lads and lasses romp with one another, and when the fathers and mothers are at last overcome with sleep and whiskey, the youths become more enterprising, and are frequently successful. It is said that more matches are made at wakes than at weddings." A very disgusting circumstance occurred whilst I was in Dublin, to the disgrace of the civil government of a city so noble and polished. A man was found drowned in the Liffey; he was taken up, and, instead of being carried to some bone-house to be owned, the body was exposed in the street for two days, near the Queen's-bridge, upon straw, with a plate of salt on his breast, to excite the pity of passengers to place money upon it, for the purpose of appeasing the manes of the deceased with a convivial funeral.

Amongst the mortuary peculiarities of the Irish, their love for posthumous honours, which I have before glanced at, is worthy of

remark. An elderly man, whom a much esteemed clerical friend of mine attended in the last stage of existence, met death with fortitude, but expressed his grief that his dissolution should take place at a time when the employments of spring would prevent his funeral from being numerously attended. This is a general national trait; and a grievous imprecation in the Irish language is, "May your burial be forsaken:" they have also another very figurative malediction, "May the grass grow green before your door."

Their oaths are frequently very whimsical; the following are specimens of them: "By the seven pipes that played before Moses the night he was born, and that's musical:" "Swear by your father's beard, and that's a hairy oath:" they also swear by St. Patrick's tooth, by the bones of St. Ruth, and the black bell that finds out truth. They have an expression of anger, which at first might well be mistaken for a benediction. "May God bless you," says a low Irishman to the person who has offended him, by which he means that he cannot obtain the blessing of man.

Some of their customs are singular and characteristic. On the anniversary of St. Patrick, the country people assemble in their nearest towns or villages, get very tipsy (but not bled by surgeons as some author has asserted), and walk through the streets with the *trifolium pratense*, or, as they call it, shamrock, in their hats, when whiskey is drank in copious libations; and, from a spirit of gallantry, these merry devotees continue drunk the greater part of the next day, viz., the 18th of March, all in honour of Sheelagh, St. Patrick's wife. I cannot give a better description of this sort of revel, allowing for some little changes of time, than in the following poem, which was composed by Hugh McGauran, called *Pleraca na Ruarcach*, or O'Rourke's Feast. The fame of this song having reached dean Swift, he requested of the author a literal translation of it, and gave it the following version. O'Rourke was a powerful and turbulent chieftain in the time of queen Elizabeth, who, under an appearance of courtesy, but merely to break the rebellious disposition of his clan, invited him to London, where, struck with the beauty of his person, she became enamoured with him; and, it is said, favoured him with private assignations, without his being conscious for some time of the rank and dignity of his indulgent mistress.

O Rourke's noble fare
Will ne'er be forgot,
By those who were there,
Or those who were not.

His revels to keep,
We sup and we dine
On seven score sheep,
Fat bullocks and swine..

Usquebaugh to our feast
In pails was brought up,
A hundred at least,
And a madder* our cup.

O there is the sport !
We rise with the light,
In disorderly sort,
From snoring all night.

O how was I trick'd !
My pipe it was broke,
My pocket was pick'd,
I lost my new cloak.

I'm rifled, quoth Nell,
Of mantle and kercher† :
Why then fare them well,
The de'il take the searcher.

Come, harper, strike up ;
But, first, by your favour,
Boy, give us a cup :
Ah ! this has some savour.

O Rourke's jolly boys
Ne'er dreamt of the matter,
Till rous'd by the noise,
And musical clatter.

* Wooden vessel.

† Handkerchief.

They bounce from their nest,
No longer will tarry ;
They rise ready drest,
Without one ave-mary.

They dance in a round,
Cutting capers and ramping ;
A mercy the ground
Did not burst with their stamping.

The floor is all wet
With leaps and with jumps,
While the water and sweat
Splish splash in their pumps.

Bless you late and early,
Laughlin O'Enagin,
By my hand* you dance rarely,
Margery Grinagin†.

Bring straw for our bed,
Shape it down to the feet ;
Then over us spread
The winnowing sheet.

To show I don't flinch,
Fill the bowl up again ;
Then give us a pinch
Of your sneezing a yeant‡.

Good Lord what a sight,
After all their good cheer,
For people to fight
In the midst of their beer.

They rise from their feast,
And hot are their brains ;
A cubit at least,
The length of their skeans||.

* An Irish oath.

† The name of an Irish woman.

‡ An Irish word for a woman.

|| Daggers, or short swords.

What stabs and what cuts,
 What clattering of sticks ;
 What strokes on the guts,
 What bastings and kicks !

With cudgels of oak,
 Well hardened in flame ;
 A hundred heads broke,
 A hundred struck lame.

You churl, I'll maintain
 My father built Lusk,
 The castle of Slain,
 And Carrick Drumrusk.

The earl of Kildare,
 And Maynalta his brother,
 As great as they are,
 I was nurs'd by their mother*.

Ask that of old madam,
 She'll tell you who's who,
 As far up as Adam
 She knows, it is true.

At one of these meetings an Englishman was boasting to an Irishman that porter was *meat and drink*, and soon afterwards became very drunk, and returning home fell into a ditch, where Pat discovered him ; and, after looking at him for some time, he exclaimed : “ Arrah, my honey, you said it was meat and drink to you : by my shoul ! it is a much better thing ; for it is *washing and lodging too*.”

Some of the lower orders of Roman catholics, who have been enjoined a strict fast (called by them *black Lent*), at the end of it, to show their exhilaration at its being over, carry about the streets a herring, which they whip with rods, to the great delight of all the

* It is the custom in Ireland to call nurses foster-mothers ; their husband, foster-father ; and their children foster-brothers or foster-sisters ; and thus the poorest claim kindred to the richest.

blackguards and children of the place. They have also a custom of kindling bonfires upon eminences on midsummer eve, to propitiate the sun to ripen the fruits of the earth. Formerly they used to offer the same sacrifice on the first of May, and also on the last day of October, as a thanksgiving for harvest-home. If the sun is sensible of these honours, it might be supposed that a bowl of whiskey, placed upon his altar, would be more acceptable on account of its novelty.

The common people also believe in fairies. In the last century, every great family in Ireland had a banshee; a fairy, in the shape of a little frightful old woman, who used to warble a melancholy ditty under the windows of great houses, to warn the family that some of them were about to die: these agreeable supernatural visitors have not been seen for some time. They also believe that the ancient forts and mounts are sacred to a little fairy race, and therefore would not, for any consideration, touch them with a spade. In several parts of Ireland are *elf-stones*; thin triangular flints, with which the peasantry suppose the fairies, when angry with them, destroy their cows. When these animals die unexpectedly of a natural disease, they say they are *elf-shot*. The rustic requires a great deal of encouragement before he can be brought to level an ant-hill, from a belief that it is a fairy mount.

The lower orders of people in almost every country are superstitious. Every one who has resided in Devonshire for a month, must have heard of the supreme power of the *white witch* who resides at Exeter, and who has female agents to whom she has imparted a portion of her magic, in almost every village, who have the property of discovering pilferers and stopping blood. I remember, being upon a visit at a house in that county, that one evening a maid-servant belonging to the family was sent for in great haste, to afford her styptic witchery to another fair damsel who had cut her thumb.

Although it might be supposed, from a whole family of different sexes being crowded together in one room, in a cabin, that much indecency, and consequent sensual depravity, must occur; yet the contrary, I was informed by an English gentleman who had long resided in Ireland, and who had made the lower Irish the peculiar objects of his attention, was the case. Incest is a crime which is attended with peculiar detestation amongst the lower orders. Dr. Campbell, in

speaking upon this subject, admirably observes, "Bred up from
 " childhood together, their wonted and innocent familiarity is car-
 " ried on, step by step, without impure emotions being excited. One
 " of these poor souls is no more inflamed by the nude bosom of a sis-
 " ter, than in a more affluent state he would be on seeing it covered
 " with gauze. There is no indecency in mere nakedness. Would
 " drapery add to the modesty of the Medicean Venus? the chastest
 " eye may gaze upon the naked figures of the graces; but emotions
 " will arise on seeing the *lady stepping over the stile*." I remember,
 when I was in Paris, going in company with a very amiable and en-
 lightened French lady and her daughter, to see the paintings in the
 Hotel des Invalides; we stopped before one in which there were some
 naked figures, male and female, as large as life; whilst we were
 looking at them, another lady, after having contemplated them with
 earnest attention for some time, through her opera glass, exclaimed,
 "How shocking, how indecent!" and turned away. One of my fair
 friends looked round to me, and whispered: "There is no harm in
 "the picture, the impurity is in her mind." A lovely, young, and
 highly accomplished lady of the same country, with the purity of
 perfect innocence, showed me several copies of a naked female in
 various attitudes, which she had just been drawing, and observed:
 " *C'est ma chère amie Caroline; n'est-elle pas charmante?*"—"It is
 "my sweet friend Caroline; is she not handsome?" I had the honour
 too, of having all the minuter beauties of several fine casts of nude
 statues, including the Farnese Hercules and the Belvedere Apollo,
 in the Academy of Arts, in Petersburg, *critically* pointed out to me
 by another young lady of the most unsullied modesty, who had just
 returned from Rome and Paris.

That acute discernment, which in general so eminently distin-
 guishes the mind of woman, never made so sad a mistake as in the
 adoption of that rage for semi-nakedness, which, born in Paris, in-
 vaded England a short time since, and sent so many followers of the
 fashion to the common depository of beauty and deformity. Such
 a display (which would have crimsoned the cheeks of Elizabeth and
 all her maids of honour had they witnessed it, with whom

"Scarce could the panting heart be felt at all,

"Though buckram breast-work, and through whalebone wall")

excited an emotion, no doubt, but it speedily subsided in apathy, and more colds and consumptions were caught than lovers and husbands: this passion, too, was most absurdly followed. So faithless was the consultation between the person and the mirror, that the fair one who had nothing but sharp points to exhibit, and the lady of mountainous bulk, who, like Falstaff, was in a state of "perpetual dissolution and thaw," scrupled not to make an exhibition as bountiful as she presented, who, with arms, neck, and bosom of polished ivory, was formed to be the very model of the statuary.

I will dismiss the subject by observing, that an ancient and enlightened legislator, who knew the passions and the infirmities of his own sex well, to lessen the influence of women over men, exposed the former naked.

Although most of the peasants have an abominable practice of heaping all the filth of their cattle and cabin in a pile before the front of their dwellings, until the roof in front can only be seen above it, yet every degree of decency prevails within. That instinctive delicacy which exists between the sexes, in every thing which is the subject of it in higher life, is not banished from the poor cabin. The low Irish are much improved in their habits of cleanliness. Formerly, a common fellow would not hesitate sweeping down a flight of stairs with his wig, and wearing it afterwards. I have been informed that, to this day, at those subterranean *tables d'hotes* in the *diving cellars* of St. Giles's, in London, after dinner, a large Newfoundland dog, or a little boy with a wig on his head, walks round the table for the guests to wipe their fingers upon.

That the Irish, even in a state of political ebullition, are capable of generous actions the following fact will prove: during the rebellion, a protestant, who was a prisoner in the hands of the rebels, was called out to be executed: the executioner ordered him to turn his back; the prisoner refused, and calmly declared that he was not afraid to face death; and just as the former was about to fire at him, the latter told him to stop, and requested him to dispatch him with dexterity; and, pulling off his hat, coat, and waistcoat, which were new, threw them to him as a present to favour him with a speedy death. The executioner was so impressed with his conduct, that he

said he must be innocent, and refused to kill him ; in consequence of which, another rebel rushed forward to put an end to his existence, upon which the executioner swore that he would lay breathless at his feet the first man who attempted to hurt one hair of the prisoner's head, and conducted him in safety out of the rebel lines.

An Irishman and a bull form a twin-thought in an Englishman's mind : long and inveterate prejudices have made them as inseparable in reflection as a bull and his horns. I went to France in the full persuasion of seeing a race of lean men, and found them of the ordinary size and stature ; and many of them of a bulk and vigour that an untravelled Englishman would reluctantly give credit to. I went to Ireland, expecting a bull to fly out of every Irishman's mouth every third time he spoke. That the lower classes make bulls, I believe, because I have been well informed that they do, and because the lower classes of other countries make them also. It may happen that the lower Irish make more, on account of the uncommon quickness of their thoughts, and the volubility of their speech. A common Irishman seldom gives himself time for reflection ; and before a question is half delivered, the whole of his answer is discharged, and another ready to follow ; and moreover, if he knows nothing of the subject on which he is asked, he is sure to give some and generally an instantaneous reply. The following circumstance, which occurred last year in London, is a tolerable instance of a low Irishman speaking with that sort of precipitation. An Irish labouring bricklayer laid a wager with his companion and fellow-labourer, that he could not carry him on his hod (a frame with a handle, which bricklayers use for carrying mortar upon their shoulders) up a ladder to the top of a high house, and bring him down again safely : the bet was taken, and won. As Pat who rode upon the hod alighted, he said, " By Jasus, he tripped once as we were coming down, and " I was in hopes I should have won my wager." A similar want of reflection induced the following whimsical observation. During a severe gale of wind, an Irishman, who was going to England to work in the harvest there, told the captain of the packet, who appeared to be much fatigued with his attention to his vessel : " Now, " do go below, my honey, and take a nap ; and, if we strike, never " fear but I'll tell you of it."

CHAPTER XI.

BLUNDERS AND BULLS—SHALL AND WILL—WHIMSICAL EXCLAMATION—BEAUTIFUL EXPRESSIONS—THE FAVOURITE WORD “ELEGANT”—IRISH MONDAY—GERMAN MONDAY—NATIVE PRIDE OF IRISH—DOCTOR DONOLLY—BEGGING IN FORMER TIMES—MATERNAL FONDNESS—FILIAL PIETY—INFLUENCE OF KIDNESS AND CHARACTER ON LOW IRISH—THEIR DEGRADED CONDITION—MIDDLE-MEN—SUMMARY OF THE CHARACTER OF THE IRISH—MARTIAL’S BARBER.

THAT blunders and bulls are not confined to Ireland, I think the following brief list of blunders and bulls, made in England and other countries, imperfect and perfect, will sufficiently prove.

A LEXICOGRAPHICAL BLUNDER.

When Dr. Adam Littleton was compiling his Latin Dictionary, and announced the verb *concurro* to his amanuensis, the scribe imagining that, from an affinity of sound, the six first letters would give the translation of the word, said, “*Concur*, I suppose, Sir;” to which the doctor replied, peevishly, “*Concur! condog!*” The secretary, whose business it was to write what his master dictated, accordingly did his duty, and the word *condog* was inserted, and was actually printed as one interpretation of “*concurro*” in the first edition, 1678, (to be seen in the British Museum) though it has been expunged, and does not appear in subsequent editions.

AN ADVERTISING BLUNDER.

I have frequently seen, in the windows of houses in London, the following notice: “A good first and second floor to be let unfurnished, with every other convenience.”

A POETICAL BLUNDER.

The great Dryden, in his play called the Conquest of Granada, makes Almanzor say to Boabdelin, King of Granada :

“ Obey’d as sovereign by thy subjects be ;

“ But know that *I* alone am king of *me*.”

The critics seized upon this expression to the no little annoyance of the poet’s irritable mind, and the following ridiculous circumstance afterwards occurred. Soon after Dr. Heylyn, the cosmographer, had published his book, the doctor happened, in one of his walks, to lose his way upon a common, which created a little bantering and pleasantry amongst the doctor’s friends, on account of his having established his reputation *for a very minute geographer*. Dryden being in company one day with the doctor’s nephew, Colonel Heylyn, began to rally him upon the blunder of his uncle ; and added, “ Where was it that he could lose himself ? ” “ Sir,” said the colonel (who did not relish the joke), “ I cannot answer you exactly ; but I recollect that it was somewhere in the “ kingdom of *me*.” Dryden took his hat and walked off much embarrassed.

DRAMATIC BLUNDER.

In a *pious* work called “ The Apology for the Life of Mrs. George Anne Bellamy,” there is a story that Mrs. Kennedy, the tragedian, was one night announced in the playbills in the character of Zara, in the Mourning Bride ; that, being taken suddenly ill, her sister, Mrs. Farrel (who generally filled the parts of old nurses), undertook to be Mrs. Kennedy’s substitute. Poor Mrs. Farrel’s performance excited strong marks of disapprobation in general ; but in the dying scene she was so wretched, that the house became uncommonly indignant : the unfortunate actress, in the last moments of mimic death, rose from between *the mutes* (who were attending her in her last moments), and advancing to the front of the stage, made an apology for her performance ; and then returning to the place from whence she had risen, she completed her last struggle.

A LITERARY BLUNDER.

I shall not be charged with vanity for enrolling myself in the list of English blunderers. In a sketch of a Tour in the North of Europe which I submitted to the public, by a most ridiculous circumstance, too long to be explained, I have written Goliah for Sampson.

FRENCH BLUNDERS.

A Frenchman went to the Court of the Rolls one day when the late Sir Pepper Arden, afterwards lord Alvanley, presided; and upon coming out observed to a friend that he had just been to see *Le Chevalier Poivre Ardent*.

ANOTHER.

A Frenchman, in consequence of his seeing rewards offered in the newspapers for the apprehension of felons, wrote in his journal that thieves were in such estimation in England, that premiums were offered for them.

ANOTHER.

Another foreigner, reading upon a board placed over the door of an undertaker in London, "Funerals performed here," inserted in his tour that the English were so gloomy, that in almost every street there were little theatres opened in which *funerals were performed*.

AN APPARENT BULL.

A very intelligent friend of mine, remarkable for the accuracy of his speech, observed, that every monumental inscription ought to be in Latin; because, in consequence of its being a *dead* language, it would always *live*.

PERFECT BULLS.

A student at Cambridge called upon a friend of his college (an Englishman) who was indisposed, and observing in his chamber a large quantity of oranges, inquired "What he could want

"so many for?" "To make lemonade with them," was the answer. The author of the bull was a gentleman of high classical attainments, and was overwhelmed with astonishment and confusion when he discovered his mistake.

Pope, in his translation of Homer, in speaking of an eagle and her young, says,

"Eight callow infants filled the mossy nest,
"Herself the ninth."

Also in his Essay on Criticism:

When first young Maro in his boundless mind
 A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd."

Dryden sings,

"A horrid *silence* first *invades* the ear."

Thompson also sings,

"He saw her charming, but he saw *not half*
 "The charms her downcast modesty *conceal'd*."

Virgil also knew how to make a bull.

"Moriatur et in media arma ruamus."
 "Let us die, and rush in the middle of the fight."

But the *prize bull* belongs to Milton, who, in his Paradise Lost, sings,

"Adam, the goodliest man of men *since* born,
 "His sons; the *fairest* of her daughters, Eve."

A WELSH BULL.

In some part of South Wales, where inundations were frequent, a board was raised upon a post, on which was inscribed, "You are hereby desired to take notice that, when this board is "six feet under water, this road is impassable."

A FRENCH BULL.

A Parisian was so frightened at having been out of his depth, when bathing in the Seine, that he declared he never would venture again into the water until he had learned to swim.

A CHINESE BULL.

One of the Chinese emperors was so great a favourite with his people, that they bestowed upon him the glorious appellation of "The father and *mother* of his people."

If it were necessary, I could produce fifty more instances to prove that bulls are diffused, and perhaps pretty equally, all over the world.

The two signs of the future tense, in the English language, which so frequently puzzle foreigners, and make them wish that *shall* and *will* had never been heard of, are constantly misused by a common Irishman. "Will I help your honour to a glass of whisky?" Will I do so and so? are expressions in constant use; and, during my stay in Dublin, even an Irish lady of high rank was heard to say at dinner, "My dear Mrs. —, will I help you to a little pudding?" The same confusion of the genuine meaning of words produced the following droll explanation. A gentleman travelling in a post-chaise was upset; upon his getting out of the carriage somewhat bruised, he discharged a thousand inverted blessings against the poor driver, who, with a very grave and significant countenance, replied: "And had I *not a right to throw your honour in the ditch*; for is it not the first time that *mare*, with her knee cut, was ever in harness?" They are constantly in the habit of saying, "Why, sure, it was *we* that;" for "certain it is that *we*." The low Londoners say, "Shall *us*," for "shall *we*." I never heard a common Irishman pronounce *v* as *w*; a most offensive vulgarism of cockney growth, of which the following conversation, which passed between a citizen and his servant, may be considered as a specimen:

"*Citizen*. Villiam, I vants my vig.

"*Servant*. Vitch vig, Sir?

"*Citizen*. Vy, the vite vig in the vooden vig-box, vitch I vore last Vensday at the Westry."

I met with one expression which was peculiarly charming, and I am sure my reader will be pleased with the sentiment which it conveys to the heart. I met an idiot one day, and not knowing whether his case was that of mental imbecility or of madness, I

asked what he was? "Ah! and by my shoul! your honour! it's a *"poor innocent."* "My *white-headed boy*" is used by the common Irish as an expression of fondness. They are very fond of the epithet *elegant*, as the people of Devonshire are of the word *beautiful*: a short time before I was in Ireland, "*An elegant butcher's shop*" was advertised for sale.

Monday is the favourite day in the week for work, or rather every one is very fond of postponing his labours till that day. Although it has been asserted, that some of the customs which discriminated the Irish from the English were derived from the north of Europe, we find them in direct opposition to the Germans with respect to the purposes to which Monday is applied.

It was formerly, and in many countries it is still, the custom in Germany, for the journeymen, &c. employed in the lower kinds of trade, to consider every Monday as a day set apart for idleness, and no inducement can prevail upon them to apply themselves to work; and this day they call *Blue Monday*, on account, as supposed by some, of the bruises occasioned by the fist and cudgel, which were in frequent use among the drunken and disorderly: and by others, on account of its having been the custom in Germany in the sixteenth century, to ornament the churches on fast-days with blue; and at this period the tradesmen began to keep their fasts by neglecting their work. This was not only usual among the master tradesmen, but they indulged their servants likewise in the same privilege. For want of employment, the common people had recourse to drinking; and, instead of fasting, it soon became a common proverb, "*Heute blauer fraff Montag*; To-day is feasting Monday," and was soon distinguished by debauchery, tumult, and even bloodshed: in consequence of which an edict was published in 1731, by virtue of which the custom of keeping Blue Monday was abolished entirely. The edict was but little attended to except in Brandenburg. In many places it was not even promulgated. The emperor Francis renewed it in 1764, and a decree of the empire was passed to abolish Blue Monday in 1771-2; but, notwithstanding this, the old custom prevails, and every Monday throughout the year in most of the German territories, *is still blue*. In the hereditary

dominions of Austria, not only laws have been enforced, but various other means have been adopted for this salutary purpose. Even in the University of Gottingen, in the Hanoverian dominions, where there is more aufklärung, as the Germans admirably express themselves, meaning "enlightening the mind," or a higher state of refinement, this custom is still so prevalent, that I believe I may venture to affirm, that no journeyman tailor can be prevailed upon to work on Monday by any prospect of reward, but generally devotes that day to the joys of Bacchus. Many an Irish labourer would be disposed to strip the German Monday of its azure vest, clothe it in a suit of sables, and call it Black Monday.

The common Irish marry very young, and hence there are very few spurious children in that country, and infanticide is scarcely ever heard of.

The native pride of the low Irish is ill directed by ignorance, but the frequent source of many of their better qualities. Although there are many beggars in Dublin, and in other towns; yet, to be reduced to beggary is thought so odious, that no one would set up for a beggar, more than he would for a prophet, in his own country. No one, however pinched, would ask for alms in his own neighbourhood. An intelligent friend of mine told me, that a miserable creature, who went by the name of Doctor Dopolly, although in a state of abject penury, would never accept of a bit of pork, a potatoe, or a drink of milk, if offered to him; but preferred eating offal from a dunghill, to the idea of being supported as an object of charity in the place of his nativity. After a fast of three days; he has been known to refuse proffered victuals. This man one day went twenty-seven miles with a letter for a gentleman to his daughter at a boarding-school: arriving early in the morning, the servant girl, upon opening the door, after a loud consequential double rap, was much surprised to see this wretch in rags, and, without asking him any questions, she said: "Go along, we have got nothing for you." The doctor immediately returned home *without delivering the letter*, making a distance of fifty-four Irish miles without having broken his fast. In this national trait time must have made a considerable alteration; for the inge-

nious Derrick tells a story, which proves that begging was not thought so disreputable in former times. Upon his asking an old woman one day at Killarney, in Ireland, how she intended to rear up her family, she replied: "Some of them shall go out to serve; but as for Donough, my eldest boy, who was blinded by the small-pox, we have got a man to teach him the bag-pipes, with which, and *begging*, there is no fear, under God, but he may get an honest livelihood, and live very comfortably; at any rate it is *better than being a sorry tradesman*."

There have been instances of gentlemen opening *gratuitous* schools upon their estates, and, from ignorance of the character of their own countrymen, they have been surprised to find that frequently the poor people would not send their children; they forgot that native pride which revolts at eleemosynary aid. In such an instance as this, if the independent spirit of the parent had been flattered, by calling for the payment of only a tester at the end of the year towards the discharge of some of the expenses incident to the establishment, the child would not have been withheld from it.

The attachment of the low Irish to their children is very great. To play with her child is the highest delight of the mother; and, for this indulgence, she will, by an injudicious, but natural miscalculation of maternal duty, omit the care of herself and her house: nor is the piety of their affection to their parents less distinguishable. Ireland is not cursed with English poor-laws: there are no pauper-houses there, into which a child, in the full vigour of life and health, can cast the hoary-headed infirm author of his days, as he would a loathsome incumbrance, to languish out the poor remains of life under the neglect or barbarity of a parochial officer, deserted by the being to whom he has imparted existence, and cut off from all the soothing endearments of filial gratitude. It is a rare sight to see, in Ireland, an aged parent begging for bread: he has rarely the necessity of appealing, in want and anguish, to him

— "That doth the ravens feed,

"Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,"

to be comfort to his age.

Of the docility of the common Irish, when kindly treated, I could relate many instances. In Dean Swift's time, so great was the influence of his character and beneficence over them, that, at the sight of him, if there was a riot in the streets, they would fly in all directions, like school-boys before their master: with a word and a look, he has dispersed mobs that would have set the civil and military power at defiance. Mr. Bell, in his admirable pamphlet, relates another instance which occurred within his own knowledge.

“ It was with the greatest reluctance they (the common people) ever consented to pay tithes: but, when any unusual imposition was laid upon them, which appeared unreasonable and unjust, they did not scruple to resist the levying of them by force and violence. The author witnessed a very remarkable instance of this kind which occurred in the county of Longford, in the summer of 1778. A small assessment had been laid on the parishes of a district in that county, for the purpose of raising a sum of money to indemnify a person who had lost a great part of his property, in consequence of its having been maliciously set on fire. Among other parishes, there was one of considerable extent, and about eight or nine miles distant from the residence of this person, the inhabitants of which openly refused to pay the contribution. They had received notice on a Sunday at their chapel, that persons would come to collect this money at an appointed time. On the morning of a subsequent Sunday, the most violent and inflammatory bills were seen pasted upon the doors of the chapel, purporting to be written by a man who described himself as captain of the houghers, and threatening to maim and destroy the cattle of all persons who should pay a farthing towards this demand. On the same day, some friends belonging to the party who was to be indemnified, had a conference with the people of the parish after the service was concluded; and, by persuasions and threats, endeavoured to obtain their consent to the payment of the money. The people became more obstinate than ever in their refusal, and bid defiance to any force that might be used to com-

“pel the payment. A party of about a dozen horsemen, armed
“with muskets, pistols, and swords, arrived in the course of a day
“or two after, and proceeded to distrain the goods of those who
“refused payment. The inhabitants immediately assembled in
“large numbers, and attacked them with stones: the others de-
“fended themselves, for a considerable time, with their fire-arms;
“but were at length forced to fly, and narrowly escaped with
“their lives. No attempt was ever made afterwards, to levy this
“assessment by force; but, in the course of the following year,
“the *parish-priest* prevailed on the people to consent to the pay-
“ment of it. The conciliating manner in which he addressed his
“flock on this occasion, and the success with which this applica-
“tion was attended, might serve as a wholesome lesson to those
“governments who think they can do more by coercion than by
“mildness. He told them that, ‘however hard and unjust it
“might appear to them, to be obliged to make good the losses
“sustained by a man whom they had never injured or known, yet
“such things were always done; it was the law; and if any of
“their cabins had been burnt by evil-minded persons, the law
“would make good their loss in the same manner. Besides, it
“was impossible for them to dispute the business any longer,
“because the judge at the assizes had declared that the money
“must be paid; and whatever the judge said was a law.’ This
“address, coming from a man whom the people venerated, had
“the desired effect, and they paid the money afterwards without
“a murmur of disapprobation.”

Another instance is recorded of the effect which the conduct of the dean of Kilfenora, Dr. Stevenson, produced upon his parishioners during the rebellion. When this gentleman went to reside upon his living of Callan, one of the largest in Ireland, he found that a spirit of insurrection had tainted every one of his parishioners: instead of loading them with taunts, reproaches, and menaces, he attached them by kindnesses, by those courtesies which are dear to every feeling, and particularly to an Irish mind, not by gifts, which if they cannot be returned, affect the sensibility, by destroying that equality which is necessary to cordial attachments, but by a course of civilities and gentle expressions,

which can be repaid by the receiver. By this proceeding he gained their confidence and their love, and what was of no little consequence, the friendship of their priest. He pointed out to them the peril of their desperate enterprize, and, behold the fruits of a deportment like this! in one day *six hundred rebels* came to his house and surrendered their arms.

Of the extreme hardihood of the Irish, the following instances are given. Mr. Gordon, in his History of the Irish Rebellion, says, "The hardiness and agility of the labouring classes of the Irish, were on this (speaking of an affair at Gorey) and other occasions, in the course of the rebellion, very remarkable. Their swiftness of foot, and activity in passing over brooks and ditches were such, that they could not always in crossing the fields be overtaken by horsemen; and with so much strength of constitution were they found to be endued, that to kill them was difficult, many, after a multitude of stabs, not expiring until their necks were cut across." Another remarkable instance is mentioned by the same author, respecting the recovery of a rebel named Charles Davis, of Enniscorthy, a glazier, "who, after having subsisted on the body of a cock for four days, in a loathsome hole where he was concealed, was discovered in the act of running away from his lurking-place, and brought to Vinegar-hill, where he was shot through the body and one of his arms, and violently struck in several parts of the head with a pike, which however penetrated not into the brain, and was thrown into a grave on his back, with a heap of earth and stones over him. His faithful dog having scraped away the covering from his face, and cleansed it by licking the blood, he returned to life, after an interment of twelve hours, and is now living in perfect health."

In battle, on shore and at sea, the Irish soldier and sailor have been remarkable for their valour, steadiness, and subordination; no inconsiderable portion of the population of Ireland may be found on board of our ships of war. As far back as Spenser's time the bravery of the Irish soldier was honourably mentioned. That happy genius says, "I have heard some great war-

riors say, that in all the services which they had seen abroad in “foreign countries, they never saw a more comely man than an Irishman, nor that cometh on more bravely to his charge.”

I believe the low Irish are no more naturally prone to rebellion, than the ladies are to the forgery of franks. History makes honourable mention of their love of justice, and their submission to the laws. Baron Finglas, in the days of Henry the Eighth, thus speaks of the Irish: “The laws and statutes made by the Irish on their hills, they keep firm and stable, without breaking them for any favour or reward.”—Baron Finglas’s Breviate of Ireland. Sir John Davies too (attorney-general in the reign of James the First), acknowledges, “That there is no nation under the sun that love equal and indifferent justice better than the Irish; or will rest better satisfied with the execution thereof, although it be against themselves.”—Davies’s History of Ireland. Coke also says, “For I have been informed by many of them that have had judicial places there (Ireland), and *partly of mine own knowledge*, that there is no nation of the christian world that are greater lovers of justice than they are; which virtue must of necessity be accompanied by many others.”—Coke’s Institutes, chap. lxxvi.

Who, but those who knew the fact, would believe, that such a “strong, hardy, bold, brave, laborious, warmhearted, and faithful race of men,” should be so sunk in the scale of society as they are? In Ireland there is a description of men who are like so many ravenous wolves amongst the peasantry, known by the name of Middle-men. Between the actual proprietor, and the occupant of the land, there are frequently no less than four or five progressive tenants, who frequently never see the land which they hold, and which is assigned from one to the other, until encumbered and dispirited by such a concatenation of exaction, instead of being able to make thrice the amount of his rent, as he ought to be enabled to do, namely, one-third for his landlord, another for the support of his family, and the remaining part for contingencies, the last taker, can scarcely, after infinite toil and privation, pay his immediate lord, and feed and clothe himself and family.

CHAPTER XIII.

TOUR TO KILLARNEY—NAAS—RATHS—OTHER FORTS—THE CUR-
RAGH OF KILDARE—WIT—ST. BRIGID—ANECDOTES OF THAT
IMMACULATE LADY—MONASTEREVEN—THE BOG OF ALLEN—
CURIOUS BOG ANECDOTES—THE EMBALMED COBLER—SUBTER-
RANEAN FORESTS—REMARKS UPON THEM—DUTCH BOORS—
CANALS—AMERICAN NOTIONS OF AN IMPROVED COUNTRY—
WALKING BOGS—LIMERICK.

AS the close of September was arrived, the period which is thought the most favourable for visiting the lakes of Killarney I again quitted the capital, determined upon taking Limerick in my way. We stopped at Naas, which is about fifteen miles from Dublin, after a ride through a beautiful corn country. This town was formerly celebrated for being the residence of the king of Leinster. Upon the arrival of the English, several castles, the ruins of which are still visible, were erected, and the parliaments were formerly held here.

Upon entering the town on the right from Dublin, is one of these Danish mounts or raths (rath means surety), which are so frequently to be met with in Ireland. These ancient fortresses are circular intrenchments, thrown up on the tops of hills, sometimes with two or three, but more frequently with a single ditch. Dr. Ledwich observes of them, that they are always placed upon elevated spots, and are of different dimensions, some measuring not more than ten or fifteen yards in diameter, others contain eighteen or twenty English acres. Round these buildings the clan resided, and within they retreated from danger; many of them have subterraneous chambers and sally-ports: several of them are in good preservation. In England some antiquarians have attempted to ascertain which of these later works belonged to the Anglo-Saxons, and which to the Danes. Spencer thinks the round ones are

Danish, the square Saxon; but it is generally agreed that the shape of the ground must have determined the figure, and that circularity seems to have had the preference. Spencer also informs us, that it was a custom amongst the Irish to hold assemblies upon a rath or hill, to adjust the affairs of neighbouring townships. It was also called *Lios*, or the court, from its being the place of judicature as well as the residence of the chieftain; the word *lis*, as *lismore*, *lisbigny*; and *leas* or *leix*, corresponding with the Anglo-Saxon word *leet*. The rath was also called *mote*. As to their origin, the learned doctor seems to think them Danish; on the contrary, Dr. Campbell says that the use of them is so obvious, that nature herself must have pointed it out to a people always at war amongst themselves, and therefore he does not think they ought to be attributed solely to the Danes; and he asserts that, on the contrary, there is positive proof in the Lives of St. Patrick, that these mounds were thrown up in Ireland some centuries before the Danes set foot in it; for Down Patrick was originally called *Bath Keltair*, *munimentum Keltarii filii Duachi*, and that it obtained its present name from being the burying-place of the Irish Apostle.

Dr. Ledwich also mentions two other kinds of forts: the first called the *dun* or *din*, which means a high fort or rock, and the other *daigean*, expressive of a close, fast place; and after a fort, this was the primitive Celtic fortification, made by digging a ditch, throwing up a rampart, and on the latter fixing stakes, interlaced with boughs of trees; this interlacing was called *plashing*, from the Franco-gallic, *plessier*, to intertwine. All these fortifications were the only places of defence amongst the Irish, antecedent to the Norman invasion, in 1169. The ruins of the raths are in many places held superstitiously sacred by the common Irish, on account of their being considered to be the favourite haunts of fairies. Upon these, as well as on many of the castles which I saw, time had exercised his powers. The wish of the following beautiful lines from Dodsley's Collection of Poems, seems nearly realized:

On shatter'd walls may creeping ivy twine,
And grass luxuriant clothe the *harmless mine*,
Tame flocks ascend the *breach* without a wound,
Or crop the *bastion*, now a *fruitful ground*;
Whilst shepherds sleep, along the ramparts laid,
Or pipe beneath the *formidable shade*.

At the foot of the rath at Naas there are the remains of a house for hermits of the order of St. Augustin, founded in 1484, and in the centre of the town a monastery for Dominican friars, dedicated to St. Eustachius, was erected. A desperate battle was fought in this town between the regulars, assisted by the yeomanry, and the rebels in 1798: roofless and half-demolished houses display the gloomy effect of that civil war.

I was highly gratified with passing nearly two miles in the celebrated curragh of Kildare, the Newmarket of Ireland. This beautiful common, or rather undulating lawn, is covered with soft turf of the richest verdure, and contains nearly five thousand English acres; it lies high, and the soil is a fine dry loam on a gravelly bottom: the occupiers of adjoining lands have the exclusive right of pasturing sheep upon it, and the flocks which fatten there increase the richness of its appearance. It once formed the centre of a vast ancient forest of oaks, Kildare or Chilledair signifying the wood of oaks, and was sacred to heathen superstition; it has a ranger. At the races, which are held there annually in the months of April, June, September, and October, king's-plates are run for by Irish-bred horses, for the purpose of improving the native breed. The Irish horses are not remarkable for their beauty: they make good hacks. In various parts of Ireland mules are thought to be superior to horses for back loads, and are preferred. The former are so long-lived, that when they are purchased the age is seldom asked; they will live in constant work for thirty years.

I cannot help gratifying my reader, in this stage of our tour, with the result of an anxious and active inquiry which I made of the existence of a custom in some parts of Ireland, equally cruel and impolitic. Mr. Young, with perfect accuracy at the time when

he wrote, viz. in 1780, states that all over the county of Cavan the peasants very commonly ploughed and harrowed with their horses drawing by the tail! and that they insisted on it that horses, tired in traces, would become quite fresh again if they worked by the tail. It reminds one of the farmer in England sewing up the jaws of a ferret, previous to sending him upon his duty, with a large darning needle, and upon some one remonstrating with him against the barbarity of the act, he replied, "Why domen, mon, her likes it, her be used to it." It is with real pleasure that I have it in my power, upon the authority of several gentlemen of great respectability, residing in various parts of Ireland, to state, that at this day the custom of ploughing and harrowing by the horse's tail does not exist. Long since it shocked the humanity and excited the interference of the legislature; for I find that in the year 1634, when Lord Strafford was Lord Deputy, an act was passed against this cruel usage.

In a direction nearly east and west on the long ridge of the curragh, there is a chain of fourteen circular intrenchments of different diameters, terminated on the east by an earthen tumulus, and on the west by a large circular rath, near which is a small circular mound, with a cavity on the top, supposed to have been a cuci or kitchen of some of the ancient inhabitants. These intrenchments are called in the Irish language farranta foras, or ancient graves, and hence, as well as on account of their being too small for forts, they are considered to be tombs of the ancient Irish.

After a long conversation about these tumuli, an intelligent fellow-traveller, who seemed to be well acquainted with the genuine character of the low Irish, turned the conversation to a subject which I have several times before felt great pleasure in adverting to, viz. the felicity of their native wit, and related the following anecdote: In Dublin there are several little stands of shoe-blacks, where there is as much whim and pleasantry, though not so much style and accommodation exhibited, as amongst their brethren in the Palais Royal, at Paris. One day an Englishman having availed himself of the convenience of one of these stalls in

Dublin, paid his little shoe-black with a considerable degree of haughtiness, upon which the young dirty urchin said, when his customer had proceeded a little way from his stall: "By my shoul! all the *polish* you have is upon your boots, and I gave it "you."

We stopped at Kildare, the capital of the county of that name; it is pleasantly situated on a rising ground. This place is celebrated for a nunnery, which was founded by the immaculate St. Brigid, one of the heathen vestals whom I have before mentioned, and who was born in 453, and at the age of fourteen received the veil from the hands of St. Patrick, or as tradition, with a wise want of precision, says, from one of her disciples. This nunnery was founded in 584, when that spotless lady was converted to the christian faith: and about the same time an abbey for monks was founded under the same roof, but separated from the nunnery by walls. This illustrious "Nun of Winter's "Sisterhood" presided both over the nuns and monks, without one taint from the pestiferous breath of scandal, and after her death, which is said to have happened in 523, the abbot for several years, was under the petticoat government of the abbess of this house, the superintendence of which afterwards devolved to the regular canons of St. Augustin. On the 1st of February every year there is a festival held here in honour of St. Brigid, who, thank God, has left more of the spirit of modesty than celibacy to the ladies of Ireland. The ruins of the fire-house, part of the nunnery in which the nuns of St. Brigid preserved the fire called inextinguishable, are said to be still visible. This virgin flame is said to have been kept alive for 700 years, until puffed out by Henry de Londres, Archbishop of Dublin, in 1220; but it was relighted and continued to burn with unabated lustre until the total suppression of monasteries. The garments of this immaculate lady were for a long period kept with religious veneration in spices.

This place is also celebrated for the remains of several other religious houses, and particularly for having given birth to David O'Buge, who flourished in 1320, when he was provincial of the Carmelite order; he was so profoundly learned that he was called

the burning light, the mirror, and the ornament of his country. There is a round tower here in good preservation, one hundred and thirty feet in height, built of white granite to about twelve feet above the ground, and the rest of common blue stone; the door is fourteen feet from the foundation.

Monastereven, which is thirty miles from Dublin, is a very pretty town, and beautifully situated; on the left of the entrance of the town is Moore Abbey, the noble seat of the marquis of Drogheda, standing at the foot of a lofty hill on the banks of the Barrow; the demesne is finely cultivated and very picturesque. The river and the canal which crosses the former, very much augment the beauty of the scenery. By means of this canal, a trade is opened with Athy, Carlow, Waterford and Ross, and every day exhibits a scene of bustle, gaiety and vivacity, by the canal-boats passing and repassing. Monastereven derives its name from a noble abbey founded by St. Abben, who bestowed upon it the privilege of being a sanctuary. St. Emin or Evin, in the beginning of the seventh century, placed a number of monks from South Munster in this abbey, the abbot of which sat as a baron in parliament. Upon the suppression of monasteries, this abbey, through different channels of descent or transfer, became the property of the marquis of Drogheda, and it still displays, under the hoar of time, the marks of its former dignity.

The next stage was to Maryborough, so called after Mary, Queen of England. A market was established here by the late Sir James Parnell, for the encouragement of the woollen yarn and stuff manufacture. As we approached the vast waste called the Bog of Allen, the conversation became influenced by the surrounding scenery, and we talked of these wonderful powers of nature, by which she sometimes revolutionizes her own works. The bog which lay before us, and which resembled at a distance a vast brown lake, was once covered with the finest forest-trees, now buried under its dreary surface. My intelligent fellow-traveller said it reminded him of a part of one of the eloquent sermons preached by the celebrated dean Kirwan, the Massillon of Ireland, which had taken strong possession of his memory:

“Every thing is liable to change,” said that great devotional orator, “empires, kingdoms, states and provinces; God, from the summit of his immutability, sports with all human things, and wishing to show how little dependence we should place upon them, has decreed that nothing here shall be permanent, but the inconstancy which whirls and agitates us.”

This was the first bog I had ever seen in Ireland, and having fallen into the usual false notion of Englishmen who have never visited Ireland, that a bog was a collection of thick mud, I was at first surprised to see people walking upon it, and cattle here and there picking up a scanty blade upon this russet lawn. This celebrated bog crosses several counties, and contains three hundred thousand acres, and is the largest in Ireland. The bogs of Ireland at first seemed to be a subject of little interest, but as I inquired and reflected, I found them a source of uncommon surprise, curiosity and amusement. The turf-bogs of Ireland have been considered as masses of putrefaction and as very insalubrious, and like marshes and fens, uniting a mephitic deleterious vapour or putrid miasmata. So far from this being correct, those who reside in this neighbourhood are as healthy and vigorous as the natives of any other part of Ireland; and Sir William Petty informs us, that the country people used to preserve their eggs and butter in them. Doctor Campbell observes, that he has seen a shoe, of one piece of leather, neatly stiched, taken out of a bog, where it was supposed, from its fashion, to have lain for centuries, entirely fresh. He also mentions, that he had seen butter called rouskin, which had been hid in hollowed trunks of trees so long, that it was become hard, and almost friable, yet not devoid of unctuousity, and that the length of time which it had been buried must have been great, on account of bog having grown over it ten feet. I was also informed by a gentleman upon whose veracity I could rely, that he saw the skeleton of a Cöbler, who had been unexpectedly overwhelmed by a floating bog, in which, upon its being afterwards reclaimed, he had been discovered: that when found, he had the appearance of having been embalmed, and that a shoe and some leather, which lay by his side, were in a perfect state of preservation.

How bogs have been produced is a subject which, like the attributable cause of most phenomena, is involved in philosophical conjecture. Underneath their surface, at a considerable depth, whole forests of prostrate trees, apparently burnt off from the roots are found, and the roots remain fast in the ground: and so antiseptic is the nature of the extraordinary mass which covers them, that the finest oaks, fir, and yew, with all their branches, are constantly dug up in so perfect, or rather in so improved a condition, that they are preferred to the wood of the same sort of trees felled by the woodman.

In houses of respectability, I have seen stairs and bannisters formed of the bog oak, which looked very beautiful. As fuel, bog-wood is considered a great luxury, and makes a most brilliant fire. In some places, by digging to a great depth, recumbent forests upon forests, with a layer of earth between, have been discovered, a sort of vegetable Herculaneum. The learned general Vallancy, in his *Collectanea* says, "That the late Mr. Evans, engineer, informed him, that in cutting the line of the Royal canal through the bog of Cappagh, between Dublin and Kilcock, at the distance of twenty-six feet, he met with fir-trees, which apparently had been planted in avenues; and at this depth he found a lump of tallow, weighing about two hundred weight; that he sunk fourteen feet below these trees in bog, and came to a hard bottom, on which were oak-trees prostrated."

In the bog of Monela, not many miles from the bog of Allen, stumps of trees are visible above the surface, under which is a stratum of turf, to the depth of ten or fifteen feet, under which is another tier of prostrate trees; beneath them another stratum of earth of considerable depth, below which a great number of stumps of trees are found standing upright, presenting a succession of three distinct woods, one above the other.

Philosophical investigation has not hitherto satisfactorily, accounted for the prostration of these trees, and for the appearance of ignition at the bottom of their trunks. The softness and embalming nature of the bog are at variance with the idea, that such appearances could be effected by its action. The formation of bogs

must have been very gradual: and as they thickened, they must have equally embraced every object which they came in contact with, so as rather to have supported than destroyed their perpendicularity. I do not speak of those still more wonderful phenomena, the moving bogs, which might have borne down trees in their progress. If the bog-trees which appear to have been burned down had been rarely discovered, the solution of the difficulty would have been easier. In Sweden I saw large tracts of fir-forests, which had been cleared by the peasants, effected by making a fire round the bottom of the trunk of the tree, and burning it through instead of felling it by the axe or saw: this simple but slovenly process is resorted to, because that country is nearly one vast forest. That Ireland, like Sweden, was once overrun with forest, the contents of the bogs sufficiently prove: and the discovery of the horns of the moose-deer amongst them, an animal which for ages has been extinct in Ireland, sufficiently demonstrates the antiquity of such a profusion of trees, which no doubt were anterior to the Brehon laws, because as they inflicted severe penalties upon the person who injured his neighbour's trees, every sort of which they enumerated, (even the shrubs and underwood being protected from violation by them) they form an evidence of the value of timber in Ireland, which must have arisen from its scarcity. If the soil of Sweden were productive of bog-trees, burned as I have described, and not removed, they might, by their lying thick on the ground, form an impediment to all streams and currents, and gather in their branches whatever rubbish such waters brought with them, until a vegetable mass or bog should be formed; but is it not fair to suppose, that only the burned trees would have been covered by this vegetable accretion, and that the trees which had not been weakened at the roots by fire, would have remained perpendicular? This accretion could not have had any caustic quality in it; how could it burn away the tree from its roots, and not only spare but preserve the trunk and branches? Yet in the bogs of Ireland all the trees discovered have been found in a horizontal position, and present the appearance of having been separated from their roots by fire. Had the ancient boors of

the country thus felled them, only partial instances of such burning would have occurred; but the philosophical process, whatever it may have been, which has prostrated them with the ground, appears to have been uniform. I make these remarks with diffidence; it is not always the worst property of ignorance to doubt, or to raise a doubt. The subject is a very interesting one, and highly merits investigation. No writer has yet, I believe, illustrated the cause of the position and appearance of these trees. The black bog cuts like cheese, and resembles rotten wood: heath, sedgy grass, bog-myrtle, and rushes, grow spontaneously upon it, and its surface is rarely level: the depth of them is various; they have been perforated deeper than fifty feet. The bog of Allen appears to rest upon that incomparable manure, lime-stone gravel, and might be easily converted into fine meadow-land, at a vast profit to the improver, or, as he is called in the bog language, a reclaimer. Inexhaustible quarries of the finest lime-stone are found in most parts of Ireland.

A company of Dutch boors offered their countryman king William to convert this bog into a meadow, and to carry the coals of Killinaul by canals, which they proposed cutting through various parts of Ireland, provided that monarch would have permitted them to have been governed by the laws of Holland.

At the bottom of many of these bogs, at a great depth, vestiges of arable land, and even wooden palisades, have been distinctly discovered; and upon the summit of many of the mountains in the north of Ireland, which have not been inhabited, the furrow of the plough appears. Mr. William King, in a letter to the Dublin Society, says, "When O'Donnell and Tyrone came to the relief of Kinsale, they wasted the country as they came through Con-naught, which by the means of the earl of Clanrickard, was generally loyal; and there is a great tract of ground, now a bog, which was then ploughed land, and there stands the house of my lord in the midst of it." Another proof that the ground under the bog was once covered with rich fields and beautiful woods is, that the finest and most numerous of the monastic remains in Ireland are mostly to be found adjoining to or in the

neighbourhood of bogs; and no class of people in distant times ever knew how to select, appreciate, create, and enjoy the good things of this life, better than the *cowled fraternity*.

In those bogs have been discovered many ponderous and beautiful ornaments of gold and silver, such as fibulæ, clasps, buckles, bracelets, anklets, frontlets, lunettes, plates of gold, brass weapons, &c., many of which are of elegant workmanship, and give a high idea of the skill and taste of the ancient Irish. Bugle-horns have also been discovered, made of copper, lapped over and rivetted with copper nails very ingeniously. Upon being sounded they give a loud, distinct, wild note.

The art of soldering does not appear to have been discovered when these precious remains of antiquity were first formed; at least the union of the parts of those which I saw was effected by beating or twisting them together.

The bog is cut with an instrument called a slane, a spade of about four inches broad, with a steel blade of the same breadth, standing at right angles with the edge of the spade: the turf is piled up in pyramidal heaps on the margin of the pits out of which they are dug, each piece being about the size and shape of a brick. The mode of reclaiming bogs is now very well understood; and it is ascertained that bogs must be kept drained, otherwise they will relapse; it is a curious circumstance, that when they are once reclaimed, they are convertible to any purpose of agriculture. The bogs in Ireland are rapidly reclaiming. Nature is throwing off her covering of russet, for a robe of green or yellow. I saw considerable tracts of bog that had been reclaimed, and which appeared to be very productive. The turf, when thoroughly heated, makes a good fire, and is an admirable substitute for coal. If the spirit of cutting canals, or rather of perfecting those numerous canals which Nature, in her prodigal bounty to Ireland, has already nearly formed in every part of that island, was co-extensive with that of reclaiming the bogs, the manufacturers would not suffer for want of fuel, as coal might be easily and cheaply conveyed; and upon those bogs plantations might be made, and Ireland might once more boast of her forests of stately oak.

In Ulster and the county of Donnegal, also along Lough-Earn, in the county of Fermanagh, and in the north part of the Tyrone, there are considerable forests; and the county of Wicklow, King's-county, and Queen's-county, abound with wood; and so do parts of the counties of Wexford and Carlow: but the greater part of Ireland is bare of wood. Upon an American landing at Belfast, and observing how denuded and treeless the country was, he exclaimed: "Heavens, what an *improved* country is this!" His notions of improvement were derived from his own native land, which is considered to be improved in proportion as its woods are cleared. The woods of Ireland once abounded with wolves, which were hunted by a peculiar breed of dogs, now nearly extinct, called after their own name.

Those whose employment it is to bore for bog-wood, discover the spot under which it lies by the dew resting upon the surface of it, which is absorbed in other places. The following letter, giving an account of a moving bog, will, I think, interest the reader. "On the 7th day of June, 1697, near Charleville, in the county of Limerick, a great rumbling or noise was heard in the earth, much like unto the sound of thunder near spent; for a little space, the air was somewhat troubled with little whisking winds, seeming to meet contrary ways. Soon after that, to the great terror and affrightment of a great number of spectators, a more wonderful thing happened; for, in a bog stretching north and south, the earth began to move, viz. meadow and pasture-land that lay on the side of the bog, and separated by an extraordinary large ditch, and other land on the other side adjoining to it, and a rising or little hill in the middle of the bog hereupon sunk flat. This motion began about seven o'clock in the evening, fluctuating in its motion like waves; the pasture-land rising very high, so that it overrun the ground beneath it, and moved upon its surface, rolling on with great pushing violence till it covered the meadow, and is held to remain upon it sixteen feet deep. In the motion of this earth, it drew after it the body of the bog, part of it laying on the place where the pasture-land that moved out of its place had before stood, leaving great breaches behind

"it, and spewings of water that cast up noisome vapours." Dr. Ledwich informs me, that he saw a similar phenomenon at Gurteenamallagh, in the Queen's-county, where the bog, for a few acres, left the substratum, a white marl, totally bare; for it appeared that neither the roots of heath, nor the bayberry-bushes which covered the bog, had penetrated the marl so as to impede or stop the floating.

The cause of this phenomenon is supposed to have been the rising of the springs after much wet, a sort of bog-dropsy. The purchase of bogs for the purpose of reclaiming them, presents such an opportunity of employing money to an uncommon advantage, that I should not be surprised if, in no very distant period, a bog were a greater rarity in Ireland than in England.

Between Maryborough and Roscrea, at a great distance, the Sliew-bloom mountains, from whence the river Barrow takes its rise, were pointed out to me. In these mountains, which are celebrated by Spenser, there are many beautiful valleys, and a vast ancient pyramidal monument of stones, called Copeall-ban, or the Whitehorse. About two or three miles before we reached Roscrea, the singular ruins of the Abbey of Monanicha were pointed out to us: they are situated almost in the centre of the before mentioned bog of Monela, on an island of about three acres, inaccessible by horse or carriage, and even by foot passengers, for the greater part of the year. These ruins belonged to an ancient monastery of Culdean monks, founded under the patronage of St. Columbee in the seventh century, and consist of two chapels and a priory church, with the abbot's apartments adjoining. In the island are the traces of an orchard and fish-pond. The abbey-church, I was informed, for I only saw it at a distance, is of Saxon architecture; small but elegant.

I was much gratified with Roscrea, which stands in the county of Tipperary, on the borders of the King's-county. The antiquarian will find much source of gratification in the remains of the piety and military enterprise of distant times to be found in this town and neighbourhood. There is also to the north-west of this place a round tower fifteen feet in diameter.

The country in this neighbourhood is flat, and rather poor, owing to the floods which it is subject to: hay is frequently cut for the first time in October; it is good for black cattle. A chain of ancient square watch-towers within sight of each other, for many miles in this part of the country, occasionally diverts the eye from the numerous wretched cabins which appear along the road. In one of them which I saw erected in a ditch, resided a beautiful woman, who had all the deportment of one of a superior order, and two remarkably handsome and healthy children. They were dressed very neatly, although they came out of a hut of mud and weeds, and filled with smoke. They attract the attention of almost every traveller on that road, who, pleased with their appearance, generally leaves some little token of their approbation behind. The poor woman was a widow: she was travelling in this country with her little son and daughter, when a fever attacked her; exhausted by its ravages, by hunger, and fatigue, she sunk on the road. The miserable cottagers in the neighbourhood immediately built her a cabin, placed clean straw in it, and daily supplied her and her children with milk and potatoes. She recovered; though frequently pressed, she has constantly declined to relate her history, and now works for the neighbouring gentry.

The road from Roscrea to the neighbourhood of Limerick is dreary, presenting little more than partial patches of fertility and bog. I saw all the specimens of the latter, black, white, and red. A short way before we reached Limerick, a small island of the richest verdure, resembling an emerald, seated in the heart of a vast brown bog, attracted my attention: the appearance was very singular. The whole of this gloomy country, however, exhibits a strong spirit for improvement, and much bog-land has been reclaimed in it. A few miles from Newport the scenery became very much improved, and enlivened by elegant villas.

As we proceeded about five miles from Limerick, Castleconnell was pointed out to me, famous for its chalybeate spa, and the romantic beauty of its scenery, through which the boast of Ireland, the sovereign of her rivers, the Shannon, rolls majestically along. This place, which is a collection of numerous genteel lodging-

houses, detached from each other, is much resorted to in the summer by invalids suffering from obstructions of the liver and bilious affections, and by those who wish to enjoy some of the finest displays of nature.

Mount Shannon, within two miles of Limerick, on the right, the seat of the late lord chancellor Clare, who was justly celebrated for his accuteness and eloquence, is equally superb and beautiful. The plantations have been formed with uncommon taste from his lordship's designs, and the situation is only surpassed in Ireland by Powerscourt, the seat of lord viscount Powerscourt. Just before we entered the city, we passed a fine meadow which belonged to a person who was obnoxious to the rebels, and which, in consequence, was in one night, during the rebellion, completely turned up. The officer on guard, hearing of the circumstance on the next day, which was Sunday, surrounded the catholic chapel with a military force, ordered every one of the men within to come out, marched them down to the field, and forced them to replace every sod. The novelty of the punishment produced a mixture of humour and seriousness on both sides.

The road from Dublin to Limerick is remarkably broad and fine. In proceeding to the Mail Hotel, we passed through several fine streets, and by several quays, lined with elegant brick houses and handsome shops, which have been erected very recently. The bustle of trade was in every quarter, and its prosperity displayed itself in a variety of instances. The most beautiful streets, which comprise a great part of the city called Newton-perry, have been erected within these very few years, are spaciously laid out, and were enlivened by several handsome and well dressed women. The ancient city consisted of two divisions, the English-town and the Irish-town, connected by a bridge called Baal's-bridge, which crosses an arm of the Shannon: that river greatly adds to the beauty as well as the opulence of the place: both these towns were formerly fortified against each other, or against the common foe. The houses here are lofty and crowded, the streets narrow and dirty, and much resemble those of Rouen in Upper Normandy. The modern part of the city contains an assembly-room, the

principal docks to which vessels of five hundred tons burden can come up and discharge their cargoes, a handsome custom-house, and a spacious commercial coffee-house, like that of Dublin, which was not quite finished. The Limerick gloves, so much celebrated, are manufactured here; and it was whispered to me that Limerick gloves are manufactured in Dublin also.

A stranger, however respectable, is not admitted to read the newspapers in the subscription rooms here: I presume a native of some other country than Ireland legislated for this society. The civil government is invested in a mayor, sheriffs, recorder and town-clerk; and the city is the see of a bishop, united to Ard-fert and Aghaloe. From the tower of its Gothic cathedral, a venerable pile, originally built by Donacht O'Brien, in the year 1207, king of Limerick, and since frequently repaired, I surveyed the beautiful scene which lay before me. Below, on my right, lay the city, partially veiled with smoke, with its diminutive carriages, cars, horses, and inhabitants, in constant motion, and sending up to my ears the ceaseless clink of hammers repairing vessels, mingled with the confused hum of men, and the Shannon, broad, shallow, broken into little falls, flowing to the sea, from which at this place it is sixty miles distant, which, after winding through a rich expanded country, vanishes in the mist of the horizon: and, on my left, were the ivied towers of the ancient castle, and the barracks; a hoary bridge crossing the river, which beautifully flowed along its opposite suburbs, and after passing by a line of vast mountains, eluded the eye as it curved round some distant meadows, variegated by partial clumps of trees.

CHAPTER XIV.

THOMOND'S BRIDGE—PROVISION-TRADE—HOUSE OF INDUSTRY—
SHOCKING SPECTACLE—GROUP OF MADMEN—LORD CHANCEL-
LOR ERSKINE—BRIEF HISTORY OF LIMERICK—THE SHANNON—
THE ANTIQUARY GROSE AND THE IRISH BUTCHER—IRISH
LANGUAGE—ITS SWEETNESS—THE CELEBRATED FLOOD—DOC-
TOR JOHNSON—IRISH AND CARTHAGINIAN LANGUAGES—CAR-
THAGINIAN SWORDS.

IN the cathedral I saw nothing worthy of notice. The bridge I last mentioned is called Thomond's, and unites the counties of Limerick and Clare; it is quite flat, and every arch in it is dissimilar from the other. Its antiquity is such, that it is said to have been built for thirty pounds. Limerick exports pork, butter, beef, hides, and rape-seed; and imports sugar, rum, timber, wines, coals, tobacco, salt, and bark. Its trade has flourished to an amazing extent. Many of the families here are very opulent, and handsome equipages are to be seen in the streets, whereas in the years 1740 and 1750, there were only four carriages in and near the place.

The slaughtering, salting and packing houses, belonging to the provision-trade, are well worthy the notice of the traveller. The most frequent objects to be met with in the streets, are cars laden with beef proceeding to the salting-houses. Much of that provision supports the brave seamen of the united kingdom, and enables them to endure the fatigue of the blockade and the peril of the battle. Although Ireland cannot build a navy, she furnishes it with a brave, hardy, gallant, and loyal race of men, and contributes not a little to the sustenance of the British fleets. The inns have not kept equal pace with the prosperity of the town: they are dirty and ill attended, but as usual furnish excellent wine at four shillings per bottle: we also partook of some excellent cow-beef. I wish I could object to nothing more than the inconvenience

of ill-conducted inns; but alas! a subject of much deeper interest, and truly afflicting to every feeling mind, is to be found, if the traveller will take the trouble of walking over Thomond's bridge and enter the house of *Industry*, as it is called. He will quit a noble city, gay with novel opulence and luxury, for a scene which will strike his mind with horror. Under the roof of this house, I saw madmen *stark naked* girded only by their irons, standing in the rain, in an open court, attended by *women*, their cells upon the ground-floor, scantily supplied with straw, damp, and ill-secured. In the wards of labour, abandoned prostitutes, in rags and vermin, each loaded with a long chain and heavy log, working only when the eye of the superintending officer was upon them, are associated throughout the day with respectable old female housekeepers, who, having no children to support them, to prevent famishing, seek this wretched asylum. At *night*, they sleep together in the same room; the sick (unless in very extreme cases) and the healthy, the good and the bad, all crowded together. In the venereal ward, the wretched female sufferers were imploring for a little more covering, whilst several idiots squatted in corners, half naked, half famished, pale and hollow-eyed, with a ghastly grin, bent a vacant stare upon the loathsome scene, and consummated its horror. Fronting this ward, across a yard, in a large room, nearly thirty feet long, a raving maniac, instead of being strapped to his bed, was handcuffed to a stone of 300lbs. weight, which, with the most horrible yells, by a convulsive effort of strength, he dragged from one end of the room to the other, constantly exposed to the exasperating view and conversation of those who were in the yard. I have been well informed that large sums of money have been raised in every county for the erection of mad-houses: how has this money been applied?

The building of this lazar-gaol is so insecure, that the prostitutes confined in it, although ironed and logged, frequently make their escape. No clothing is allowed to these poor wretches but what they bring into the prison, or can earn, or beg. Upon inquiry I found, what I need scarcely relate to my reader, that the funds are very inadequate, that it is supported by presentments

and charity, and very seldom visited by those whom official duty, if not common humanity, ought to have conducted there. The number of miserable wretches in this house amounted to one hundred and thirty-eight. The governor appeared to be a humane man, and seemed deeply to regret what he could not conceal.

One of the naked subjects which I mentioned, lost his senses by an excess of mathematical research, the other by a disappointment of the heart, and the third, who was in the same yard, by drunkenness: a more affecting and expressive group for the pencil, could never be presented. In one cell, covered to his chin in straw, lay a hoary-headed man, who would never speak, nor take any thing unless conjured to do so by the name of "the Most High."

It is a matter worthy of remark, that as reason begins to resume her empire over the chaos of the mind, the unhappy invalid becomes attached to those who have had the charge of him during his insanity, if their conduct has been humane. I was upon the point of adverting to the frequently inadequate allowance made to lunatics who are under the care of committees of lunacy, when my eye glanced upon an equity report in a newspaper, lying by my side, in which I read, with the delight which I am sure must pervade every bosom, the remarks which fell from the lord chancellor Erskine, upon the case of an unhappy lunatic that came before him. That wonderful man, whose transcendent genius is equal to every situation, however splendid and important, and before which no complication of business, however entangled and profound, is difficult, declared from the high seat of that equity which he dispenses with consummate wisdom and unexampled promptitude and purity, that to the lunatic he would be a vigilant trustee; that as madness was an intermitting malady, frequently susceptible of moderation and cure, he would carefully look into the property of the sufferer; and that instead of his allowance being as hitherto a scanty one, for the benefit of the remainder man, it should be a liberal one, and that the unfortunate sufferer should have all of his own, that could conduce to the

restoration of his health, and all that the state of his mind could permit him to enjoy.

It was a melancholy contrast to compare this gloomy abode of mingled want, disease, vice, and malady, with the new-arisen splendour that reigned on the opposite side of the river. I am far from thinking that the love of wealth has indurated the feelings of the inhabitants of Limerick, but I fear in the anxious pursuit of it they have forgotten that great precept of religion by which the divine Author of mercy so forcibly prompts us to pity and cherish each other, if we hereafter expect to find favour in his sight. I have not the vanity to conclude, that the page which I am now writing will ever reach the place upon which I write, but it may perhaps arrest the eye of some one who possesses the influence I have not. Want of health has sometimes made a wanderer of me; but wherever I have roamed, I have never flinched from the perilous duty of investigating the public abodes of vice and misery. A power of comparing has, in some instances, enabled me to offer suggestions, which in their consequences have blessed me with the pleasure of having alleviated some portion of suffering. In no part of the continent, of England or of Ireland, have I witnessed such a scene as that which I have mentioned, and with which I will wound my reader no more, but trusting to the unextinguishable feelings of humanity, will ardently hope, that at a future period the traveller will be spared the pain of contemplating such an object.

Limerick is enrolled in the page of English history. In the time of Cromwell it was besieged by Ireton, who was repulsed in several attacks. After displaying great spirit and gallantry, the citizens became disunited on account of their different political attachments, some being followers of the Pope's nuncio, some to king Charles, and others to the English army, till at last they surrendered to the enemy, when Ireton entered the town, and soon afterwards died there. In September 1691, it was invested by Gen. Ginkle, after his victory over king James's army at Aghrim, and was surrendered on the 13th of October following, when the

garrison made a very honourable capitulation for themselves and the rest of the inhabitants; and in 1690 it was besieged by king William, when he was forced to raise the siege.

The Shannon, to which I again recur with uncommon delight, as the majestic Thames of Ireland, derives its source like genius, expanding from a humble origin: from a spring amongst the mountains near Swanling-bar, in the county of Fermanagh, whence it spreads into a beautiful sheet of water, called Lough Allen, in the county of Leitrim, which lough is eight or nine miles in length, and four or five in breadth; it then pursues its course through Lough Ree, in the counties of Roscommon and Longford, a lake of about fifteen miles long, and finely diversified with upwards of sixty islands, and thence to Lough Derg, in the counties of Galway and Tipperary, which is larger than the last lough, and which is adorned with upwards of fifty islands, the largest of which, called Ilanmore, contains above one hundred acres of rich land; and on another, called Holy Island, are the ruins of seven churches, and a lofty round tower; flowing to Limerick, it rolls on to the Atlantic ocean, expanded into a sea. Spenser has celebrated this noble river as Denham has the Thames.

Above Limerick, the Shannon, and the lakes of its creation, are navigable with boats for several miles. During a course of one hundred and ninety-one miles, its descent from its source is not less than one hundred and fifty-one feet. In the lakes and river a species of trout, called gilderoy, is caught, remarkable for having a gizzard like that of fowls. In Limerick there is a spacious new gaol, well designed and executed, combining the great objects of such a melancholy, but necessary establishment, health and security: there are also barracks for about five thousand men.

The theatre is small, and by no means suitable to the opulence and population of the place. The market-place, uniting the butchers, green-grocers, and fishmongers, is admirably arranged. I have given several instances of the native wit of different descriptions of the low Irish, but I have not mentioned any sprightly idea as emanating from a class of men, more remarkable in general for their jolly aspect than their wit: I mean those important person-

ages who have precedence in all markets, viz. the butchers. My reader will see that in Ireland even these people have humour.

The celebrated antiquarian Grose, when he was in that country, was uncommonly delighted with the wit and humour of the low Irish, and thought that in Dublin he should be able to collect many amusing materials for a *slang* dictionary: with this view, he walked through the principal markets of that city, listening with great attention to the various dialogues of the people at the different stalls. His large unwieldy figure, and particularly his prominent belly, struck a butcher, who happened to be unemployed, and who advancing from his stall with his hat most respectfully in his hand, accosted the ponderous antiquarian, by saying, "Sir, I have a favour to beg of you, and I hope you will not be offended at the liberty I am about to take." "By no means," said Grose, "let me hear your wishes." "Sir," replied the fellow, "the favour I have to beg is this—when your friends ask you of whom your honour buys *your beef*, say that it is of me."

Upon Thomond's bridge, for the first time since I had been in Ireland, I heard beggars imploring alms, and peasants conversing in the Irish language. Some words sound very sweet, and I think my reader will not object to pause a little, previous to our setting off for the lakes of Killarney, to take a brief review of the language.

It is remarkable for the varieties of its powers: it is affecting, sweet, dignified, energetic, and sublime; and so forcibly expressive, that the translation of one compound epithet would fill two lines of English verse. The number of synonyma with which it abounds, prevents the ear from being satiated by a repetition of the same word. It has upwards of forty names to express a ship, and nearly an equal number for a house.

In the county of Meath, which borders upon the metropolis, it has been said that a justice of the peace must understand Irish, or keep an interpreter. In the north-west and south-west counties, the English language is scarcely known: the low Irish who understand English and Irish, have a proverbial saying, "When you plead for your life, plead in Irish." In the county of Wexford

English customs and habits prevail universally, and the Irish language is quite forgotten.

At Limerick I heard one peasant address another, by saying, "Connas ta tu," how are you? I am told that the same salutation in Italian is "Come stai?" The following words will give a little specimen of the Irish language.

Heaven, ceal.

A fever, fiabras.

An angel, aingeal.

A rose, rosa.

The devil, diabal.

A cottage, caban.

The sun, sol.

A cow, bo.

The moon, luan.

A Nightingale, rosin-ceol.

A pint, pinta.

The celebrated senator Henry Flood bequeathed all his property, after the decease of his wife lady Frances Flood, to the university of Dublin; amongst other objects, to institute and maintain a professorship of the native Irish or Erse language, and to grant an annual premium for compositions in prose or verse in that language, upon some point of ancient history, government, religion, literature, or situation of Ireland.

The proposed advantages of this patriotic bequest, are likely to vanish into "thin air," in consequence, as I am informed, of its having been legally ascertained that Mr. Flood had no right to dispose of the property, which he had destined for the support of this project.

The great Dr. Johnson, in a letter to Charles O'Conner, Esq. strongly recommends the cultivation of Irish literature, observing, "I have long wished that the Irish literature were cultivated. Ireland is known, by tradition, to have been once the seat of piety and learning; and surely it would be very acceptable to all those who are curious, either in the original of nations, or the affinities of languages, to be further informed of the revolutions of a people so ancient, and once so illustrious."

Sir Laurence Parsons, in his learned and elegant Defence of the Ancient History of Ireland, observes, that at an early period

of the world, the Phœnicians made a settlement in Ireland, and immediately, or by degrees, completely subjugated the ancient inhabitants, and established in the island their laws, religion, and language: this elegant writer supports his hypothesis, by observing, that the Carthaginians originally came from Phœnicia, and spoke the Phœnician language; that a specimen of that language has been preserved by Plautus in one of his plays, which contains some speeches of Hanno, a Carthaginian, in the language of his country, which, he observes, appears upon examination to be the same language as the Irish, with some obvious allowances for the operation of time and corruption.

I shall now give the beginning of Hanno's speech, precisely letter for letter, as it is in the edition of Plautus, published A. D. 1482, together with colonel Vallancey's collation of the same speech with the Irish. The first line of every triplet contains the letters, with their collocation and intervals, precisely as they are printed in the above edition of Plautus; the second line expresses them with such intervals as colonel Vallancey thinks they ought to be placed at; and the third line shows the words in Irish, according to the Irish orthography and collocation.

" Hanno, a Carthaginian, had two daughters, who, with their
 " nurse, were carried off by robbers, and sold to a person, who
 " brought them to Calydon in Ætolia; having long travelled in
 " quest of them, he at last arrives where they are, and makes the
 " following speech.

1.

Carthaginian, as in Plautus.

" Nythalonim ualon uth si corathissima comsyth.

With proper intervals.

" Nyth al o nim ua lonuth sicorathissi ma com syth.

Irish.

" O all nimh n'iath, lonnaith uath! so cruidhse me com sith.

" O mighty Deity of this country, powerful, terrible! quiet
 me with rest.

2.

Carthaginian, as in Plautus.

“Chim lach chunyth mumys tyal mycthibarii imischi.

Proper intervals.

“Chim lach chunyth mum ys tyal mycthii barii imi schi.

Irish.

“Chuinigh lach chimithe; is toil muini beiridh miocht iar
mi schith.

“Support of weak captives; be thy will to instruct me to
obtain my children after my fatigue.

3.

Carthaginian, as in Plautus.

“Lipho canet hyth bymithii ad ædin binuthii.

Proper intervals.

“Lipho can etyth by mithii ad ædin binuthii.

Irish.

“Can ati liomtha mitche be beannaithe ad eaden.

“Let it come to pass, that my earnest prayers be blessed
before thee.

4.

Carthaginian, as in Plautus.

“Byrnarob syllo homalonim uby misyrtholo.

Proper intervals.

“Byr nar ob syllo homal O nim! ubymis yrthoho.

Irish.

“Bier nar ob siladh umhal; O Nim! ibhim a frotha.

“A fountain denied not to drop to the humble; O Deity, that
I may drink of its streams.

5.

Carthaginian, as in Plautus.

“Bythlym mothym noctothii nelechanti diasmachon.

Proper intervals.

“Byth lym! mo thym nocto thii nel ech anti dias machon.

Irish.

“Beith liom! mo thime noctaithe niel ach anti daisie macoiune.

“Be with me! my fears being disclosed, I have no other intention but recovering my daughter.”

There is also a memorable remark of the general, when he is informed that his daughter has been found in the Temple of Venus, in which there is not the difference of a single letter between the Punic and Irish sentence. “*Handone silli hanum bene silli in mustine.*” In English: “When Venus grants a favour, it is generally attended by some misfortune.”

note
hand.
In further corroboration, the discovery of Carthaginian swords in the bogs of Ireland, has been adduced. Lieutenant Gen. Campbell is in possession of one of the swords found near Armagh; it is made of brass, about twenty inches long, two inches broad, having small holes in the handle, supposed to have been perforated for the purpose of admitting thongs to be fastened to them; which size and marks correspond precisely with the swords discovered on the plains of Cannæ, as I have been informed by an intelligent friend, who had an opportunity of comparing the former with the latter, which he saw in several of the museums in Italy. The facts are curious, and the deductions are at least ingenious. Learned men have supported and denied the Carthaginian origin of the Irish: and as I have not the smallest fragment of antiquarian armour to buckle on me, it would be infatuation to engage in this Punic war.

CHAPTER XV.

LYRIC QUALITY OF IRISH LANGUAGE—EXTRACTS FROM ANCIENT
IRISH BARDS—PATRICK LINDEN—FITZGERALD—O'GERAN.

THE Irish language is remarkable for flowing off in vowels upon the ear, and for the smoothness and harmony of its cadences, and is finely adapted to lyric poetry. I have made the following extracts from some beautiful poems of the ancient Irish poets, as a favourable specimen of their genius; all except one of them are contained in a book, which is now very scarce, Miss Brook's *Reliques of Irish Poetry*.

SONG

BY PATRICK LINDEN.

Oh! fairer than the mountain snow,
When o'er it North's pure breezes blow!
In all its dazzling lustre drest,
But purer, softer is thy breast!

With softened fire imperial blood
Pours through thy frame its generous flood,
Rich in thy azure veins it flows,
Bright in thy blushing cheek it glows!

See how the swan presumptuous strives,
Where glowing majesty revives,
With proud contention to bespeak
The soft dominion of that cheek!

Beneath it, sure, with subtle heed,
Some rose by stealth its leaf convey'd;
To shed its bright and beauteous dye,
And still the varying bloom supply.

The tresses of thy silken hair,
 As *curling mists* are soft and fair;
 Bright waving o'er thy graceful neck,
 Its pure and tender snow to deck!

How does thy needle's art pourtray
 Each pictur'd form, in bright array!
 With nature's self maintaining strife,
 It gives its own creation life.

Pulse of my heart! dear source of care,
 Stolen sighs, and love-breath'd vows!
 Sweeter than when, through scented air,
 Gay bloom the apple-boughs!

With thee no days can winter seem,
 Nor frost nor blast can chill;
 Thou the soft breeze, the cheering beam,
 That *keep it summer still*.

SONG.

THE MAID OF THE VALLEY.

Have you not seen the charmer of the vale,
 Nor heard her praise, in love's fond accents drest?
 Nor how that love has turn'd my youth so pale?
 Nor how those graces rob my soul of rest?

That slender brow! that hand so dazzling fair,
 No silk its hue or softness can express!
 No feather'd songsters can their down compare,
 With half the beauty those dear hands possess.

Of Beauty's garden, Oh! thou fairest flow'r,
 Accept my vows, and *truth* for *treasure* take!
 Oh! deign to share with me Love's blissful pow'r,
 Nor constant faith for fleeting wealth forsake!

ODE, BY FITZGERALD.

WRITTEN BY AN IRISH POET IN THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH,
ON HIS SETTING OUT ON A VOYAGE TO SPAIN.

Bless my good ship, protecting pow'r of grace!
And o'er the winds, the waves, the destin'd coast,
Breathe benign Spirit! Let thy radiant host
 Spread their angelic shields!
Before us, the bright bulwark let them place,
And fly before us, through their azure fields!

O calm the voice of winter's storm!
Rule the wrath of angry seas,
The fury of the rending blast appease,
 Nor let its rage fair Ocean's face deform!
O check the biting wind of spring,
And from before our course,
Arrest the fury of its wing,
 And terrors of its force!
So may we safely pass the dang'rous cape,
And from the perils of the deep escape!

I grieve to leave the splendid seats
Of Teamor's ancient fame!
Mansion of heroes, now farewell!
Adieu ye sweet retreats,
Where the fam'd hunters of your ancient vale,
Who swell'd the high heroic tale,
 Were wont of old to dwell:
And you, *bright tribes of sunny streams, adieu!*
While my sad feet their mournful path pursue,
Ah, well their lingering steps my grieving soul proclaim!

Receive me now, my ship! hoist now thy sails,
To catch the favouring gales.
O Heaven! before thine awful throne I bend!
O let thy power thy servant now protect!
Increase of knowledge and of wisdom lend,
Our course through ev'ry peril to direct;
 To steer us safe through ocean's rage,
Where angry storms their dreadful strife maintain;
 O may thy pow'r their wrath assuage!
May smiling suns, and gentle breezes reign!

Stout is my well-built ship, the storm to brave,
Majestic in its might,
Her bulk, tremendous on the wave,
Erects its stately height!
From her strong bottom, *tall in air*
Her branching masts aspiring rise;
Aloft their cords, and curling heads they bear,
And give their sheeted ensigns to the skies;
While her proud bulk frowns awful on the main,
And seems the fortress of the liquid plain!

Dreadful in the shock of fight,
She goes,—she cleaves the storm!
Where ruin wears its most tremendous form
She sails, exulting in her might;
On the fierce necks of foaming billows rides,
And through the roar
Of angry ocean to the destin'd shore
Her course triumphant guides;
As though beneath her frown the winds were dead,
And each blue valley was their silent bed!

Through all the perils of the main
She knows her dauntless progress to maintain!
Through quicksands, flats, and breaking waves,
Her dang'rous path she dares explore;
Wrecks, storms, and calms, alike she braves,
And gains, with scarce a breeze, the wish'd for shore!
Or in the hour of war,
Fierce on she bounds; in conscious might,
To meet the promis'd fight!
While distant far,
The fleets of wond'ring nations gaze,
And view her course with emulous amaze,
As like some champion son of fame,
She rushes on the shock of arms,
And joys to mingle in the loud alarms,
Impell'd by rage, and fir'd with glory's flame.

Sailing with pomp upon the watery plain,
Like some huge monster of the main,
My ship her speckled bosom laves,
And high in air her curling ensign waves;

Her stately sides, with polish'd beauty gay,
And gunnel, bright with gold's effulgent ray.

* * * * *

God of the winds! O hear my pray'r!
 Safe passage now bestow!
 Soft, o'er the slumbering deep, may fair
 And prosperous breezes blow!
 O'er the rough rock, and swelling wave,
 Do thou our progress guide!
 Do thou from angry ocean save,
 And o'er its rage preside.



ELEGY TO THE DAUGHTER OF OWEN.

*There is no account extant of the fair subject. The poet's name
 was O'Geran.*

Daughter of Owen! behold my grief!
 Look soft Pity's dear relief!
 Oh! let the beams of those life-giving eyes
 Bid my fainting heart arise;
 And, from the now opening grave,
 Thy faithful lover save!

Snatch from death his dire decree!
 What is impossible to thee?
Star of my life, soul-cheering light!
 Beam of mildness, soft as bright;
 Do not, like others of thy sex,
 Delight the wounded heart to vex!

* * * * *

Haste, haste! no more the kind relief delay!
 Come speak, and look, and smilie, my woes away!
 O haste, ere pity be too late!
 Haste, and intercept my fate!
 Or soon behold life, love, and sorrow end,
 And see me to an early tomb descend!

For, ah! what med'cine can my cure impart,
Or what physician heal a broken heart?

* * * * *

Again, at gentle love's command,
Reach forth thy snowy hand!
Soft into mine its whiteness steal,
And its dear pressure let me feel!

Unveil the bashful radiance of thine eyes,
(*Bright trembling gems!*) and let me see them rise!
Lift the fair lids where their soft glories roll,
And send their secret glances to my soul.

* * * * *

Hast thou not heard the weeping muse relate
The mournful tale of young Narcissus' fate?
How, as the bards of ancient days have sung,
While fondly o'er the glassy stream he hung;
Enamour'd, he his lovely form survey'd,
And died, at length, the victim of a shade.

Sweet! do not thou a like misfortune prove!
O be not such thy fate, nor such thy love!
Let peril rather warn, and wisdom guide,
And from thyself thy own attractions hide!
No more on that bewitching beauty gaze,
Nor trust thy sight to meet its dazzling blaze!

Hide, hide thy breast so snowy fair!
Hide the bright tresses of thy hair!
And oh! *those eyes of radiant ruin hide!*
What heart their killing lustre can abide?
How, while their soft and tender glances roll,
They steal its peace from the unwary soul!

Hide the *twin-berries of thy lip's perfume*,
Their breathing fragrance, and their deepening bloom;
And those fair cheeks that glow like radiant morn,
When Sol's bright rays his blushing east adorn!

No more to thy incautious sight display'd
Be that dear form, in tender grace array'd!
 The rosy finger's tap'ring charms;
 The slender hand, the snowy arms;
 The little foot so soft and fair;
 The timid step, the modest air;
No more their graces let thine eyes pursue,
But hide, O hide, the peril from thy view!

The following extracts from a poem called the Lamentation of Cucullin over the body of his son Conloch are very affecting: neither the name of the poet, nor the era in which it was written, are known. Cucullin, who was one of the celebrated "heroes of the Western Isle," fell in love with the beautiful Aife in Scotland, whom leaving pregnant upon his being suddenly recalled to Ireland, he directed, if the child should be a son, to send him to Ulster as soon as his military studies were completed, and gave her a chain of gold to put round his neck that he might know him. In time the youth came to Ireland, clothed in armour, to seek his father, who, mistaking him for an hostile knight, slew him, when the dying youth acknowledged himself to be his son.

Alas! alas! for thee,
 O Aife's hapless son!
And oh, of sires the most undone,
My child! my child! woe, tenfold woe to me!

Alas! that e'er these fatal plains
Thy valiant steps receiv'd!
And oh, for Cualma's wretched chief,
 What now, alas! remains?
What, but to gaze upon his grief?
Of his sole son, by his own arm bereav'd!

O! had I died before this hour!—
 My lost, my lovely child!
Before this arm my Conloch's arm oppos'd;
 Before this spear against him was address;
Before these eyes beheld his eye-lids clos'd,
 And life's warm stream thus issuing from his breast!

Then, Death, how calmly had I met thy power!
 Then, at thy worst of terrors, had I smil'd!

Could Fate no other grief devise?
 No other foe provide?
 Oh! could no aim but mine suffice
 To pierce my darling's side?
 My Conloch! 'tis denied thy father's woe,
 Even the sad comfort of revenge to know!
 To rush upon thy murderer's cruel breast,
 Scatter his limbs, and rend his haughty crest!
 While his whole tribe in blood should quench my rage,
 And the dire fever of my soul assuage!
 The debt of vengeance then should well be paid,
 And thousands fall the victims of thy shade!

But what for me—for me is left!
 Of more, and dearer far than life bereft!
 Doom'd to yet unheard of woe!
 A father, doom'd to pierce his darling's side,
 And, oh! with blasted eyes abide
To see the last dear drops of filial crimson flow!

Alas!—my trembling limbs!—my fainting frame!—
 Grief!—is it thou?—
 O, conquering grief!—I know thee now!
 Well do thy sad effects my woes proclaim!
 Poor victor!—See thy trophies where they lie!—
 Wash them with tears! then lay thee down and die!

* * * * *

Lo! the sad remnant of my slaughter'd race,
Like some lone trunk, I wither in my place!
 No more the sons of Usnoth to my sight
 Give manly charms, and to my soul delight!

MOIRA BORB: A POEM.

SUPPOSED TO BE BY OISIN.

As morn from ocean lifts her lovely light,
Fresh from the wave, with gentle splendours bright;
So rose the maid as she approach'd the shore,
And her light bark to land its burden bore.

Deck'd by soft love with sweet attractive grace,
And all the charms of mind-illumin'd face;
Before our host the beauteous stranger bow'd,
And, thrown to earth, her eyes their glories shroud.

Her soft salute return'd, with courteous air,
Finn, *by the hand of snow*, conducts the fair.
Upon his left, the valiant Gaul was plac'd;
And on his right, her seat the stranger grac'd.

CHAPTER XVI.

A TRAVELLING HINT—COUNTRY BANKS—ADAIR: ITS MONASTIC RUINS—TASTE AND VENERATION OF THE LOWER ORDERS FOR THEM—PROVINCIAL IDIOM—THE PALATINES—GLOOMY COUNTRY—THE SOCIAL TOBACCO-PIPE—FIGURATIVE EXPRESSIONS—WHIMSICAL EXCHANGE—A PAIR OF BREECHES—THE MOUNTAINEER AND HIS DOG—APPROACH KILLARNEY—OPINION OF THE LOW IRISH OF THE ENGLISH—KILLARNEY—IRISH FOND OF LAW—THE EPITAPH—MUCRUSS—PROMPT DROLLERY—A CAUTION—SINGULAR PREDILECTION—RESOLUTION—ANEC-DOTES OF CAROLAN—SPECIMENS OF HIS POETIC GENIUS.

THERE are no stages or regular posting to Killarney. I was obliged to hire a chaise to go all the way for four guineas: the owner of it paying for the feeding of the post-boy and horses. The traveller will now, more than ever, be distressed for want of an uniform circulating medium: I therefore advise him to change his notes for those of Roches, bankers in this place, which will be taken at Cork and Killarney, and on the road. A lady at the inn where I was, assured me, that she had been detained a whole day in the the country, because, having no money, and no other than local notes, the keeper of the turnpike refused to let her pass. Notes for eighteen-pence are abundant. Bankers are almost as common as potatoes in the counties of Limerick, Kerry, and Cork. At a village not far from Limerick, a blacksmith issues sixpenny notes, which circulate in the village, and no farther.

In the band of one of the militia regiments I saw a banker who had *failed for five pounds!* and, trifling as this sum is, no doubt several suffered by the petty defaulter. In short, were not the inconveniences of such a system greatly oppressive, and the temptation to fraud shocking, these *musquito* bankers would furnish many a smile to the traveller as he wanders through the west and south-

west of Ireland ; but, as he values comfort and progressive motion, let him be careful how he receives in payment the notes which will be offered to him.

About seven o'clock in the morning, under a tolerable specimen of the humidity of the atmosphere of this part of Ireland, I bade adieu to Limerick, so famous for its pretty women, its river, its gloves, and its depots of beef and pork. I saw nothing worthy of notice till I approached Adair, the town where we first halted, which presented a very picturesque and beautiful appearance. This village, which is situated in the barony of Kennery, and on the Maig which communicates with the Shannon, abounds with ruins of churches and convents, which in distant times belonged to the Franciscan friars. Every spot is holy ground. The ruins which are in the highest preservation, are those of a religious house in the south side of the town, built in the reign of king Edward I, by John earl of Kildare, for friars of the order of the Holy Trinity, for the redemption of christian captives : its steeple is supported by a plain arch, with four diagonal ogives meeting in the centre, and stairs which rise to the battlements. The nave and choir are small and plain. On the south side of the river there is another friary in high preservation, founded by John earl of Kildare, who died 1315. In the choir, which is large, are stalls, and a corresponding nave, with a lateral aisle on the south side. To the north of the steeple are some beautiful cloisters, with Gothic windows, within which, on three sides of the square, are corridors ; and on most of these windows are escutcheons with the English and saltier crosses, in general ranged alternately. The principal parts are of hewn lime-stone, which appears fresh, and the workmanship is simply elegant. Near the cloisters are several apartments, which appear to be much more ancient than the other parts of the building. In the east part of the town a grey friary was founded by Thomas earl of Kildare, and Joan his wife, daughter of James earl of Desmond, in 1465.

All these ruins are delightfully situated, and time has finely coloured those parts which the ivy has not covered. The moralist, the painter, and the antiquarian, will not pass Adair without

heaving a sigh for poor mortality, without borrowing some venerable grace from the hoary pile, or tracing, amid the mouldering ruins, the skill and taste of distant ages. My driver was a very good-humoured fellow, who stuttered most unintelligibly till I became a little accustomed to him; and although wet to the skin, and a glass of whisky lay before him, he would first conduct me to these monastic remains which, if I might judge by the brightness of his eyes, and the vivacity of his gestures, and by putting the heads and tails and scattered limbs of his words together as well as I could, he seemed to enjoy in a manner very creditable to his feelings. I was surprised to find, not only here, but in every other part of Ireland which I visited, that the Anglo-hipernian language spoken was free from provincial idiom; the only difference which I found arose from the pronunciation of a few words being more or less broad.

Upon the road I met horses laden with goods fastened by ropes of hay, horses drawing in hay harness, and pigs checked in their erratic disposition, by having one of their front and hinder legs agreeably attached to each other by the same simple material; and the female peasants looked neat and clean, and poised their milk-pails with admirable dexterity.

As I passed the race-course, about a mile before I reached the town of Rathkeale, for the first time I heard the Irish funeral-howl issuing from a cottage, where, by an oblique peep, I saw several persons assembled, who, without any appearance of grief, produced the most dismal sounds. The ceremony upon those occasions I have before described. In this part of the country, and particularly in the neighbourhood of Rathkeale, the descendants of the Palatines, who came over to this country in 1709, reside. In the benignity of the British nation, these Germans found a refuge from the oppression of their own prince, and of the French, on account of their religious faith. They were recommended by queen Anne to the protection of the Irish parliament, which, from a belief that their residence would strengthen the protestant religion, voted five thousand a year to her majesty for three years, to defray the expense attending their settlement. Their descendants

are a loyal, laborious, and respectable race of men. In the rebellion they formed themselves into volunteer corps, and, by essential services, requited the protection which the nation had afforded to them. The county which they inhabit has experienced great advantages from their skill and industry. Their cottages are built after the fashion of their own country, and are remarkably neat and clean. The women frequently wear the large straw hat and short petticoat of the Palatinate. They never marry out of their own community. They use a plough peculiar to themselves, and retain many other of their original customs. The native peasantry have been much improved by their society and example. Several of these people reside on Sir William Barker's estate, in the county of Tipperary, and are much respected. In their emigration, settlement, and deportment, they resemble the Dutch colony established within two or three miles of Copenhagen, which supplies that city with milk, butter, and its best vegetables.

Rathkeale (from rath, a fort; and ciel, a wood) fourteen miles from Adair, is situated on the river Deel, within four miles of the Shannon: the country leading to it is agreeable. The remains of several castles are to be found in the town, which sustained an attack from the English in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. There are also the remains of a priory dedicated to the Virgin Mary. In the window of one of the ruins, the effigy of an old man, like that of peeping Tom of Coventry, has been ridiculously introduced. All the inns, as usual, have little shops; and I rejoiced to find that whisky was rapidly giving way to Cork porter. The present lord viscount Courteney has vast possessions in this part of the country.

When I ascended those great mountains which rise between Rathkeale and Abbeyfeale, I found the road for the first time very bad, and neglected, in consequence, as I was informed, of this route to Killarney being very little frequented. The country assumed a barren and gloomy appearance: the thinly scattered peasantry, attracted by the novel appearance of a chaise in these gloomy regions, stood half-enveloped in smoke at the doors of their miserable hovels, and displayed all the marks of extreme

penury. The summit of one mountain proved, when we had reached it, to be only the base of another: the evening, shrouded in black clouds, charged with rain, rapidly set in; the wind roared, and only the light-blue smoke of the cabin relieved the universally deep-embrowned sterility of the scene. In these, and most other mountainous districts, the milk of sheep is used.

At Abbeyfeale, so called from the river that runs through it, and celebrated for a monastery which was formerly founded there, I put up for the night, which I expected to have passed in a wretched mud hovel, but was agreeably disappointed in finding the chaise stop before a neat inn which had just been opened. A fowl, who lost his head by my arrival, and who was not the tenderest of his kind; some excellent potatoes, a pyramid of fried pork, and a pint of excellent port-wine, introduced in a mug, formed the blended meals of dinner and supper, to which let me add the comfort of a most excellent turf-fire, and a good bed.

In the morning a bank-note of a neighbouring blacksmith was offered to me in exchange, which I only detained whilst I copied it as follows: "No. 18. *One British shilling*: for twenty-one of these, I will give the bearer a guinea note." The name signed I could not make out. The road to Castle Island, our next stage, distant ten miles, was a continuation of the same gloomy and mountainous scenery of black bog and barren heath, enlivened only by a few scattered goats: for miles not a cabin was to be seen; and the only animated being in the shape of man, a ragged peasant, upon a lean horse, drawing a hurdle with shafts without any wheels. When I looked out, I could scarcely believe that such a scene of desolation could conduct to the far-famed beauties of Killarney.

I found Castle Island a large town, in a state of rapid decay, owing, as I was informed, to a dispute amongst the proprietors regarding the division of their respective interests. The place was formerly called the Castle of the Island of Kerry. The castle was erected in 1226; but the ruins want wood and verdure to make them interesting. Immense masses of this building broken off, as solid and compact as rock, lie in the field in which it stands.

Only the shell of the market-house and assembly-rooms remains. The charter-school established here, I was informed, was wholly neglected: upon this subject I shall remark hereafter. It being cold, whilst the horses were feeding, I went into the kitchen to drink some wine and water; here I met with two old women who were smoking a single and very short pipe between them, each alternately taking a social puff. Upon my asking one of them whether the rebellion had raged here much, she replied: "No, your honour, we had only a *little blast* of it:" this figurative strength of expression is very common amongst the low Irish. Upon a rain having fallen after a severe frost, and the weather becoming softer, a fellow said, "that the rain had taken the *venom* out of it." Another said to a magistrate, before whom he brought a complaint against one of his neighbours, after describing what malice the latter bore him: "By my shoul, your honour, he would *poison the very earth* under me if he could." One of my old ladies, with natural politeness, offered to extinguish their joint pipe, if smoking were unpleasant to me. At the Castle Island, the innkeeper insisted upon it that all my shillings were bad, for the purpose of forcing upon me his shilling and sixpenny notes. Such perfect strangers are the people of this county (Kerry) to coin, that when the new penny-pieces were first circulated, the following singular and whimsical circumstance occurred: a militia soldier offered one of them in market to a salesman for a pair of stockings, the latter returned a tester in exchange with the stockings.

Turning round the road as I left this town, which I did with infinite pleasure, I met an Irish funeral: the corpse was in a plain deal coffin, and the population of two or three villages followed it, amongst whom about four or five men and women kept up a constant mournful cry, without any other indication of affliction: not one of them was in mourning, and I found my approach increased the chorus of the funeral yell. The country still continued very wild and dreary. In these mountainous regions, a stranger, moving in a *pair of breeches*, attracts even the attention of the dogs, the constant inmates of the cabins, who, upon seeing so great a

novelty approach, naturally regard it as a phenomenon portending no good, and accordingly set up the faithful howl of alarm. One of these vigilant guardians, after contemplating me for some time as I walked forward, gave the usual public notice of my arrival; upon which one of these mountaineers threw, *not a stone*, but a bit of turf, at him, and pulling off his hat, apologized for his dog wanting better manners. In one cabin I saw a pretty obstinate contest between a pig and his mistress; the latter wanted him to go out, and the former was resolved to stay in, and gained his point. The low Irish are very fond of giving fine names to these animals. A woman was overheard to say to a great sow: "Ah, Juliana! get out, what do you do here?" This reminds me of a celebrated pig-feeder and agriculturist in England, who, after dinner, at a show of cattle meeting gave a toast, Virginian his sow, and Horatio his boar.

A few miles before we reached Killarney, the face of the country very rapidly changed to fertility and beauty. The blue and purple sides of those vast mountains which inclose the lakes appeared full in my view: they rose majestically from a sea of vapour, and their heads were lost in the clouds. As we descended into the vale which led to the town, my driver, who by this time was quite intelligible to me, and who I found had impregnated me with a little of his stuttering, the natural effect of sympathy and association, observed: "Ah, your honour! here are glens and mountains! if you had them in your country, what a fine thing it would be for the robbers and murderers there: by my shoul, they are here of no use." I could not help smiling at his opinion of England: in vain did I tell him, that we had glens and mountains too, which were not infested with robbers and murderers. He shook his head to all I said. In many parts of Ireland I found the same unfortunate and unpleasant prejudice.

Instead of finding Killarney a little romantic place, as I had previously penciled it in my imagination, I entered a large town resembling Newport in the Isle of Wight; its streets were crowded with people: it is the principal town in the county of Kerry. To my great disgust, I found the quarter-sessions were holding.

Every Irishman thinks himself somewhat of a lawyer, and is, from the little vanity of displaying his logical skill, more than from a spirit of litigation, uncommonly fond of being a party to a cause, or forming one of the auditory of a court of justice; hence in Ireland the quarter-sessions never fail to bring an uncommon number of people together.

I arrived late, and found a very respectable hotel so crowded, that I could scarcely make my way to the landlord to learn that he had not even a vacant chair in his house; so I drove, by his recommendation, to an inn kept by a Mrs. Murphy, which I found to be more quiet and very comfortably, and with which I had no fault to find, but that I was obliged at night to fasten my room door with a pair of old snuffers. After a late dinner the weather cleared up, and the lustre of a new moon, occasionally obscured by light clouds, induced me to walk to Ross Castle, about two miles distant, to the shores of the lower lake. As I stood by this hoary pile, the stupendous mountains and dusky islands finely reflected in the water, which resembled a dark mirror, the soft brightness of the lunar light, the sound of distant cascades, and of a boat moving as if by magic to the shore, formed a sublime and solemn scene too powerful and impressive for the pen to convey. Before breakfast the next day, I strolled through the town, which contains several handsome houses. Behind a screen of arbutus, laurels, and jessamines, raised upon the external wall of the Roman catholic chapel, a monument attracted my notice; it was a marble urn, half covered with a pall, resting upon a sarcophagus, under which the following elegant and affecting epitaph was written.

“ Entombed

near this Monument, lie the remains

of the Right Reverend GERALD TRAHAN,

Doctor of the Sorbonne, and R. C. Bishop of Kerry.

His doctrine and his life reflected credit on each other.

In him were blended

the easy politeness of a gentleman

with the purest principles of a Christian.

Given to hospitality, gentle, sober, just, holy, continent,
his charity was diffusive and exemplary;
the patron and protector of honourable merit.

He was learned without ostentation,
and religious without intolerance:

his affable manners and instructive conversation
charmed every ear, and vanquished every heart.

To perpetuate the memory of so beloved a character,
his mourning friends have erected this monument,
a frail memorial of their veneration for his virtues,
and a faint testimony of their grief for a misfortune,
alas! indelibly engraved on their hearts.

He died on the 4th day of July, 1797, aged 54 years.*

If I were charmed with the epitaph, I was doubly so upon finding that it was the composition of a *protestant clergyman*. Whilst I was puzzling myself to think how I should reach major Mahony, of Dunloe Castle, six miles distant, to whom I had a letter of introduction, he was pointed out to me in the street; and, after a very kind reception, he introduced me to major, now lieutenant-colonel Heyland, the commanding officer of the Londonderry militia, who, with the characteristic politeness and warmth of an Irish gentleman, improved by having visited the most polished courts of Europe, made an immediate arrangement for my seeing every thing worthy of attention at Killarney. In half an hour after this introduction, I was on my road to Mucruss, well mounted, with my Killarney friend. We passed by the house and grounds of lord Kenmare: the former is large and somewhat aged, and possesses nothing worthy of notice; the latter are very beautiful. As we turned into Mucruss, the estate of H. A. Herbert, Esq., the richest scenery opened upon us: the ground, gently undulating, clothed with vivid green verdure, the effect of the great humidity of the climate here, was adorned with almost every variety of shrubs, flourishing in the highest beauty and perfection. The graceful ruins of Mucruss abbey on our right, half embosomed

in a group of luxuriant and stately trees, influenced, as soon as seen, the bridle of our horses. I contemplated, with reverence, a very ancient and prodigious yew, the trunk of which is between seven and eight feet in circumference, which grows in the centre of a cloistered court, and covers it with a roof of branches and leaves, whilst some ash-trees of a prodigious size overshadow it without. This yew-tree is the object of superstitious veneration amongst the low people, who also exhibit their devotion to the saint of the place, by going round the building a certain number of times, during which they recite prayers. Pilgrims come from a considerable distance to do penance here. According to tradition, many Irish kings and chiefs are buried in the abbey, a favourite place of sepulture, where the dead are buried only on the south and east sides: the north is looked upon, I was told, as the Devil's side, and the west is preserved for unbaptized children, for soldiers, and strangers. In this court are windows of unequal sizes: to try the prompt drollery of an Irishman whom I met afterwards, I asked him the cause of the inequality. "By my shoul!" said he, "and the great windows were for the fat friars to look through, and the smaller ones for the little friars." Whilst I was reading a pathetic epitaph upon one of the monuments in the abbey, I felt myself affected by putrid effluvia; and upon looking on each side, I observed, for the first time, some bodies, which might have been interred two or three months, in coffins, the planks of which had started, not half covered with mould. Upon quitting the spot, a great collection of skulls and bones, promiscuously heaped up, in niches in the walls, excited melancholy observation.

I would recommend to the good people of Killarney in their arrangement of these wretched relics of our frail existence, the mode adopted in the chapel of All Souls, commonly called the *Skull Chapel*, at the Franciscan convent on the Tereira da Cea in Funchal, in the island of Madeira, the roof and sides of which are entirely composed of the skulls and thigh-bones of deceased monks, which are arranged with ghastly taste and horrible regularity. The soil of the abbey is very thin, and every effort has

been made to dissuade the lower classes from bringing their dead here, but in vain. It is a fact that those who have been buried six months or a year before, are raised and placed on one side to make room for those who are brought for interment afterwards.

So loaded with contagion is the air of this spot, that every principle of humanity imperiously calls upon the indulgent owner to exercise his right of closing it up as a place of sepulture in future. I warn every one who visits Killarney, as he values life, not to enter this abbey. Contrast renders doubly horrible the ghastly contemplation of human dissolution, tainting the surrounding air with pestilence, in a spot which nature has enriched with a profusion of romantic beauty. The superstition of the people in the neighbourhood of Adair, which I have mentioned, crowded one of the abbeys there with their dead, until the spot became the seat of infection; upon which, lord Adair, owner of the place, with equal prudence and resolution, sent for some of the soldiers of a militia regiment quartered in the neighbourhood, and having taken every proper precaution against infection, prevailed upon them, by a liberal remuneration, in one night to remove every vestige of corruption from the favourite abbey into the river, and never afterwards permitted another corpse to be buried in his grounds. His lordship lost his popularity for a short period, and more serious consequences were apprehended by his friends, but a little time and reflection restored him to the good opinion of those whom his good sense and firmness had offended.

Some years since an Englishman of handsome appearance, and in the prime of life, from what cause I could not learn, selected this abbey for the place of his retirement, and covered an open cell in one of the upper apartments, with fragments of tombs and coffins to protect himself against the inclemencies of the weather. He sometimes associated with the neighbours, and obtained such a reputation for sanctity, that the surrounding peasants used to supply him with food, till at last it was discovered that the holy man was given to solitary whisky indulgences, and

that he was seen reeling amongst the graves, and apostrophizing the bones that lay scattered in the aisles; in consequence of which the superstitious veneration of the good people of Killarney diminished, and in one night the eremite disappeared, having previously declared his intention of retiring to a cell upon the rock of Lisbon. I remember in Devonshire a letter-carrier, who, in consequence of a disappointment of the heart in early life, never shaved, and always lived upon raw meat.

The mansion of Mr. Herbert is a comfortable one; he was from home, but his housekeeper insisted upon tempting us with a sandwich of exquisite Killarney mutton: the house is in a bad situation. We visited a cottage which he built, called Turk-forest Lodge; the view from one side of it is fine, the situation is singular, and it seems to shiver in the vast shadow of the Turk mountain, at the base of which it stands.

Mucruss lake lies expanded below the garden very beautifully. From the cottage we proceeded to the Turk cascade, which falls from the Devil's Punch-bowl, a supposed volcanic crater, upon the summit of Mangerton mountain. Of the beauty of this fall I could not judge, as it was supplied with but little water when I saw it. The visitor of Killarney will be applied to by the people who belong to the boats, which are kept for visiting the lakes: the expense of hiring them, the charge of the boatmen, French-horns, victualling them, powder for the petteraro, generally amounts to about nine guineas, by the time all the lakes are visited. I speak only from information, for the polite attention I received prevented me from stating it with the certainty of experience. All the boats belong to Lord Kenmare, as lord of the lakes. In consequence of the sudden squalls that frequently blow, no sails are permitted.

The next morning being very rainy, we were prevented from going on the lakes, but were gratified by hearing the band of the Londonderry militia, which is a remarkably fine one, play some beautiful airs, composed by lady Steward, sister of lord Castle-reagh, and others of the justly celebrated Irish bard, Carolan. I have taken a brief account of this extraordinary genius, from the

Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards, by Joseph Cooper Walker, Esq. This poet was born in the year 1670, in the village of Nobber, in the county of Westmeath; he was deprived of sight at an early period: "My eyes," he used pleasantly to say, "are transplanted into my ears." Several years after he had lost his sight, he fell in love with a Miss Bridget Cruise, who refused him her hand: he made sweet verses upon her, upon which Mr. Walker elegantly compares him to Apollo, who, when he caught at the nymph, filled his arms with bays. A very extraordinary effect of his passion for this lady is mentioned by Mr. O'Conner. Upon his return from shore from St. Patrick's Purgatory, a cave in an island in Lough Dearg, in the county of Donnegal, where he had been on a pilgrimage, he found several pilgrims waiting the arrival of the boat which had conveyed him to the object of his devotion: in assisting some of these travellers to get on board, he chanced to take a lady's hand, and instantly exclaimed, "By the hand of my gossip, this is the hand of Bridget Cruise:" his feeling was faithful; the being whom he touched was the object of his earliest love. He was said to have been a genuine representative of the ancient bard, with a great share of Anacreontic spirit in his compositions. In his wanderings from house to house, where he always received a cordial welcome, he composed those airs, which are justly the delight of his countrymen. Carolan, at an early period of life, contracted a fondness for Irish wine, that is, whisky and other spirituous liquors, from which being interdicted by his physician, he sunk into a profound melancholy. Passing one day a grocer's shop, where whisky was sold, after six weeks' abstinence from his favourite indulgence, he told the young man who stood behind the counter to bring a measure of his favourite liquor, and declared that he only wished to smell it: the fumes ascended to his brain, and all his genius and animal spirits revived. He again drank the forbidden draught, and composed one of the sweetest of his songs, in that state, which he has so finely described in his "Receipt," when

"Sense feels no pain, and mind no care."

His wit was very ready and forcible. Being upon a visit with a parsimonious lady, as he sat one day playing upon his harp, he heard the butler, whose name was O'Flinn, unlock the cellar door, upon which he followed him, and requested a cup of beer; the fellow refused, and thrust him rudely from the cellar, upon which he composed the following severe epigram:

What pity hell's gates are not kept by O'Flinn!
So surly a dog would let nobody in.

So exquisite was the ear of Carolan, that he laid a wager with a celebrated Italian performer, upon a visit to lord Mayo, that he would follow him in any piece he played, and that he would afterwards play a voluntary, in which the foreigner should not be able to follow him; the offer was accepted, and Carolan was victorious. The celebrated Geminiani pronounced Carolan to be a wonderful musical genius. Soon after the death of his wife, to whom he was ardently attached, he followed her to the grave in March 1738, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. The following exquisite lines, from a translation by Miss Brookes, in her *Reliques of Irish Poetry*, will prove how sweet a poet Carolan was.

SONG FOR MABLE KELLY,

BY CAROLAN.

The youth whom fav'ring Heavens decree
To join his fate, my fair! with thee,
And see that lovely head of thine
With fondness on his arm recline;

No thought but joy can fill his mind,
Nor any care can entrance find;
Nor sickness hurt, nor terror shake,
And Death will spare him for thy sake!

THE STRANGER IN IRELAND.

For the bright flowing of thy hair,
That decks a face so heavenly fair;
And a fair form to match that face,
The rival of the cygnet's grace,

When with calm dignity she moves,
Where the clear stream her hue improves;
Where she her snowy bosom laves,
And floats majestic on the waves.

Grace gave thy form, in beauty gay,
And rang'd thy teeth in bright array;
All tongues with joy thy praises tell,
And love delights with thee to dwell.

To thee harmonious powers belong,
That add to verse the charms of song;
Soft melody to numbers join,
And make the poet half-divine.

As when the softly blushing rose,
Close by some neighbouring lily grows;
Such is the glow thy cheeks diffuse,
And such their bright and blended hues!

The timid lustre of thine eye,
With nature's purest tints can vie;
With the sweet blue-bell's azure gem,
That droops upon its modest stem!

How blest the bard, O lovely maid!
To find thee in thy charms array'd;
Thy pearly teeth, thy flowing hair,
Thy neck beyond the cygnet fair!

As when the simple birds at night
Fly round the torch's fatal light,
Wild, and with ecstasy elate,
Unconscious of approaching fate:

So the soft splendours of thy face,
And thy fair form's enchanting grace,
Allure to death unwary love,
And thousands the bright ruin prove!

Ev'n he whose hapless eyes no ray
Admit from beauty's cheering day;
Yet, though he cannot see the light,
He feels it warm, and knows it bright.

In beauty, talents, taste refin'd,
And all the graces of the mind;
In *all* unmatch'd thy charms remain,
Nor meet a rival on the plain.

Thy slender foot, thine azure eye,
Thy smiling lip of scarlet dye;
Thy tapering hand, so soft and fair,
The bright redundance of thy hair!

Oh, blest be the auspicious day
That gave them to thy poet's lay!
O'er rival bards to lift his name,
Inspire his verse, and swell his fame.

CAROLAN TO GRACY NUGENT.

BY CHARLES WILSON, ESQ.

The fairest flow'r of beauty's spring,
Now softly prompts the swelling string;
Oh! Gracy, born of generous race,*
Too happy in each nameless grace:

* She was related to the Nugent family.

- Who meets thy presence sure is blest,
No more by anxious sorrow prest;
If fortune frowns, one single ray
From thy bright eyes effuses day.

Thy hair by Beauty's fingers spun,
Dipt in the *gleam of setting sun*,
Sheds on thy neck, in wanton play,
The mimic drops and pearls of day.

CHAPTER. XVII.

VISIT TO THE LOWER LAKE—ROSS CASTLE—THE ISLAND OF INNISFALLEN DESCRIBED—THE HERMAPHRODITICAL HOLLY—O'SULLIVAN'S CASCADE—VEGETABLE MASSACRE—THE QUARTER SESSIONS—LOW IRISH FOND OF LAW—NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS—DROLLERY OF CONVICTED CULPRIT—WIT—CLASSICAL CHARACTER OF THE COUNTY OF KERRY—CASTLES—CATHOLIC SEMINARIES—VISIT TO THE UPPER LAKE—THE STRAWBERRY-TREE—EVASIVE ANSWERS—THE ECHO—ANECDOTE—BREAKING HEADS FOR LOVE—FIGHTING A SIGN OF TRANQUILLITY—THE PURPLE MOUNTAIN—ANECDOTES OF KING DONAHUE—ANECDOTE OF IRISH MAGNANIMITY—TILLAGE AND AGRICULTURE—POPULATION OF IRELAND.

UPON the weather clearing up about two o'clock in the afternoon, we rode to Ross castle to take water, where colonel Heyland's boat and six men and a bugle were waiting for us. The road to the castle runs through a bog, and is rather dreary. The castle is picturesque, and forms a barrack for a company of soldiers: it stands in Ross island, the largest in the lake, about a mile in length, almost covered with evergreens, and abounding with copper and lead mines. This castle was formerly a royal residence, or rather the seat of the lords of the lakes, who assumed the title of kings. The family of O'Donahue was the last that bore this title. As we stopped to look at the castle, one of the people belonging to it presented me with a copper two shillings and six-penny piece, which had been found with others of the same coin in Ireland, and which were coined, and forced into short-lived circulation, during the distresses of James the second in Ireland.

The lower lake seemed to be spotted with an archipelago of islands. We proceed to Innisfallen, one of the largest and most beautiful of them. It is a lawn containing about seventeen acres

of the richest verdure, fenced with rock: a path runs round the island, overarched with trees of the most luxuriant growth. The holly, beech, and yew, abound here, and grow to prodigious size and beauty. I saw a holly with two sorts of leaves, one prickly and the other smooth; they were called male and female leaves: and another was eleven feet and a half in circumference. From one point we saw before us the vast mountains of Glenaa and Toomish, towering into the clouds, which were contrasted by the softer scenes of the wooded shores of Ross island.

At one extremity of Innisfallen, our guide took great pains to show us a hollow rock, which is called the Bed of Honour, and is said to possess a charm against sterility in women. Amongst brambles and briars we found the remains of a small abbey, founded at the close of the sixth century. According to the annals of Munster, A. D. 1180, this abbey and ground were esteemed a paradise and a secure sanctuary, in which the treasures of the whole country were occasionally deposited with its clergy. On the north-east point near the landing-place is a small building, supposed to have been a chapel, now used by visitors to dine in. The ledges of rocks which environ this wilderness of sweets are romantic beyond imagination: they were richly carpeted to their very edges with verdure, which cover their angles and unevenness; and they support, without any apparent nourishment, the richest shrubs and trees. In some places these rocks presented the most rugged and fantastic little bays, in others they had the graceful appearance of pedestals of polished marble. In this Tempè the imagination felt all its energies awaken; it formed some romantic associate for every bower, green nook, and winding path: in the centre it raised an ærial monument to that bard who has elucidated nature without either an example or an imitator, to Shakspeare; and opposite to the fairy pile, it placed the bust of that wonderful being, who, without a rival in form, voice, expression, and majesty, has embodied the divinest images of his mind to a Siddons!

——— *Hic lætis otia fundis*

*Speluncæ, vivique lacus, hic frigida Tempè,
Mugitusque boiüm.*

Islands in this lake are dispersed without order along the level shores to the east and north; to the south and west, there is one unbroken sheet of water.

Upon leaving this enchanting spot, we crossed over to O'Sullivan's cascade, a mountain stream roaring down a rocky channel on the side of Glenaa. We were conducted through a winding unequal path, deeply overshadowed with trees, which lessened as we approached the fall, upon which the sun shone brilliantly; the leafless branch of a blasted oak stretched half-across it; its rebounding foam, white as the driven snow, spread as it were a muslin veil over the light green of the shrubs which crowned the summit of the fall, and the gray and moss-covered rocks, over which the descending waters roared to the lake. Upon our return, I was informed that Glenaa was till lately entirely clothed with the finest woods. Oh that the genius of the lakes could have prevailed upon the noble lord of the mountain (lord Kenmare) to have spared this vegetable massacre, this melancholy, I had almost said sacrilegious mutilation!

*Procumbunt piceæ, sonat icta securibus ilex,
Fraxineæque trabes; cuneis et fissile robur
Scinditur: advolvunt ingentes montibus ornos.—VIRGIL.*

Although stripped of its leafy honours by the axe, it still presented a majestic appearance: one side of it was finely feathered with oak, holly, and arbutus, and those parts which the woodman had denuded were covered over with a rich warm brown tint.

Let me here caution those who visit the lakes against having turf or Kilkenny-coal fires in their bed-rooms; by the former I had nearly perished in the night by suffocation, and the latter has more than once proved fatal.

The next morning I attended the quarter-sessions, at which a barrister presided. At this meeting the character of the people was strikingly developed. The greatest good-humour prevailed in the court, which was a large naked room, with a quantity of turf piled up in one corner of it. Every face looked animated; scarcely any decorum was kept, but justice was expeditiously,

and I believe substantially, administered by the barrister, who is addressed by that name, and who appeared to be perfectly competent to the discharge of his judicial duties. He was elevated above the rest. A fellow, like every one of his countrymen in or out of court, loving law to his soul, projected himself too forward to hear a cause which was proceeding: the officer of the court, who, like the bell of Peeping Tom of Coventry, made a horrible noise by endeavouring to keep silence, struck this anxious unlucky wight a blow on the head with a long pole, almost sufficiently forcible to have felled an ox; the fellow rubbed his head, all the assembly broke out in a loud laugh, in which the object of their mirth could not resist joining. Instead of counsel, solicitors pleaded: one of them was examining a rustic, a witness on behalf of his client, when I entered: the poor fellow suffered answers unfavourable to the party for whom he appeared to escape him; upon which, after half a dozen imprecations, the solicitor threw the Testament on which he had been sworn at his head; a second laugh followed; another fellow swore backwards and forwards ten times in about as many minutes, and whenever he was detected in the most abominable perjury, the auditory was thrown into convulsions of merriment. The barrister held in his hands not the scales of justice, but a little brass machine for weighing shillings, similar to that which I described to have been used by my fair glover in Dublin, and which was in frequent requisition upon the judicial seat, for ascertaining the due weight of fees paid into court; another proof of the injurious effects of the wretched state of the circulating medium! The day before, a young nobleman, whose political genius and unblemished integrity have been since so brilliantly brought forward, by the demise of one of the most incorruptible and eloquent, though not the most successful of ministers, was seated on the bench, for the purpose of observing the habits of the people: I allude to the present chancellor of the exchequer, lord Henry Petty. His presence was regared as a flattering compliment; but whether it kept those sons of drolery and mirth in better order I know not.

When his Lordship was present, a culprit was sentenced to three months imprisonment: as he was conducted out of court, the fellow said, "By Jasus, it is all owing to his lordship, long life to him; if he had not been there, I know the barrister, as worthy a gentleman as ever lived, would only have sentenced me for a fortnight; but he thought, as the young lord was there, if he had let me off more aisy, he would not have been thought to have done his duty, and there it is."

The low Irish are not only fond of law, but are capable of making shrewd remarks upon the administration of justice. Many years since, a gentleman of *consequence and interest* was tried at the assizes of Galway, for murder, and, notwithstanding the clearest evidence of the fact, the jury acquitted him. Soon afterwards, as some gentlemen were standing at a large window at Lucas's coffee-house, much resorted to in those days, situated exactly where the Exchange now is, a criminal was carried past to be executed: upon which they said, "What is that fellow going to be hanged for?" A low fellow who was passing by, and overheard the question, looked up and said: "Plaze your honours! for want of a *Galway jury*."

The next morning we set off by water for Dunloe castle, the seat of Major Mahony, standing upon the river Laune, or Lune, beyond the north end of the lower lake, which is nine miles long. The mouth of the river is so shallow, that we were obliged to get into a smaller boat, and were nearly lifted over several shallows. It is the only outlet from the lake, which receives from the surrounding mountains many plentiful streams, and discharges itself into the ocean about seven or eight miles distant. It separates O'Sullivan's country, as it is called, though it belongs to Mr. Herbert, from the estate of Macarthy more, which completes the western boundary of the lower lake. The lower people of Kerry are celebrated for their classical spirit. A gentleman, who alighted from his horse to take a view of the ancient family seat of Macarthy more some years since, gave the bridle to a poor boy to hold, who seemed very anxious to be employed in that way: the traveller, struck with his manner, entered into conver-

sation with him, and to his astonishment found, under an appearance of the most abject poverty, that he was well acquainted with the best Latin poets, had read most of the historians, and was then studying the orations of Cicero.

Upon our arrival at the castle, we found our horses ready saddled, and we immediately proceeded to a frightful scene of desolation, called the Gap, about three miles distant. It is a hideous pass through two prodigious mountains of barren rock and masses of stone, which looked as if all the rubbish of the creation, after the great creator had completed his work, had been collected together. From the summit of one of the sides, the Purple mountain, as it is called, capped with cloud, and the upper lake, are seen. Although there is scarcely soil sufficient to nourish a blade of grass, yet a little smoke which we saw, denoted that, upon the craggy cliffs, a few wretched cabins were scattered. The only animated being, except the individuals who composed our party, was a poor labourer, who, at a giddy depth, was quarrying slate. I felt no indisposition to quit this desolate region and return to Dunloe castle, where we found an excellent dinner, and an Irish welcome, waiting our arrival. In the woods near the castle, we passed by some of its towers and apartments, which the cannon of Cromwell and the rending hand of time, had laid prostrate. The part that retains its perpendicularity still preserves the dignified name of a castle, although it has only one room on a floor, and many of the family are obliged to be accommodated in out offices. I should think the castle, like many others which I saw in Ireland, must have been small: very few can have been places of defence. The pride of the ancient Irish gentry induced them to dignify their residences with the name of castles; that of a house, which is now so much the fashion in England, that every citizen's snug little box, with *forty yards square* of shrubbery, flower, and kitchen-garden, bears the pompous name, was called in Irish, by way of contempt, *clahane*, or a heap of stones. In Ledwich's *Antiquities*, there is the following account of Irish castles:

“ On the arrival of Henry II he ordered castles to be built: the want of these facilitated his grandfather’s attempt on England, as those he constructed secured its possession. In these our new colonists defied the resentment of the natives, and by them they restrained the fickleness, and preserved the allegiance of the Irish. About 1180, Lacy castellated Leinster and Meath.

* * * * *

“ The wild and rude manner of life of the Irish made them look on castles and the confinement within them with abhorrence. Sir John de Courcy constructed two in Mac Mahon’s country: these awed the latter, he became complaisant, swore fidelity, and made Courcy *his gossip*. Courcy at length bestowed on him the castles and their appendant lands. Within a month Mac Mahon demolished both. Being asked the reason for doing so, he answered, that he did not promise to hold stones, but land: that it was contrary to his nature to live within cold walls whilst the woods were so nigh. It was late before the Irish, in imitation of the English, raised a few piles for the captains of the country. ‘ I dare boldly say,’ adds Davis, ‘ that never any particular person, from the conquest to the reign of James I, did build any stone or brick house for his private habitation, but such as have lately obtained estates according to the course of the law of England.’ The reason of this he explains in his report of tanistry. Baron Finglas, in 1534, affirmed it to be easy to secure Ireland, from the number of forts and castles in it: but Fynes, Moryson, and Spencer, thought more were necessary, as the Irish had possessed themselves of many; and, according to Stanihurst, even built some. The latter tells us, O’Neal, O’Carrol, and the other great Irish princes, had large strong castles, and well furnished with military stores, and a watchman on their tops constantly calling out to alarm robbers.

* * * * *

“ The reader has already anticipated me in remarking, that all our castles, till the time of James I, were built by English masons, and on English plans: to describe, therefore, their various parts, after the curious and very circumstantial account already given

“ by Mr. King, of the English ones, in the *Archæologia*, would
“ be but to transcribe what he has written. Many of our Anglo-
“ Hibernian castles, as they were in 1599, may be seen in *Pacata*
“ *Hibernia*; a work, when to be had complete, extremely valuable
“ for its curious maps and engravings. These castles appear to have
“ been large and well fortified, and so strong as to bear a long
“ siege, and the assault of artillery; and most of these remain,
“ though in ruins. As for the battlemented houses and lawns, in-
“ creasing civility has levelled most of them. The common small
“ square castles, by far the most numerous, were the residence of
“ English undertakers. All these are existing monuments of the
“ infelicity of former ages, when cruel and domestic wars con-
“ vulsed and desolated the island, leaving little more than one
“ million of wretched miserable beings to occupy this beautiful
“ and fertile country.”

When I learned that there were five-and-twenty licensed whiskey-shops in Killarney, I was not surprised to hear that one of the candlesticks had been stolen from the altar of the Roman-catholic chapel there.

There is a noble school for catholic children at Killarney. When they are old enough to quit the seminary, they are ardently sought after as servants, as well by protestant as catholic families, on account of the irreproachable conduct of those who have been educated there: this is one amongst many powerful instances which may be adduced, to prove that the great object of the Irish government ought to be the illumination of the minds of the lower orders, without aiming at *proselytism*. Religion, let it embrace whatever faith it may, and education, must inevitably create a love of social order; superstition and ignorance must ever engender a spirit which is hostile to it. How many years are to roll away in storm and bloodshed, before this plain, but important, truth shall be admitted or acted upon?

The morning after our return from Dunloe Castle, we set off for the upper lake: it was still and serene, and the vapours hung upon the summits of the mountains in the most fantastic shapes. Below, every thing was clear and tranquil: I never before saw re-

fection in the water so perfect; and the echoes, upon the bugle being blown, were remarkably distinct. We passed O'Donahue's prison, an insulated rock, which has been much fretted by the waves: tradition says that the prince of that name used to chain his rebellious subjects to it. I saw several rocks which had been so eaten through by the action of the air and water, that they presented the appearance of dissected vertebræ.

In Mucruss lake there is a rock exactly resembling a horse in the act of drinking. As every island in these lakes has some traditional history attached to it, and as there are no less than thirty-four islands, I will spare my reader the labour of attending to them. We doubled the point of Ross island, and, at a distance, saw the machines for working the copper-mines lately discovered there.

Glenaa, always the great object of the lakes, and whom I had never contemplated before so closely, notwithstanding his spoliation, rose with uncommon majesty before us: upon his rocky and indented shores, the finest arbutus, or strawberry-trees, were in berry and blossom too; whilst its southern side presented a varied covering of the tops of oak, ash, pine, birch-trees, and alder; white-thorn, yew, and holly, growing wild, and blending their different greens with great luxuriance: here, a neat little cottage peeped upon us from some unexpected openings; there, the smoke curling above the tree-tops, pointed to its concealment; whilst groups of grazing cattle enlivened the whole. From a solid detached rock, apparently without any soil, we remarked a yew-tree growing. In Russian Finland, I remember having seen several firs growing, without any vegetable mould, upon the tops of masses of granite; they were supported by long fibrous roots which clasped the rock, and which I was able to overturn with ease.

On account of the descent and rapidity of the current, we were obliged to land at O'Sullivan's Punch-bowl, and whilst eight grenadiers of the Derry militia, with uncommon strength and exertion, pulled the boat through a romantic gray bridge, called Old Weir-bridge, we roved through alleys of the finest holly and

arbutus; the fruit of the latter I found by no means unpleasant. The poor people eat it as a wild strawberry, which it resembles in size and colour, and a little in flavour: this beautiful shrub is said to flourish here as finely as at Nice and Province. The blossom of the arbutus is shaped like a goblet, and the fruit nearly spherical: it is at first of a deep pale yellow, which deepens as it advances to ripeness, and is gradually succeeded by a rich scarlet. In size it equals the largest garden strawberry, and requires to be eaten with caution on account of its producing a lethargic effect; and to qualify its juices, the country people generally drink a draught of water with it. The ancients admired the shade and fruit of this plant, which their poets, and amongst them Horace, have celebrated.

In the mountains which surrounded us on all sides, the native red deer is frequently hunted. A short time before our visit a fawn had been taken; its dam followed the huntsman from the mountain to the brink of the water, making the most piteous moanings: struck with the conduct of the "poor hairy fool," the sportsman set the young captive free, and away they bounded up the mountain together.

I was often told that a low Irishman never gives a direct answer. I asked one of the fellows who were rowing us, whether the fruit of the arbutus was wholesome? His answer was: "Not *too wholesome*, your honour."

After winding through the most enchanting scenery, we approached the celebrated rock called the Eagle's Nest: from the water's edge it is half-way covered with wood; from whence, to a stupendous height, a perpendicular rock of marble rises, marked with gray and yellow, and purple tints. Near the summit, in an opening, the eagle has long resided. Our bugleman was landed before us: the sound of his horn loudly reverberated from the rock, and awakened all the echoes of the neighbouring mountains, which died away, revived upon the ear, and finally expired in a wonderful manner. From the position in which some of us were placed, we heard the producing sound *after* the echo: a circumstance which, if we had not most clearly ascertained, would no

doubt be attributed to my being at that time in a land so celebrated for *bulls*, and would be classed with the celebrated declaration imputed to an Irishman, that when he asked this very echo how she did, the answer was: "And, Pat! I'm pretty well, I thank you." This phenomenon arose from our situation. We were very near the rock, from which we heard a loud reverberation, and the bugle in a fainter sound followed, the bugleman being placed at a considerable distance from us. A petararo was discharged, which produced a noise like a succession of peals of thunder, and had an awful and sublime effect.

"Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder."

Some of our questions very strongly reminded me of some of those in Swift's witty, but severe poem, called "A gentle Echo on Women."

Shepherd. What must we do our passion to express?

Echo. Press.

Shepherd. What most moves women when we them address?

Echo. A dress.

Shepherd. What must I do when woman will be kind?

Echo. Be kind.

Shepherd. What must I do when woman will be cross?

Echo. Be cross.

Shepherd. If she be wind, what stills her when she blows?

Echo. Blows.

Shepherd. But if she bang again, still should I bang her?

Echo. Bang her.

Roused by the discharge of our petararo, the sovereign of birds quitted his aerial nest, and flew round his rock with great majesty, as if, like the genuine bird of Jove, to enjoy the thunders of the echo. The mountain which runs from the Eagle's Nest to the upper lake is two miles in length, and, from its equal figure and inclination, is called the Great Range. Near the upper end

of it is said to be the seat of the musical echo, a hollow bosom in the mountain, covered on all sides with trees. After pursuing our course by rocks of the most fanciful forms, some of which resembled men of war, some wholly naked, some richly clothed with arbutus and other shrubs, we entered the upper lake through a narrow passage, called Coleman's-eye, or Leap. Our helmsman, who belonged to the boats kept for the purpose of attending those who visit the lakes, and who most confidently believed in all the superstition of the place, said that a great giant leaped across this pass, and showed us some holes in one of the rocks to which he sprung, as the impression which his toes made upon his alighting. The names given to the surrounding objects are highly figurative, and are frequently changed according to the caprice or genius of the boatmen: some gloomy-looking mountains were called "the Drooping mountains." A herring-boat was once wrecked in the beautiful lake of Lough Earne, in which a fidler was drowned: the fisherman deprived the poor fellow of a little posthumous celebrity, by calling the spot where he perished *Herring island* instead of Cremona's island, from a conviction that the fish was better than music. Upon our entering the lake the bugle was sounded, which reverberated from shore to shore, softening upon every repetition, and terminating in the sweetest cadences, to inform the people, at a little cottage upon an island, that we were arrived, and that they might prepare for dinner: after which we rowed round the eastern side of the lake, that stretches from this point to the westward about a league, and in no part exceeds three-quarters of a mile in breadth: it has on its bosom a cluster of beautiful and finely wooded islands, and is encircled by rugged, stupendous, and most romantic mountains.

After enjoying this scene, we proceeded to Ronan's island to dinner. A more beautiful spot I never beheld: it was formerly inhabited by the man whose name it bears, who, with the true *gusto* of sporting, spent ten years in it, for the gratification of using his rod and line in the lake during that period. A romantic little cottage, built for the public accommodation by lady Kenmare, to whose lord all the islands on the lakes, except Brickeen and Dinis,

as well as Glenaa, the Long Range, Cromiglaun, Derrycunihy, Point Prospect-hall to the river Flesk, belong, stood upon a rising lawn, encircled with rock: behind the cottage was a mount, covered with the most beautiful shrubs growing wild. Lieutenant-colonel Heyland, with the experience of a travelled man, and with the hospitality of an Irish gentleman, brought with him in the boat every article for making an excellent dinner, having sent the day before to some peasants, who lived in the neighbouring mountains, to be at the cottage to dress the meat, &c. Whilst the mountain-nymph was roasting our mutton, her husband came in; a powerful, good-humoured-looking fellow, who told us he had got three large wounds in his head at the last fair. At these meetings the people frequently divide themselves into what are called factions, and fight *for love* when the whisky mounts high into the brain. The reader will wonder when I tell him that pates thus broken are the most gratifying political signs imaginable. The rebellions in Ireland, like the hurricanes of the West-Indies, have been always preceded by an unusual calm; so much so, that, shortly after the year 1798, upon a gentleman, who lived in a town where a great fair was holding, and who knew the Irish character well, being asked how the people seemed disposed at the fair? he replied, "All was *peace* and *quiet*; for he had left them all fighting."

From Ronan's island we saw the Stag island, its neighbour, crowded with young oak, arbutus, juniper, yew, holly, box, and ash, hanging over its rocky sides. On the east were several islands, bounded by the cliffs of Cromiglaun: on the west are McGilly, Cuddys, Ricks, called so in allusion to their conical shape, which take their rise from Ghirmeen, and encircling a considerable valley to the west of the lake, form an extensive amphitheatre. These mountains are very numerous, and broken into the most whimsical shapes: their brown barrenness has, at the distance which most of them are seen from, a grand but gloomy effect. They are well stocked with grouse, or, in the language of the natives, the hen of the heath: they furnish the lake with its principal supplies of water; a few poor cottagers procure a scanty subsistence upon the borders of its valley. In the north

the purple mountain, one of the great features of this scene, rises in a conical shape, and is tintured with a deep indigo colour, arising in some degree from a sort of heath, which is not to be found in any other part of the country, that produces purple berries; but more from another herb, used in dyeing, probably the *lichenoides saxatile foliis pilosis purpureis*: it is much frequented by a bird so little known in Kerry, that it has no name assigned to it; it is somewhat larger than a grouse; its breast is red, the rest of its plumage a clear shining black, except the wings and tail, which are interspersed with white feathers: the mountain of Derrycunihy formed the southern border. The scenery of these lakes is ever new. Those vast clouds that are rolled together from the Atlantic ocean, unbroken until they touch the summits of the stupendous mountains that encompass this favourite spot of nature, tint every scene with endless varieties of light and shade. As the beholder dwells upon his object, although the outline remains unaltered, new characters arise, new beauties are unfolded.

After a most excellent repast, the bugle blew a farewell sound,

With which hill, dale, and valley rung!

Evening and rain came on: full of delight, and somewhat "flushed with the Tuscan grape," we "*shot*" the Old Weir bridge, in one of the darkest of nights, and descended its fall. As we turned Ross island, upon the bugle sounding, the windows of the venerable castle became illuminated, to enable us to reach it, where we found our horses in waiting, and returned to Killarney, much gratified with our day's excursion.

To have been sovereign of such an Arcadian retreat must have been truly enviable. The name of Donahue still sounds like royalty in the ear of the surrounding peasantry. The kings of Munster used to pay, as tribute to this prince and powerful chieftain, ten dun horses, ten coats of mail, and *ten ships*. The rude and superstitious imagination of the peasantry still occasionally contemplates their royal idol, whose reign showered down blessings on their ancestors; by the moon's pale beam they still see the good old king, mounted upon a milk-white horse, followed by

a train of attendants. Such a vision is thought fruitful of every approaching happiness, and no one doubts the narrative. The descendant of this prince, a respectable country gentleman, is still approached with the respect due to great superiority.

The weather setting in very rainy, and as I was pressed for time, I did not visit Mangerton; a mountain in the neighbourhood, which is eight hundred and thirty-seven yards above the sea, from which all the mountains and lakes below appear expanded as in a map: this mountain, by the experiment of the barometer, has been found to be three thousand and sixty feet in perpendicular height.

In the Derry militia, which was quartered at Killarney whilst I was there, I saw a complete refutation of the assertion that the Irish soldiers are shorter than the English.

Before we quit Killarney, I cannot resist laying before my reader an instance of generosity and humanity with which he will be charmed, and which was displayed by the colonel of the very regiment I have mentioned.

In the season of 1787, as the present lord Castlereagh, then Mr. Steward, was enjoying the pleasure of an aquatic excursion with his schoolfellow and friend, Mr. Sturrock, near Castle-Steward, the seat of his lordship's father, the earl of Londonderry, unaccompanied by any other person, a violent squall of wind upset the boat, at the distance of two miles at least from shore. Lord Castlereagh, who was an excellent swimmer, recollecting that Mr. Sturrock could not swim, immediately on the boat sinking directed his attention to his friend, swam to him, placed a piece of a broken oar under his breast, recommended him, with the most encouraging composure and presence of mind, to remain as long as he could on this piece of timber, and when fatigued to turn himself on his back, which he showed him how to effect by placing himself in that position. He continued swimming near his friend, occasionally raising his hands, in the hope that some one might discover their perilous situation. Mr. Sturrock, father to the young friend of lord Castlereagh, and Mr. Clealand, his lordship's tutor, had been looking at the boat pre-

vious to the squall, which they had taken shelter from in a temple in the gardens of Mount Steward. Upon the storm subsiding these gentlemen quitted the place, immediately missed the boat, and concluded that she was lost. Most providentially they found in the harbour a small boat, into which they sprung, with feelings which it would be in vain to describe, and after rowing with all their vigour for a mile and a half, they at last discovered, as the waves rose and fell, a hat, and not far from it a hand waving; they redoubled their exertion, and came up to lord Castlereagh, who implored them not to mind him, but instantly to go to his companion. "Never mind me," said his lordship, "for God's sake go to Sturrock, or he will be lost; leave me, I think I can support myself till you return." They accordingly left him, and arrived at the critical moment when his young friend had just risen, after sinking the first time, and seizing him by his hair, they drew him quite senseless and exhausted into the boat—another minute, and all would have been over. They then returned to his lordship, and rescued him also. I leave the reader to imagine the alternate agony and joy which must have characterised the whole of this awful and impressive scene.

I dined every day, when I was not upon the lakes, at the Derry mess, and had the pleasure of observing the fallacy of a prejudice which inseparably links the Irish gentleman to his bottle. I witnessed nothing but cordial welcome and perfect liberty and good-breeding.

There is no regular posting to Cork; the traveller must therefore hire a chaise all the way, for which he will have to pay five or six guineas, at the discretion of the postmaster. I luckily met with a return Cork chaise, and made an agreement for two guineas. I found here, and at most of the inns, that the servants were thankful for what they received as a *douceur*.

On the 17th of October I bade adieu to Killarney, in company with an intelligent Irish officer, and set off for Millstreet, about twenty miles distant, which I do not see, although a good-sized town, indicated in Faden's Map of Ireland: the road is a cross one, and deplorably bad, and the country as dreary on

that side of the lakes as I found the approach to them from Lime-rick. On our right, for a long way, we saw Gleena, the Turk and Mangerton mountains, which were succeeded by a chain of lessening hills, upon the sides of which patches of stationary vapour rested in very singular forms. Upon the road we overtook peasants with horses carrying barrels of butter to Cork, secured as usual with ropes of hay. The cabins were generally thatched with potatoe stems, and had a very wretched appearance. On this side of Cork, tillage appeared to be much neglected, and as a natural consequence the population is very thinly scattered.

The cows and cattle of this county (Kerry) are deformed from starvation; but when the former are taken care of, they exhibit good symmetry; and though very small, not weighing more than sixteen stone (14lbs. to the stone), give frequently as many quarts of milk at the two milkings.

Ireland and humanity are greatly indebted to Mr. Foster for his wise extension of bounties on the exportation of corn, by which tillage has been extended, but pasturage seems to have kept almost equal pace with it; the result however is, that they have both gained upon the waste lands, and the progressive increase of the former must call forth the energies and industry of the peasantry: it is a melancholy fact, that the number of poor in Ireland who derive an abject subsistence from slender employment is very considerable.

In the beginning of the rebellion of 1798, the number of cottiers who assembled at distant places of rendezvous, without being missed, I was assured, was very great; otherwise it is to be presumed that such a sudden vacancy would have excited alarm. So injurious is grazing to population and civilization, that the most wretched peasants in mind and body generally inhabit the most luxuriant soil. Where the grass grows greenest, the face of the peasant is most sad.

Doctor Priestly, in his Lectures, page 119, published in 1788, well observes: "The commodities whose price has risen the most since before the time of Henry VII are butcher's meat, fowls, and fish, especially the latter: and the reason why corn

“ was always much dearer in proportion to other eatables, according to their prices at present, is, that in early times agriculture was little understood. It required more labour and expense, and was more precarious, than at present. Indeed, notwithstanding the high price of corn in the times we are speaking of, the raising of it so little answered the expense, that agriculture was almost universally quitted for grazing, which was more profitable, notwithstanding the low price of butcher’s meat: so that there was constant occasion for statutes to restrain grazing, and to promote agriculture; and no effectual remedy was found till the *bounty upon the exportation of corn*; since which, above ten times more corn has been raised in this country (England) than before.”

That the population of Ireland has increased no one can doubt. Mr. Whitelaw informs me that, from such observations as he has been able to make, from a few trials on a small scale, and from the observations of intelligent friends, he is induced to believe that it does not fall short of five millions, but does not exceed it, as some writers have asserted; whilst others have confined it to three millions only. I place great confidence in Mr. Whitelaw’s statement.

The relative proportion of square miles, and of population, between England and Ireland, is as follows:

England contains	49,450 square miles.
Ireland	27,457 ditto.
England contains	9,343,578 persons;
or	189 ditto to one square mile.
Ireland contains	5,000,000 persons;
or	182 1-10th to one square mile.

I have already mentioned the difficulty of ascertaining the population of Ireland with accuracy. Sir William Petty, who wrote in the reign of Charles II, estimated the population of Ireland at one million only. His situation as physician to the army in that country, and his long residence there, must have afforded him tolerable opportunities of judging. The number who perished

in the rebellions of 1798 and 1803 is supposed not to have exceeded twenty-thousand men; but it must ever remain a matter of conjecture. The population of Ireland, and consequently its agricultural improvements, must have received severe checks at various eras. The war of 1641, which lasted eleven years, and the plague and famine which accompanied it, destroyed six hundred and eighty-nine thousand persons; and, in 1652, Dublin was obliged to import provisions from Wales; and, about forty years since, corn to the amount of 380,000*l*.

To no country under heaven has nature been more bountiful than to Ireland, and in few countries have her bounties been less tasted by those for whom they were destined. Her history presents the gloomy picture of man opposing the happiness of man.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CAUSES OF POPULATION—POPULATION OF RUSSIA AND CHINA—
LUXURY: ITS EFFECTS—ENGLISH AND IRISH SOLDIERS—MILL
STREET—RUSTIC CIVILITY—A BLESSING—SINGULAR LITIGA-
TION—THE BLARNEY-STONE AND HAPPINESS—CORK DESCRIB-
ED—THE POOR—REMARKS ON THE HOUSE OF INDUSTRY—
FRENCHMAN'S EULOGIUM ON PORTER—PORTER BREWERIES—
PROVISION TRADE—CATHOLICS—METHODISTS—HEARTH MO-
NEY—MORE DROLLERY—PERJURY.

THE causes which promote population have been ably ascertained to consist in a mild and equitable government, abundance of food, frequency of marriage, a salubrious climate, favourable to health, generation, and long life, to which I think the absence of English poor-laws may be added. Under these propitious circumstances, population will double in less than twenty years. What would the population of Ireland have been, if her political happiness had been commensurate with her physical advantages? What may not such a country become in the space of twenty years, under the fostering care of a wise and beneficent government?

The retarding causes which affect the population of Russia, prevent it from doubling itself in less than forty-nine years. The amazing population of China has been attributed to the expenses attending the marriage state being so inconsiderable. A little rice, some raw cotton, or other materials, for clothing, and a couple of maps, form almost all the furniture of an ordinary Chinese house. The lower orders of Chinese are, I believe, more wretched than the lower Irish. We are credibly informed, that thousands of families live perpetually in little fishing-boats upon the canals and rivers, and that they frequently subsist by fishing up the nastiest garbage thrown overboard from an European ship. In Ireland

there are scarcely greater checks to marriage amongst the lower orders, than there are in the sexual intercourse of animals. If the condition of the Irish peasantry were improved, I do not see that population could suffer.

Luxury is depopulating in its consequence, civilization not. The voluptuousness of the Roman empire wasted the population of Italy to a shadow. Industry made Holland what she lately was; and the same spirit, and the progress of the arts and of knowledge, have powerfully conduced to render England what she is. Polygamy is known to be unfavourable to population; for it has been with tolerable accuracy ascertained that, in almost every country, more men than women are born in the proportion of fourteen to thirteen, or of fifteen to fourteen. The low Irish are not only remarkable for their early marriage, but for the inviolate sanctity with which the marriage contract is kept; and hence, amongst other causes, the numbers and the health of the children which are crowded in every cabin.

When our militia regiments were in Ireland during the rebellion, the numbers of the married men amongst the Irish regiments were astonishingly greater than those of the same description in the English regiments, to the no small and frequently jocose surprise of the Irish soldier. Sir William Petty well observes, that "Fewness of people is real poverty; and a nation wherein are eight millions of people, is more than twice as rich as the same scope of land wherein are but four." Montesquieu quaintly calls population "*une immense manufacture*." I can confidently assert, that it is a manufacture well calculated to flourish in Ireland.

I saw nothing in the road to Mill-street worthy of notice, but the object which suggested the few remarks before mentioned. The town is a long street, with several tolerable houses in it, and a barrack, where I dined with my intelligent companion and his amiable lady. The next morning I proceeded alone for the first stage, distant about twelve miles, over a most desolate mountainous country. Owing to the succession of mountains, and a very bad road, I was five hours in accomplishing this stage. I was informed this road will speedily be improved, and that a mail is intended

to run from Cork to Killarney, and thence to Limerick and Dublin. As I walked forward whilst my chaise was slowly climbing up a mountain, I took the wrong road: a peasant who had watched me, ran after me, and put me right. I helped a peasant to remount his barrels of butter, the hay-ropes of which had given way. "Ah!" said the fellow, "may your honour live long, very long."

At ten mile-house I was fortunate enough to meet with a female companion, an intelligent, sprightly Irish girl, who had been educated at one of the convents at Cork, whither she was going, and who relieved the dreariness of the road, by talking the Irish language, and singing some ancient Irish airs; the former sounded very mellifluous, and the latter were very delightful.

I found that a great sensation had been produced at Cork a short time before, by an action which had been brought by a catholic (a baker) of the name of Donovan, against his priest, the reverend Mr. O'Brien, vicar-general to Dr. Coppinger, titular bishop of Cloyne, and Roman catholic parish priest of Clonakilty, and tried at the assizes at Cork before the honourable judge Day, and a special jury. On the trial, it appeared that a subscription had been set on foot by the priest for the purpose of building a Roman catholic chapel: Donovan was directed to pay a quota of sixteen shillings and three-pence towards it, which he did. He was afterwards called upon to pay nine shillings more, which was also paid; but accompanied by a remark that he was very poor, and could not afford it. Upon a third demand of sixteen shillings being made upon him, the plaintiff absolutely refused to comply with it. On the following Sunday the priest denounced, from his altar, all those who had not paid their demands toward building the chapel: the plaintiff, still persisting, was excommunicated, and the people held execrated and contaminated if they should hold any communication with him, and he was obliged to shut up his shop. The jury, composed equally of protestants and Roman catholics, gave a verdict against the priest with fifty pounds damages. This trial is of no little consequence to the community, in as much as it clearly exhibits that the influence of the catholic priest, armed with the terrible weapon of excommunication, is not so omnipotent over his flock as it is usually considered to be.

About four miles before we reached Cork, on our left, my fair *compagnon du voyage* pointed out to me Blarney castle, upon a turret of which there is a stone which is very nearly *inaccessible*, and possesses, it is said, the rare virtue of making those for ever happy *who touch it*.

As we approached Cork the view became very fine, the river Lee winding to the cove, a country on each side well cultivated, and dotted with villas: the city, its superb barracks, the Mardyke walk, extending a mile under the shade of elms, the new gaol, which has a noble appearance, and the shipping, presented an uncommonly rich, varied, and picturesque prospect. Cork is the second city in Ireland, and if ships of above two hundred tons were not obliged to unload at Passage, five miles and a half from Cork, it would be one of the finest port towns in the world. In times of peace the flags of every nation may be seen waving in her harbour, called the Cove, now protected by a fort, built on the great island below, commanding the haven, which is perfectly safe, and capable of affording complete protection to the whole navy of England from every wind that blows. Ships from England, bound to all parts of the West-Indies, put in here; and in one year, in pacific times, no less than two thousand vessels have floated upon its bosom.

In the city are three convents; two of the order of the Presentation, devoted entirely to the instruction of poor female children, and one called the Ursuline, for the education of females in the higher ranks of life, but in which poor children are also sometimes instructed.

The barracks are upon an immense scale, and very superb: they stand upon a rocky mountain, and command the city, and all the beautiful scenery of the surrounding country. The city stands upon several islands formed by the river Lee, which are handsomely banked and quayed in. Several streets have been gained from the river, and are built like the Adelphi, upon arches: the shops are well supplied, and many of them are elegant. The Mardyke walk is very beautiful: from this spot I made a sketch

of the city. It has many very handsome houses, and the society is refined and elegant.

In the centre of the parade, which is very spacious, there is an equestrian statue of George the second; it is of stone, and painted yellow, and has nothing belonging to it worthy of further notice.

I saw a review of the military quartered in and near the city here, and never beheld finer men. An English officer of rank and family, who distinguished himself at the battle Arklow, informed me, what candour induces me not to suppress, that on a march the native troops of Ireland have frequently preceded the English by one mile in four miles.

The poor of this city are very numerous, and bear a dreadful proportion to the population; but this excess is met by an increased active and provident spirit of charity. Yet although there are many beneficent institutions, they are not adequate to shelter and support the many distressed objects of every province who flock to the city for relief.

The most prominent institution in Cork for the relief of the poor is, "The Society for bettering the Condition and increasing the Comforts of the Poor." The next of general utility is the Friendly Society, to enable the poor labourers, by paying a small subscription monthly, whilst in health, to provide a sufficient support for themselves in sickness, or old age, without dependence upon the uncertainty of charity. There is also a society, which holds out rewards for cleanliness to the poor; and another called the Charitable Loan, for lending small sums of money to those who can procure proper recommendations for industry, and which sums are after to be repaid, with or without interest. Under the direction of the committee of the Charitable Loan, is a fund for the relief and discharge of persons confined for small debts (under the appellation of Debtors' Charity). The Cork Coal Company was another useful institution for the poor, as it provided small quantities of coal, in time of scarcity, at a cheaper rate than the exorbitant price of the article in some parts of the year would allow of. The North and South Infirmaries are institutions of very general

utility, and well supported; but as several invalids may not be able when sick to attend at them for advice, the Dispensary and Humane Society was established, in order to afford relief, by the attendance of a skilful physician at the houses of such as could not conveniently attend at either of the infirmaries. The Benevolent Society was then established, to provide the means of subsistence for those under the care of the Dispensary, whose bad state of health deprived them of the produce of their own exertions. The house of recovery, established for the relief of people in fevers, and the prevention of contagion, claims a considerable degree of attention, whether viewed as to its consequence to society at large, or to the people afflicted with so perilous a disease. It is amply supported by subscription, and its utility has been generally felt and acknowledged.

The Lying-in Hospital here at first did not answer, on account of excited prejudice; it is now, however, in some degree of estimation among the lower orders. Attached to the South Infirmary, a lock ward and a penitentiary house are now built, and will soon be fit for the reception of reformed prostitutes. There is also a charitable repository. The mayor and sheriff's charity is an institution that affords the sum of two hundred pounds per annum, in small sums, to aged or distressed freemen, towards their support. The Foundling Hospital is well supported by a tax on coals. There are also several Alms-houses. The Blue and Green-Coat Hospitals are established for the instruction of children recommended by aldermen. There are also, in every parish, schools for the instruction of poor children. The Schools of Industry are very justly entitled to the support they meet with, where poor children are rescued from the fatal habits of idleness, beggary, and thieving, and are taught to read and write, and are made acquainted with such works as may habituate them to industry, and enable them to provide for themselves, with advantage to society.

The county and city house of industry at Cork is well worthy the notice of a traveller; although the mixture of the objects of punishment and charity, within its pale, is objectionable, yet upon

the whole it does honour to the humanity of the city. Against this mixture, which obtains almost in every large town and city in Ireland, except Dublin, too solemn a protest cannot be entered. The first objects which presented themselves were the vilest prostitutes of the city and incorrigible young offenders; the former amounted to eighty-two, each of whom had a chain and log fastened upon one leg; they were without shoes or stockings, but that is no grievance, for in all human probability they never wore either, or only during the more fortunate vicissitudes of life; but they were wretchedly clad, being allowed no prison dress, which, in my humble opinion, upon the principles of humanity and even of justice, ought to be supplied: excepting a few of the other classes mentioned, the rest in this division of the building were decayed house-keepers, male and female, amounting in all to two hundred and thirty-two persons. I found the charity and prison allowance liberal, consisting of meat, stirabout, milk, and potatoes, varied on different days. In another part of the building I saw the idiots and insane, amounting to one hundred and eight; the former were very few; the latter appeared to have every kind and soothing attention paid to them; formerly they used to run about the streets unattended. The wards, though too confined, were remarkably clean; and there was not, as in England, that highly improper intercourse of convalescents with subjects of violent frenzy. This institution is supported by presentments, and charitable donations.

The old gaol is a shocking place, having no yard, and the prisoners looked very unhealthy; they were not ironed. I was surprised to find that they were not removed to the new prison, which, although not finished, had many apartments fit to receive them. This gaol is one of the finest I ever saw: only its guard, and bars and bolts, could have prevented me from mistaking it for a new and noble mansion. It stands a little way out of the city in a most healthy and beautiful situation. The passages and cells were spacious, secure, and healthy; the arrangement of the building appeared to embrace every object which humanity could desire: it is capable of holding from five to six hundred prisoners.

The inhabitants of this, like those of every other city, are disposed to exaggerate its population, which they estimate at nearly one hundred and twenty thousand; but most of the Roman Catholic clergymen, and the resident physicians who have the best means of information, average it at about one hundred thousand: the mode usually adopted of grounding the calculation upon the number of houses, is very fallacious, not only with respect to this, but every other city in the southern and western provinces, and generally throughout Ireland, where the poorer classes are compressed into a space which is shocking to humanity: in several lanes in Cork, the walls of a small wretched habitation, frequently enclose upwards of fifty persons. Limerick, and I am told Galway, exhibit similar instances of crowded population, and hence have arisen the gross errors of those who have formed their estimate of population upon the returns of the hearth-money and tax-gatherers.

The population of Cork has increased five-fold since the reign of Charles the second, and has received, notwithstanding the counteractive effects of war, and the decline of manufactures in the south, an augmentation of at least ten thousand inhabitants within the space of ten years.

A Frenchman, with much vivacity in his enthusiastic admiration of porter, called it, "*La Creme de Londres.*" As the substitution of this wholesome beverage for spirituous liquors, is of so much consequence to the political and moral prosperity of Ireland; and as the greatest and best quantity of Irish porter is brewed at Cork, the porter breweries there formed one of the earliest objects of my inquiry: there are four principal porter breweries, viz. Messrs. Beamish and Crawford's, Messrs. George and Andrew Drinan's, the River Lee Porter Brewery, under the firm of Leslie and Co., and Messrs. Gibbons and Carroll; there are also one or two inferior porter breweries: the principal ale breweries belong to Messrs. Reilly and Hadigan, and Cashman and Sons.

I found it difficult to learn with accuracy the quantity of porter and ale annually brewed: the proprietors, of course, are not friendly to any information on their own consumption, as it would lead to

a knowledge of the real extent and consequence of their business : the only resource in this case is to calculate from the quantity of malt, for which duty has been paid at the excise-office, by the porter brewers of this city ; combining this information, which has been obtained with great difficulty, with the quantity used at each brewing, and the brewing of each week, together with the increasing demand, and the present home and export consumption, the average annual quantity of porter brewed in this city cannot be less than one hundred and forty thousand tierces.

The Irish are naturally proud of saying that the Cork porter is exported to England ; this exportation, however, is very trifling ; but the export to the West-Indies and America is considerable. From an average taken for three years from the custom-house books, the annual export is nearly two thousand tierces.

The price of porter to the retailer is one pound seventeen shillings and elevenpence per tierce, exclusive of the cask, for which a deposit of sixteen shillings and threepence is left until returned ; but as there are many allowances made to customers, the average price may be reduced to thirty-three shillings per tierce. I have been a little prolix upon this subject, but I trust the importance of it to Ireland will plead my excuse.

In consequence of the silver tokens being inadequate to the wants of trade, the small silver bank-notes, although declared illegitimate, continue clandestinely to circulate : as they are much defaced, it is to be hoped they will be speedily and finally withdrawn. There are five private banks in this city, the collective circulation of which amounts to upwards of eight hundred thousand pounds ! but such are the character, property, and experience of the gentlemen belonging to these banks, that the public mind is perfectly at ease upon the subject of so large a responsibility : there are two or three minor banks in the small adjacent towns, which may increase the entire circulation of the county to a million.

As Cork is remote from the capital, the paper of these banks is naturally preferred to the notes of the bank of Ireland, on account of the facility of ascertaining the forged and genuine signatures, by a direct application to the banks from which they purport

to be issued. It is with great pleasure that I learned that those abominable notes, called Shopkeeper's IO's, are entirely abolished.

Cork exports more beef, tallow, hides, butter, fish, and other provisions, than Belfast, Waterford, or Limerick; her other exports are linen cloth, pork, calves, lambs, rabbit-skins, wool for England, linen, and woollen yarn and worsted. The slaughtering season commences in September, and continues to the latter end of January, during which time it has been computed that no less than one hundred thousand head of black cattle have been killed and cured.

The provision-trade has not been carried on for these last three or four years with the same spirit, and to the same extent, as formerly, owing in a great measure to the business having become more general in the other sea-ports of Ireland than before: yet a much larger quantity of provision was made up in Cork last season than the year preceding; but if it be considered that the greater portion was intended for the use of government, and that the price of cattle has been much too high in proportion to the prices allowed by government for the manufactured provisions, it may easily be inferred that the trade could not be very productive to those concerned.

The union has not as yet produced any visible effects upon the trade of Cork; but, from the best information I could procure, it is expected that in time that great political measure will be followed by salutary consequences to Cork.

The price of land in the neighbourhood of this city varies from three pounds to ten pounds per acre of English statute measure.

Upon the banks of the river, and towards the harbour's mouth, on account of the convenience for bathing, the land, without being rich, is very high in value. Within these last ten years rent has tripled: the price of labour in this part of Ireland has advanced greatly within these few years; but the comforts of the lower orders have not "grown with its growth," in consequence of the prices of the necessaries of life keeping equal pace with the advance of wages, which in these parts are now from sixteen pence to eighteen pence per day.

Tillage in the immediate neighbourhood of Cork, and in the southern parts of the country, has been latterly much promoted, in consequence of the breweries and distilleries consuming such an immense quantity of barley and oats, whilst the large quantity of wheat and flour used in the market, both for home consumption and export, has greatly excited the farmers to the cultivation of the former. The rigorous exaction of the hearth-money tax has been much complained of amongst the poor, but as the legislature is about to annul it, all farther comment would be unnecessary.

The relative proportion of catholics to protestants in this and in all the cities of Munster, is full four to one; in the interior of the country it is ten to one; almost all the common people are of the first description, as well as the respectable merchants of the city.

Under the term protestants are comprehended all separatists from the catholic communion: the established church in this part of Ireland has very few followers; the methodists, on the contrary, are rapidly increasing.

It is with uncommon satisfaction that I am enabled to state, from indubitable authority, that, with an exception to the oppressive case of Donovan before stated (a solitary instance), the catholic clergy in this city, and throughout the province, are, by their public and private virtue and deportment, eminently entitled to the thanks and admiration of the government. In the discharge of their high avocations, they have laboured to remove the prejudices of the poor and unenlightened catholic, have placed his religious happiness on the side of his social duties, and united his faith to the repose of his country. Since the unfortunate era of 1798, the tranquillity of Cork has been remarkable.

Although catholic landholders in this country are not very numerous at present, as the character of the city is purely commercial, no doubt the catholic landed interest will be much extended, by catholics investing their fortune in future in the purchase of land.

In the course of my rambles I was attracted by a crowd upon some steps, and found that the quarter-sessions were holding. I

entered a dismal hall, where an assistant barrister presided: the same merry noise and confusion prevailed here as at Killarney. I found a *wild* Irishman, a facetious fellow, upon the table, seated in a chair, and under examination, attended by an interpreter. "D'ye know," said the examining solicitor (who officiated as counsel) "the traversers in the dock?" "And plaze you, I know them both *by what I have heard*," was the answer. (A loud laugh.) The following question produced one of the most favourite figures of speech amongst the low Irish: "Well, sir, did he confess at all? Answer—plaze your honour, he would not confess a *h'a'p'orth*"—*i. e.* the worth of a halfpenny. "I know you well," said one of the jury to another witness. "Oh, plaze you," said the witness, "you never knew me but out of honesty." (Another laugh.) This fellow contradicted himself many times, but always with so much humour, that the gravest judge could scarcely have preserved a due solemnity of face. So naturally disposed are the lower orders to drollery, that I found perjury, if it had any thing of humour in it, seemed to be stripped of all its culpability. The government has acted wisely in appointing gentlemen regularly bred to the law, to preside in these courts, who are capable, by habits of investigation, of discovering the truth, however deeply concealed, and who know the genius and condition of the people thoroughly. Amidst all this facetious prevarication, and smiling confusion, I was assured from very good authority, and in the causes to which I fixed my attention I found it to be so, that justice was fairly administered: at the same time I think, the amelioration of the lower people demands, that wherever a perversion of truth, under the solemn obligation of an oath, appears, however calculated by attendant specious wit and humour to disarm severity, it ought to excite the strongest animadversion of the bench; which, I am convinced, from the uncommon acute sensibility of the lower people, would speedily cover the crime with ignominy.

The Bridewell is an old building: I found it clean, and occupied only by two refractory apprentices. The market for fish, meat, and vegetables, is admirably constructed and profusely supplied. The Irish excel us in the architectural arrangements of

these buildings. Provisions were as under: the best beef and mutton at four pence per lb. a couple of ducks one shilling, a turkey half-a-crown, and a hare six pence. In the shambles I met the mayor, distinguished by a cocked hat and golden chain, actively engaged in preventing frauds, and preserving order. For the support of this office, five hundred pounds per annum is appropriated out of the city revenues, amounting annually to three thousand pounds. The civil government of the city is vested in this magistrate, a recorder, and sheriffs. Cork is also the see of a bishop, who has a palace here. There is a small neat theatre, but there were no performers when I was in the city. At the great cattle-fairs, no woman with a red cloak is permitted to appear; a regulation which arose from the following very extraordinary circumstance, which a gentleman of great respectability assured me was true. At a great cattle fair in this county a herd of oxen was so frightened by the red cloak of an old woman, that they ran off with the greatest fury, and descended a slope of ground with such velocity, as to break down part of the park wall of a nobleman.

CHAPTER XIX.

MORE FIGURATIVE EXPRESSIONS—KILKENNY THEATRICALS—
VERSES—KILKENNY DESCRIBED—THE COLLEGE—COALS—
CAVALRY AND PIKEMEN—HUMOUR OF CHAISE DRIVERS—THE
CANAL-BOAT—MOIRA HOUSE—THE BELL—THE LETTER AND
IRISH DRAGOON—ST. VALORI—THE LATE DEAN KIRWAN—
HIS ELOQUENCE EFFICACIOUS—BRIEF AND BEAUTIFUL EX-
TRACTS FROM HIS SERMONS.

I SET off for Kilkenny, and in my way passed through some portions of rich hilly country, chiefly in pasture. The views were frequently very extensive and picturesque. The cabins were very wretched in general; but in some places, by their neatness, evidently displayed that there are proprietors who feel the justice, as well as the policy, of making their tenantry happy.

“Arrah, by my shoul!” said one peasant to another, as I was walking up one of the hills of Tipperary, “he (speaking of a rich avaricious farmer) “is worth two thousand pounds to my “knowledge; but I would not *naíl up a peach-tree with his clothes.*”

At Kilkenny I found quite a jubilee-bustle in the streets, and elegant equipages driving about in all directions. The annual theatricals of this delightful little town had attracted a great number of fashionables from Dublin and the surrounding country. These dramatic amusements, varied by races, balls, and concerts, are supported by gentlemen of rank and fortune, for the purpose of converting the result of a highly intellectual and social gratification into a permanent source of relief for those who are sinking under want and misery: to the eternal honour of Ireland be it spoken, that this sentiment is a prevailing one. The character of an Irish gentleman may be described in these words, gaiety and generosity. The theatricals of Kilkenny last about a month, and at the end generally leave a balance, after deducting the expenses

of the house, dresses not included, of two hundred pounds, which is applied to charitable purposes: one hundred and forty pounds have been received in one night. The theatre, which is the private property of the gentlemen who perform, is small and elegant, and the whole, except the back of a gallery, is laid out into boxes, the admission to which is six shillings. Over the proscenium of the stage is written the following elegant and expressive motto, from the pen of general Taylor: "Whilst we smile, we soothe affliction." I saw Henry the Fourth performed: the principal characters were admirably supported, and the dresses were uncommonly superb. Lord Mountjoy appeared one night in a dress valued at eight thousand pounds. The female performers were engaged from the Dublin stage. The house was crowded, and enabled me to speak with confidence of the beauty and elegance of the higher orders of Irish ladies. The principal characters at these theatricals are supported by Mr. R. Power, Mr. Lyster, Mr. R. Langrishe, Lord Mountjoy, &c. These theatricals suggested the following lines:

Amid the ruins of monastic gloom,
Where Nore's translucent waters wind along,
Genius and wealth have rais'd the tasteful dome,
Yet not alone for Fashion's brilliant throng.

In Virtue's cause they take a nobler aim:
'Tis theirs in sweetest harmony to blend
Wit with compassion, tenderness with fame;
Pleasure the means, beneficence the end.

There, if the tear on Beauty's cheek appears,
(Form'd by the mournful Muse's mimic sigh)
Fast as it falls, a kindred drop it bears,
More sadly shed for genuine misery.

Nor, if the laughter-loving Nymph delight,
Does the reviving transport perish there;
Still, still with Pity's radiance doubly bright,
Its smiles shed sunshine on the cheek of Care.

So if Pomona's golden fruit descend,
Shook by some breeze, into the lake below;
Quick will *the dimple which it forms extend,*
Till all around the joyous circles flow.

Blest be the reas'ning mind, the social zeal,
That *here* bids Folly from the stage retire;
And while it teaches us to think, to feel,
Bids us in tears our godlike bard admire.

Thus aided, see his rescued genius spring,
Again he pours the frenzy of his song,
With every *feather in his eagle's wing,*
Once more in majesty he soars along.

Oft deck'd with smiles, his spirit shall explore,
Erin! thy beauteous vales, and classic ground,
And every ripple of thy winding Nore
To him shall sweetly, as his Avon's, sound.

Ormond castle, formerly the principal seat of the dukes, now of the earl of Ormond, is a noble ancient mansion. I was principally struck with the two vast unequal round towers which flank the entrance: the stables, which are on the opposite side of the road, are very fine. In the great gallery of the castle, which is nearly as long as the whole length of the building, I saw some good paintings; those which struck me most were, Charles I. and the earl of Strafford, by Vandyke, and a head of lady Amelia Nassau, countess of Ossory, who, if the portrait was a faithful one, must have been a most beautiful woman. I made a sketch of the back part of this castle from the bridge over the river Nore. The cathedral, a fine old gothic structure, and its round tower, are well worthy of notice; as are the ancient ruins of three old monasteries called St. John, St. Francis, and the Black Abbey. The windows of the Black Abbey are very curious. The counties of Limerick, Tipperary, and Queen's-county, abound with more antiquities than any other part of Ireland.

At the top of the town there is a very handsome asylum for twenty decayed female housekeepers, which has been recently

endowed by Mr. Switser out of a noble fortune created by business. Each of the objects of his charity is allowed a very comfortable room, coals, candles, and ten pounds a year. The walks along the sides of the river Nore are singularly beautiful, from which the college of Kilkenny has a very pleasing appearance. This college was founded by the great James duke of Ormond in the year 1682, and endowed by him with the annual sum of one hundred and forty pounds, to be paid yearly out of the Ormond estate, until his grace should have allocated lands for the purpose to the same amount, which his death prevented. The school is regulated by twenty-four rules, or statutes, which were signed by his grace, and regularly transmitted from master to master. The presentation was originally in the Ormond family; but, in case of failure of male issue, it was to devolve to the provost and senior fellow of Trinity college, Dublin, and ever after to continue so: they in consequence presented the three last masters. There are three visitors appointed by the statutes, whose duty it is to inspect the house, &c. the master's conduct, and management of the institution: these are the provost of Trinity college, the bishops of Ossory and Ferns. On the day of their intended visitation, the master is entitled to a *fat buck* from his grace's next park for their entertainment: the buck is regularly given by the earl of Ormond. There are, in general, two or three classical teachers besides the principal, exclusive of masters in writing, French, drawing, music, and dancing. The number of students seldom have exceeded seventy: forty or fifty of whom are boarded in the house, the remainder are day-scholars. It is liberally and wisely open to youths of *all religious descriptions*, either as boarders or otherwise. The old house having fallen greatly into decay, the present edifice was erected in the year 1784, at the expense of five thousand pounds granted by parliament. A considerable military force is garrisoned here. In this town the Brehon law was formerly abolished, in a parliament holden here in the 40th Edward III, under Lionel duke of Clarence, the then lieutenant of Ireland. At the time of the conquest of Ireland the Irish were governed by this law, which was traditionary.

I was informed that a protestant school is about to be raised by subscription. After receiving the most polite and friendly attention from general Taylor, the then commanding officer of the district, whose noble spirit of patriotism, displayed in an annual volunteer contribution towards defraying the expenses of prosecuting the war, is, I believe, unequalled throughout the empire, I left Kilkenny, and took the post-chaise diligence for Athy, where I intended to vary the tour, by returning to Dublin by the canal-boat, which proceeds from the former town. The posting from Cork to Dublin is uninterrupted, and the roads excellent.

Our first stage to Castlecomer, about ten miles, lay over a mountainous and pleasant country, close to which are the pits from which the Kilkenny coal is taken. This coal makes no smoke, and when completely ignited resembles a mass of melted glass. This coal and that of the county of Tipperary, are carried to very distant places. There is a great deal of coal in Ireland, sufficiently abundant to supply it with fuel, were all the turf bogs in the country to be drained. The produce of the collieries of Ballycastle and Fairhead, in the county of Antrim; of Drumglass and Coal island, in the county of Tyrone, have very much reduced the importation of British coal into the populous and manufacturing province of Ulster. An able engineer, in evidence given at the bar of the house of commons in 1783, declared that the collieries at Lough Allen, in the county of Leitrim, alone, if properly worked, were adequate to supply the whole island with coals. The use of coal in Ireland, from the appearance of the Ballycastle coal-mines, must have been very ancient. It appears that sea-coal was first tried in London in the reign of Edward I, and was immediately prohibited, from a hasty opinion that the vapour was prejudicial to health.

Castlecomer still retained many visible marks of its melancholy fate during the rebellion of 1798, when it was nearly reduced to ashes. The subject of the rebellion leads me here to observe, that I learned from many military officers who were actively engaged in suppressing it, that they dearly purchased the conviction of the inutility and folly of opposing cavalry to pikemen.

The grounds of the dowager lady Ormond, upon whose estate are the coal-pits, are finely wooded and very beautiful. On our road to Castlecomer the off-horse proved to be the most vicious animal I ever beheld: his hinder legs were frequently within an inch of our driver's head, who at every plunge, with perfect composure, striking him on his rear, exclaimed, "And by the plague what has got hold of you now, why can't you be aisy?" All his blows were as much lost upon the animal, as in Frederic the great's opinion misfortunes are upon Frenchmen.

A few years since it was customary, instead of having a regular driver, for the master of a chaise to bargain with the first boy who was passing by to drive it; and when the horses were about to start, it was usual for the ostler to come up to the door, and ask for something "for having put the *little lump* of a boy on the *outside* of the horse."

When a celebrated English comedian was going to dine a few miles from Dublin, the horse of the jingle sprung and rose on his hinder legs most furiously, upon which he called the driver to stop and let him get out. "Oh, your honour, don't be alarmed," exclaimed the fellow, "by my shoul the mare is only a *little bashful*, "it is the first time she ever was in harness."

The drive to Athy, our next stage of thirteen miles, was extremely pleasant: the town, which is handsome, stands in a delightful situation on the river Barrow. In the twelfth century there were two monasteries founded here, one for Dominican, and the other for Crouched friars, for the supplying of which with necessaries, the present town is said to have originated. The gaol, which stands upon the end of the bridge, is called White's castle, which was erected by a celebrated chieftain of Mullamast, to repel the incursions of O'Kelley, the ancient chieftain of the county of Kildare. This town and Naas are the alternate assize towns. Upon the canal I found the boat nearly ready, and precisely as the clock struck one, the towing horse started, and we slipped through the water in the most delightful manner imaginable, at the rate of four miles an hour. The boat appeared to be about thirty-five feet long, having raised a cabin, its roof forming a deck to walk upon.

The cabin was divided into a room for the principal passengers, having cushioned seats and windows on each side, and a long table in the middle, and into another room for the servants of the vessel and pantry: the kitchen was in the steerage. From Athy to Dublin by water is forty-two miles; and the setting off and arrival of the boats are managed with great regularity: the passage money is ten shillings and ten pence. The day was very fine, and the company very respectable and pleasant. We had an excellent dinner on board, consisting of a leg of boiled mutton, a turkey, ham, vegetables, porter, and a pint of wine each, at four shillings and ten pence a head. We crossed the river at Munstereven, which I have described. Our liquid road lay through a very fine country, adorned with several noble seats. The opening of the ascending locks having all the effect of a fine cascade, gradually raising us from a dark abyss of embankments of masonry on each side, and of waters roaring upon us in front, to the light of day, and to a tranquil level with a rich and fertile country, was to me inexpressibly delightful. We slept at Robertstown, where there is a noble inn belonging to the canal company, and before day-light set off for Dublin, where, after descending a great number of locks, and passing through a long avenue of fine elms, we arrived about ten o'clock A. M. All the regulations of these boats are excellent. I was so delighted with my canal conveyance, that if the objects which I had in view had not been so powerful, I verily think I should have spent the rest of my time in Ireland in the Athy canal-boat.

Upon my return from the south, I had the honour of being introduced to the venerable countess of Moira, a lady who, for upwards of fifty years, has been the generous and ardent patroness of genius and learning in Ireland; and who, by the powers of an elegant and capacious understanding, by the profundity of her knowledge and the extent of her attainments, has ably and copiously augmented the valuable store of refined information, and added the graces of mind to the lustre of a royal origin. The town residence of her ladyship is at Moira house, the ancient family mansion, at the west end of the city, on Usher's island, where I had the felicity also of meeting lady Charlotte Rawdon,

the engaging sweetness of whose manners is only equalled by the purity of her heart and the variety of her accomplishments. I much regretted that my time would not admit of my visiting castle Forbes, to pay my respects to lady Granard, another daughter of the countess of Moira, of whom, as well as of her lord, report awakened the strongest desire of the honour of being personally known to them.

Moira house is the rendezvous of the most distinguished men of Ireland. It was here that I had an opportunity of witnessing the colloquial talents of that surprising man Curran, whose wit, like the electric fluid, illuminates whatever it touches; the highly poetical translator of Dante, the Rev. Henry Boyd, and several other persons less known to fame, but eminent for their talents and respectability.

In the dining-room I was shown a very ancient bell, to which I have alluded in a former part of this work; of its history very little is known, but it became highly interesting to me, from its having been used some years since at the funeral of a very old man in the north of Ireland, a tenant in the family of the last lord Moira, in honour of his being the parent of a soldier, who perished in the service of his country in the following gallant and memorable manner: This man, an Irishman, whose name was Lavery, was a dragoon in the seventeenth regiment, and served under the command of the late marquis Cornwallis, then lord Cornwallis, in America, by whom he was sent with a letter to an officer, quartered at a distant post, who had not the key of the cypher. On account of the great importance of the dispatches, the dragoon was directed to destroy it in case of being attacked by the enemy; and to facilitate the destruction of it in case of necessity, the communication was written upon fine silver paper, and rolled up in a very small compass. In his way the soldier was unexpectedly fired upon from an ambuscade, and fell from his horse, mortally wounded in the belly: the men who had fired at him immediately rushed forward, upon which the poor fellow, fearful that they would discover his intention if he attempted to put the letter into his mouth, *thrust it into his wound*, knowing that

the blood would make it illegible. After having rifled him of his accoutrements and what little property he had, the enemy left him, when soon afterwards he was discovered and conveyed to a neighbouring house, the inhabitants of which were favourably disposed to the English, where with his dying breath he requested them to tell lord Cornwallis by what means he had prevented the enemy from seeing the letter.

The weather continuing very fine, I had the pleasure of making a visit to W. Cooper Walker, Esq. of St. Valori, near Bray. St. Valori is a beautiful spot; how can it be otherwise, when it is within the region of the Dargle? The owner of this lovely place is well known to a large circle of friends for the excellence of his heart, and to the world for the learned and elegant literary productions with which he has gratified it. A variety of knowledge, ancient and modern, a long residence in Italy, a correspondence with the most distinguished literary men of the age in various parts of the world, a felicity of temper, and a resignation to the hand of heaven, enable this elegant scholar to support a long and frequent visitation of sickness with perfect serenity. He has thus modestly but forcibly depicted himself and his sequestered retreat in his highly interesting Historical Memoirs on Italian Tragedy. "Soon after my arrival in my native country, ill health obliged me to retire from the busy hum of men, and I sunk into rural seclusion in a verdant valley, watered by a winding river at the foot of a range of lofty mountains: here I summoned round me the swans of the Po and the Arno, and whilst I listened to their mellifluous strains, time passed with an inaudible step; but though I no longer sighed after the society which I had abandoned, I felt an ardent desire to increase its stock of harmless pleasures."

The following beautiful lines were addressed to him by that extraordinary, early, but unfortunate genius Dermody, the Chatterton of Ireland:

'Tis thine with fond research to trace
 The shrinking river's latent vein;
 From dust to dig th' imperial face,
 Or raise to light the lofty strain.

Then like the bee full fraught return,
 Instruction pour from wisdom's urn,
 And bid the Alban graces smile,
 On lost *Juverna's* barren isle.

Oh! couldst thou from some gentle shade,
 Retrieve the lost, the priceless page,
 The depths of elder time invade
 And brighten blank oblivion's age!

The wish is vain: what taste can do,
 What elegance with sense combined;
 Thy learned toil shall bring to view,
 And nourish the abstracted mind.

Near St. Valori I saw an ancient cross; it was supposed to have been removed from the glen of Bullyman, where there formerly was a church. It once stood in the centre of the field, on that side where it now stands, but the devotion of the passengers so often induced them to break down the fence, in order to approach it, that it was thought prudent to remove it to the roadside, where it has remained ever since. Between this cross and St. Valori there are the ruins of the castle of Fossero, which once guarded this pass into the mountains. I made a sketch of the entrance of the Dargle, from one of the lower walks of St. Valori; nothing could be more beautiful than the river, which

—— leads you on
 To the extreme bound,
 Of a fair flowery meadow, then at once
 With quick impediment,
 Says stop, adieu, for now, yes now, I leave you,
 Then down a rock descends.
 There as no human foot can follow further,
 The eye alone must follow him, and there
 In little space you see a mass of water,

Collected in a deep and fruitful vale,
With laurel crowned and olive,
With cypress, oranges and lofty pines:
The limpid water in the sun's bright ray,
A perfect crystal seems.

The mountains that rise behind this entrance of the Dargle are called the two Sugar-loaves: to the lesser one the English gave the name of the Gilt-spur hill. The English settlers in this neighbourhood destroyed every trace of the Irish language, and left nothing but the brogue behind. The conversation at St. Valori, amongst many interesting subjects, reviewed the native promptitude of the low Irish, when one of the party said that a gentleman of his acquaintance one day tried to puzzle a common bog-cutter with the following question: "How far, my good man, is it from *Mullingar* to *Michaelmas*?"—"As far," said the fellow, "as from *Whitsuntide* to the *ace of spades*!"

The very recent death of dean Kirwan, one of the greatest devotional orators that ever appeared since the days of Massillon, did not fail to engage the most sympathizing attention. This great man, from the cradle, laboured under a weakness of constitution, which conducted him to the grave in the prime of life, and in the full zenith of those powers which the Divine Author of his being had bestowed upon him for the purpose of unfolding His glorious attributes, and unlocking the copious streams of charity.

This enlightened minister raised nearly *sixty thousand pounds* by the influence of his sermons alone: a single discourse has frequently been followed by a collection of one thousand pounds. In pleading the cause of the wretched, he spoke as with the tongue of inspiration. Frequent were the instances of his hearers emptying their purses, and borrowing more from those who sat near them for the purpose of enlarging their donation. Reserving himself for charity sermons alone (which were, from good policy, rare), unfortunately I did not hear him; but I was informed that his tone and manner were singularly impressive and commanding. His sermons, which were extemporaneous, are not published, and with infinite difficulty I procured some sentences which were

taken in short hand, and for which precious fragments I am indebted to the ardent zeal of a reverend admirer of his: they will enable the reader to judge of the superior eloquence of his style.

HUMAN VANITY.

“Insects of the day that we are! hurried along the stream of time that flows at the base of God’s immutability, we look up and think in *our* schemes and *our* pursuits to emulate his eternity.”

INFLUENCE OF EXAMPLE.

“It is the unenvied privilege of pre-eminence, that when the great fall, they fall not by themselves, but bring thousands along with them, like the beast in the Apocalypse bringing the stars with it.”

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

“I will now more immediately call your attention to the institution for which I have undertaken to plead. The principle which forms its ground-work is, I am glad to inform you, of the most liberal and expanded nature. Children of all religious persuasions may be educated without any attempt on the part of their governors to instil sentiments contrary to the judgment and choice of their parents:—such perfect religious liberty must ever recommend similar establishments to men of enlarged ideas, who, (be their own mode of worship what it may) will always unite in their support upon the broad and generous ground of philanthropy alone. *Philanthropy*, my friends, is of *no particular sect*; it is confined by no paltry form of rule; it *knows no distinction but that of the happy and unhappy*: it is older than the gospel, eternal as that great source from whence it springs, and often beats higher in the heathen’s breast, than in those of many who are called christians; who, though under the influence of the most benevolent of all possible systems, yet not unfrequently refuse both relief and compassion to the petitions of the wretched, and the entreaty of the unhappy. God

“ forbid that the genuine feelings of the heart were confined to
“ to this or that mode of faith! God forbid that any ridiculous
“ prejudice should hinder me from reverencing the man (how-
“ ever we may differ in speculative notions) whose gentle spirit
“ flies out to soothe the mourner; whose ear is attentive to the
“ voice of sorrow; whose pittance is shared with those who are
“ not the world’s friends; whose bountiful hand scatters food to
“ the hungry, and raiment to the naked; and whose peaceful
“ steps, as he journeyeth on his way, are blessed, and blessed
“ again by the uplifted eye of thankful indigence, and the sounds
“ of honest gratitude from the lips of wretchedness. Should such
“ a man be ill-fated here, or hereafter, may his fate be light!
“ Should he transgress, may his transgressions be unrecorded!
“ Or, if the page of his great account be stained with the weak-
“ nesses of human nature, or the misfortune of error, may the
“ tears of the widow and the orphan, the tears of the wretched he
“ has relieved, efface the too rigid and unfriendly characters, and
“ blot out the guilt and remembrance of them for ever!”

WANT OF HUMANITY.

“ The individual whose life is dedicated to a constant war-
“ fare with his passions, whose life is a scene of temperance,
“ sobriety, assiduous prayer, and unremitting attendance on divine
“ worship, such an individual is certainly entitled to all the merit
“ justly due to such christian works; but, my friends, if, under so
“ fair and plausible a surface, there be a dark and frightful void;
“ if, under the show of virtue, the stream of sensibility does not
“ flow; if such a character, pure and evangelical as it may appear,
“ has never been marked by one solitary act of humanity, by any
“ instance of that brotherly affection and mutual love which hourly
“ breaks out into offices of mercy and useful beneficence, who
“ will hesitate to avow that so specious an exterior is a mockery
“ on true virtue, an imposition on the good sense of the world,
“ and an insult on the life of Christ and the morality of his gos-
“ pel? Who will hesitate to admit that such a man may be aptly
“ compared to a mountain remarkable for sterility and elevation,

“ *which encumbers the earth with its pressure, while it chills all
“ around with its shade?*”

LIBERALITY.

“ Liberty is the most amiable feature of the human mind ; a
“ sacred tie which unites all jarring systems, promotes mutual
“ affection and peace among men, inspires respect for the honest
“ intentions and well-meaning opinions of all mankind, fervently
“ wishes, but perhaps feels the impossibility, to unite all modes of
“ religion upon one broad and rational basis. True liberality is
“ more ; it is expanded as the earth, stimulates the bosom to pro-
“ miscuous benevolence, urges it to feel, and to relieve, the distresses of Turk or Jew, as readily, and with as much warmth, as
“ those of the indigent who raise their hands within those walls ;
“ it wafts the mind over the waste of oceans into distant hemi-
“ spheres, to let fall a tear at the couch of the *afflicted infidel* as
“ well as at the bed of a *sufferer of our own communion* : these are
“ the operations of this beautiful and angelic virtue, and are the
“ pride and glory of every great soul. Thank God ! that in the
“ age and land we live, religion is at length becoming free and
“ natural, and that all zealous contentions about particular systems
“ are now clearly discovered to be unfriendly to the true interests
“ of the community, as well as the peace and happiness of the
“ world. Thank God ! the day is rapidly advancing (and it is a day
“ we should all look forward to with rapture and delight) when
“ every citizen may think as he pleases upon subjects of religion,
“ and quietly offer sacrifice in whatever temple his inclination and
“ opinions point to : the day, and I will call it the glorious day,
“ when all religious societies, all ranks and degrees of men, will be
“ connected together by one common and endearing tie of christian
“ benevolence and love ; when the rancour of parties will cease, the
“ altars of uncharitableness cease to smoke ; the illiberal, narrow,
“ and sophisticated reasonings of bigotry be drowned in the vast
“ and public cry of an enlarged philanthropy ; the hoary and venerable tyrant, Superstition, plucked from his throne ; when the frivolous and ridiculous contest about primogeniture will be no

“ more; and the God of benevolence, of humanity, of mutual forbearance and ardent charity, appear in the threshold of every sanctuary, and obtain an undisputed empire in every heart. Thank God! that day is advancing—I know it, I feel it, I can assert it; a period devoutly to be wished for; and, perhaps, the first opening since the christian æra of human happiness. If there is yet some prejudice, it is giving way; it must give way to liberal inquiry; it must retreat to the dark uncultivated corners of the earth, and of course perish where it cannot grow. The tears of a few fanatics may accompany its fall; but I believe that every man who wishes to see the glorious restoration of reason, its dignity unfettered, and the dominion of real vital religion established; every man who has at heart the enlargement of human nature, and wishes to see the peace of society established upon a secure and permanent basis, will joyfully sing to its requiem, and manfully exert himself to oppose its second appearance in the world!”

THE VANITY OF WEALTH.

“ If they who lie there [pointing from the pulpit to the church-yard], whose places you now occupy, and whose riches you possess (God only knows *how* possess); if they, I say, were at this moment to appear amongst you (don’t tremble), it would not be to *reclaim* their wealth, but to bear testimony to *its vanity*.”

PRIDE.

“ How often have we seen the column of pride, erected upon the base of infamy, and just when it hath begun to attract the gape and stare of the adulatory multitude, death, like a rocky fragment rolling from the mountain, crumbles into nothing the imaginary colossus.”

Dean Kirwan made the celebrated Bossuet and Massillon the models of his style and action. Voltaire selected the sermon of the latter upon “The small Number of the Elect,” as an example of devotional eloquence under that head in the Encyclopædia;

which oration, I was informed, resembles the dean's best manner in many parts. The action of the dean was too vehement for his constitution; after having astonished his auditors with his sublimity, or affected them by his pathos, he was frequently obliged to pause, and sit down before he proceeded again; and this respite from the effect of feelings highly wrought upon was equally necessary to his hearers. On the days when he preached, every avenue used to be crowded long before he ascended the pulpit. Grattan finely said of this eloquent divine, that "in feeding the lamp of charity, he had exhausted the lamp of life."

The family of this most bountiful patron of the poor and friendless is left in very restricted circumstances. "*Non sibi sed aliis*" most justly belonged to him. The gratitude, the taste, the spirit of the country are charged with their protection.

CHAPTER XX.

TINNAHINCH—GRATTAN—STRIKING SPECIMENS OF HIS ELOQUENCE AND STYLE OF WRITING.

UPON quitting St. Valori, I paid a visit to that great man Grattan, whom I have with so much gratification mentioned, at his beautiful seat called Tinnahinch, or the Little Peninsula, the approach to which is very fine. Tinnahinch, or Teine Inch: the latter applies to some great altar of the pagan Irish, in or about the place so called. *Teine* signifies water; it also means stagnated waters, and the water-marks of a river. *Inch*, or inis, or enis, signifies an island. The Irish give this name even to lands not quite surrounded by water, as Inche-core, near Dublin, which has the Liffey in front, and a small stream parallel to it at the back, running to Kilmainham gaol. The house stands at the base of a vast mountain, finely clothed with wood and verdure: a little from the summit is Powerscourt, the noble residence of viscount Powerscourt.

Soon after my arrival, the distinguished owner of Tinnahinch conducted me through his beautiful grounds. The surrounding objects corresponded with the mind of my guide. Before us a winding river, here fertilizing meadows, there foaming over rocks, the rich romantic foilage of the woods, and the lofty mountains that half enclose the Dargle, represented his eloquence, lucid, rich, copious, and sublime; whilst behind the cloud-capt Scalp, serrated with broken rock, resembled the terrible force of his roused philippic. I had the peculiar happiness of seeing this great man in the bosom of his amiable, elegant, and accomplished family; and in one of the greatest orators and politicians of the age, I saw the affectionate husband, the fond father, the luminous and profound scholar, the playful wit, and polite, well-bred, hospitable gentleman. Such is the man who, in his speeches upon the ques-

tion of the paramount right of England to change the constitutional government of Ireland, displayed an eloquence before unknown to that, and never surpassed in any country. This question underwent several discussions in 1780, 1781, and 1782: the speech which he delivered on the 19th of April 1780, was, as I was informed by a gentleman who had the good fortune to be present when it was delivered, most brilliant, energetic, and impressive: it effected the repeal of the 6th George I, and for a period gave independence to his country: for *this speech alone* the parliament, by an almost unanimous vote, granted him the sum of *fifty thousand pounds!* His speech also on the propositions in 1785 is said to have teemed with the highest eloquence.

Owing to the parliamentary debates of Ireland having been irregularly and imperfectly taken, I found considerable difficulty in procuring specimens of the eloquence of this great orator; some of those with which I shall gratify my reader, I received from the oral communication of persons who had heard and treasured them up in their recollection.

I am sure I have no right, from public or private information, to assert that Grattan is the author of Junius's Letters, but the very soul of that immortal writer seems to vivify all his speeches and writings; the same sagacity, the same galling irony, the same richness of language, the same impassioned energy of expression, combining conciseness with ornament, strength with beauty, and elegance with sublimity.

It must be remembered that the speeches from which I have taken the following extracts, were delivered in times of political convulsion, when the public mind was highly inflamed. I offer them *solely* as specimens of elevated oratory, and not for the purpose of introducing political sentiments.

PROVIDENCE.

“ So it frequently happens; men are but instruments of Providence, and without knowing it, fulfil her ways. The zealot is *but an inflamed organ*, bursting forth with unpremeditated truths.”

WRETCHED PEASANTRY.

“ The hapless people of the south are husbandmen from necessity, not choice. They have no other means of existence. They are obliged, in many places, to clamber mountains, rocks, and precipices, to snatch from sterility a little spot of ground, and oppose indefatigable industry to the natural stubbornness of the soil. And they are compelled to wade to cultivation through bogs and morasses; labouring thus to add to the productive grounds of the kingdom.”

VALUE OF PEASANTRY.

“ Where can the peasantry of Ireland look for protection, if you deny them assistance? They are the *pillars* of the state, and if not humanity, good policy ought at least to guide you to cherish them. You complain they are intractable; there is no animal so fierce but can be tamed, save the tyger; yet he is in some measure to be subdued. If you wish to conciliate him, feed him well. Try the experiment, I intreat you.

TOLERATION.

“ The source of your reason tells you that you should embrace every sect of religion; how then can you hope to receive sovereign mercy if you are deaf to the cries of your fellow creatures? The doctrine of the *dark conclave of bigotry*, which, bursting, overwhelmed the nations of the earth, may be urged in favour of such criminal apathy; but the pangs of him who suffered a cruel crucifixion will rush from the sepulchre, to upbraid you with ingratitude, and involve your future tranquillity.”

ILLIBERALITY.

“ When a bill for the improvement of barren lands, and the encouragement of industry among the lower orders of the people, was in the last session resisted by the spiritual peers, a right reverend prelate was said to have declared as a principle, that the poor should not be relieved, if the clergy were to be at the expense. Such a sentiment coming from a christian, and a protestant bishop,

must have smitten every breast with deep and sincere affliction : but if we are cast down by so great and grave an authority on the one side, we are consoled again by a still higher interposition, the express commands and practice of the Scriptures on the other. The Saviour of man suffered on a principle different from that which the right reverend prelate has introduced. The apostles, the martyrs, and *that flaming constellation of men* that in the early age of christianity *shot to their station in the heavens, and fell, and falling illumined the nations of the earth with the blaze of the Gospel*, they rose and they fell with inspirations of a very different kind. Had Christ been of the prelate's opinion, he never had been born, and we never had been saved. Had he said to his apostles, 'The poor are not to be fed, the valley is not to laugh and to sing at the expense of our church;' or, had the apostles said to the nations of the earth, 'Ye are not to be benefited at the expense of christian pastors;' or, had the martyrs expostulated with themselves, 'We will not suffer for mankind,' what had become of the christian religion? Let the pagan priest of Jove, or the sensual priest of Mahomet, deliver such doctrine, but don't you part with the palm of christianity, nor relinquish the lofty self-surrendering precepts of your gospel, to poach in politics for little and wicked tenets, in order to brand your prayer-book with the image of a sorry selfishness, which would disgrace the frontispiece of Machiavel."

DESCRIPTION OF A GREAT CHARACTER.

"I speak of some, not all. There are among them men whom I revere. Such is one whom I don't name, because he is present; mild, learned, pious, and benevolent; a friend to the meekness of the gospel, and a friend to man. Such is another whom I may venture to name, because he is not present. He has the first episcopal dignity in this realm—it is his right—he takes it by virtue of the commanding benevolence of his mind, in right of a superior and exalted nature. There are men possessed of certain creative powers, and who distinguish the place of their nativity, instead of being distinguished by it—they don't receive, they give birth to the place of their residence, and vivify the region which

is about them. The man I alluded to I know not, or know him as we know superior beings, only by his works."

ANONYMOUS SLANDER.

"No man, no body of men, has a right to charge on a member of the legislature, as his speech made therein, an unauthorised publication. Against this rule have transgressed those anonymous and wrathful clergymen, who, in a flock of noisy publications, have attacked what I never published, and replied to what I never said. They are welcome—they have shown that all of them can excel; their patron, I hope, will reward them! *The flies of the vintage*, they gather about the press, and already taste, in devout expectation, the inspiring fruit. A light swarm! that they should travel over boundaries I am not astonished; but that the grave body, the parochial clergy of Munster, with their six bishops should assail me, is strange—but they too are welcome."

USURPED CONSEQUENCE.

"But it should seem that it was not religion which supported the parson, but the parson that supported religion. The error, however, is natural and common; the politician thinks the state rests on his shoulders, and the dignified divine imagines the church and the christian religion—the *firmament* and *starry sphere*, to dance round his person and property. It is a matter of curiosity to know what, on the present occasion, has endangered the christian religion—an anonymous pamphlet against tithe, and a motion to inquire into the sufferings of the poor—for this is the godhead brought out of his shrine, and exposed as an outwork in defence of church property."

In Mr. Grattan's celebrated address to his fellow-citizens, in 1797, the following beautiful passages occur:

DEMOCRACY.

"We saw the minister retreating from the enemy with as rapid a step as he advanced upon the people, going back, and back, and

back; while the democratic principle in Europe was getting on, and on, like a mist at the heels of the countrymen, small at first, and lowly, but soon ascending to the hills, and overcasting the hemisphere."

OUTRAGE.

"Sensible acts of violence have an epidemic force; they operate by sympathy; *they possess the air, as it were, by certain tender influences*, and spread the kindred passion through the whole community."

TOLERATION.

"Kings have no right to enter into the *tabernacle of the human mind*, and hang up there the images of their own orthodoxy. We know of no *royal rule* either for religion or mathematics."

WEAKNESS OF HUMAN NATURE.

"Our contemplation, the most profound, on divine nature, can only lead us to one great conclusion, our own immeasurable inanity; from whence we should learn, that we can never serve God but in serving his creature; and to think we serve God by a profusion of prayer, when we degrade and proscribe his creature and our fellow creature, is to suppose Heaven, like the court of princes, a region of flattery, and that man can there procure a holy connivance at his inhumanity, on the personal application of luxurious and complimentary devotion."

FRENCH REVOLUTION.

"A gigantic form walked the earth at this moment, who smote crowns with a hundred hands, and opened for the seduction of their subjects a hundred arms."

EXTENDED EMPIRE.

"When England had conquered France, possessed America, guided the counsels of Prussia, directed Holland, and intimidated Spain; when she was *the great western temple* to which the nations

of the earth repaired, from whence to draw eternal oracles of policy and freedom; when *her root extended from continent to continent and the dew of the two hemispheres watered her branches*—then indeed we allowed with less danger, but never with justice that she might have made sacrifices of the claims of the Irish.”

BOROUGH INFLUENCE.

“ The king had another instrument more subtle and more pliable than the sword, and against the liberty of the subject more cold and deadly, a court instrument that murders freedom without the mark of blood, palls itself in the covering of the constitution, and in her own colours, and in her name, plants the dagger—a borough parliament.”

BOROUGH MONGERS.

“ It is well known that the price of boroughs is from fourteen to sixteen thousand pounds, and has, in the course of not many years, increased one-third; a proof at once of the extravagance and audacity of this abuse, which thus looks to immortality, and proceeds, unawed by the times and uninstructed by example, and in moments which are held alarming entertains no fear, conceives no panic, and feels no remorse which prevents the chapman and dealer from going on at any risk with his villainous little barter, in the very rockings and frownings of the elements, and makes him tremble indeed at liberty, but not at crimes.”

CORRUPTION.

“ Make your people honest, says the court—make your court honest, says the people; it is the higher classes that introduce corruption—thieving may be learned from poverty; but corruption is learned from riches. It is a venal court that makes a venal country; that vice descends from above. The peasant does not go to the castle for the bribe, but the castle candidate goes to the peasant, and the castle candidate offers the bribe to the peasant, because he expects, in a much greater bribe, to be repaid by the minister; thus things go on; 'tis impossible they can last.”

BRIBERY AND TERROR.

“ The laws did, in my judgment, afford the crown sufficient power to administer the country, and preserve the connexion with Great Britain ; but our ministers have despised the ordinary track, and plain, obvious, legitimate and vulgar bonds between the king and the subject ; they have resorted to the guinea and the gallows, as to the only true and faithful friends of government, and try to hang when they can’t compel ; they have extended the venal stipendiary principle to all constituted authorities ; they have given the taint to the grave corporator as well as the senator, and have gone into the halls and streets to communicate the evil to the middling and ordinary part of society.”

DECLINE OF EMPIRE.

“ The Romans were conquered at Cannæ, first by Varro, and afterwards by Hannibal. The English have been conquered, first by the minister, and afterwards by the French. Those Romans were finally conquered by the barbarians of the north, because they had been previously conquered by the princes of the empire ; and then the half-armed savage, with the pike and the pole, came down on the frontiers, and disposed of the masters of the world as of the stock of the land—the *gouty stock* of the rich, and the rude stock of the people.”

REFORM.

“ In the American contest we saw that reform which had been born in England, and banished to America, advance like the shepherd lad in holy writ, and overthrow Goliath. He returned, riding on the wave of the Atlantic, and his spirit moved on the waters of Europe.”

SELF-LEGISLATION.

“ Self-legislation is life, and has been fought for as for being. It was that principle that called forth resistance to the house of Stuart, and baptized with royalty the house of Hanover, when the people stood sponsors for their allegiance to the liberty of the sub-

jects; for kings are but satellites, and your freedom is the luminary that has called them to the skies; but your fatal compliances (speaking of the then parliament) have caused a succession of measures which have collected upon us such an accumulation of calamity, and which have finally, at an immense expense and through a sea of blood, stranded these kingdoms on a solitary shore, naked of empire, naked of liberty, and bereft of innocence, to ponder on an abyss which has swallowed up one part of their fortunes, and yawns for the remainder."

He thus finely portrays some of the great political characters of Ireland.

" Mr. Malone, lord Pery, late lord Shannon, duke of Leinster, the Mr. Ponsonbys, Mr. Brownlow, Sir William Osborne, Mr. Burgh, Mr. Daly, Mr. Yelverton, Mr. Ogle, Mr. Flood, Mr. Forbes, lord Charlemont, and myself. I follow the author through the graves of the honourable dead men, for most of them are so; and I beg to raise up their tombstones, as he throws them down; I feel it more instructive to converse with their ashes than with his compositions. Mr. Malone, one of the characters of 53, was a man of the finest intellect that any country ever produced. ' The three ablest men I have ever heard, were Mr. Pitt (the father), ' Mr. Murray, and Mr. Malone; for for a popular assembly I ' would chuse Mr. Pitt; for a privy council, Murray; as a wise ' man, Malone.' This was the opinion lord Sackville, the secretary of 53, gave of Mr. Malone to a gentleman from whom I have heard it. ' He is a great sea in a calm,' said Mr. Gerrard Hamilton, another great judge of men of talents. ' Aye,' it was replied, ' but ' had you seen him when he was young, you would have said he ' was a great sea in a storm;' and like the sea, whether in calm or storm, *he was a great production of nature.*"

MR. FLOOD.

Mr. Flood, my rival, as the pamphlet calls him—and I should be unworthy the character of his rival, if in his grave I did not do him justice—he had his faults, but he had great powers, great

public effect ; he persuaded the old, he inspired the young ; the castle vanished before him ; on a small subject he was miserable ; put into his hand a distaff, and, like Hercules, he made sad work of it ; but give him the thunderbolt, and he had the arm of a Jupiter ; he misjudged when he transferred himself to the English parliament ; he forgot that he was a *tree of the forest, too old and too great to be transplanted at fifty* ; and his seat in the British parliament is a caution to the *friends of union to stay at home, and make the country of their birth the seat of their action.*"

MR. BURGH,

Afterwards lord chief baron of the exchequer.

" Mr. Burgh, another great person in those scenes, which it is not in the little quill of this author to depreciate. He was a man singularly gifted with great talent, great variety, wit, oratory, and logic ; he too had his weakness ; but he had the pride of genius also ; he strove to raise his country along with himself, and never sought to build his elevation on the degradation of Ireland.

" I moved an amendment for a free export ; he moved a better amendment, and he lost his place ; I moved a declaration of right : ' With my last breath will I support the right of the Irish parliament,' was his note to me, when I applied to him for his support : he lost the chance of recovering his place, and his way to the seals, for which he might have bartered. *The gates of promotion were shut on him, as those of glory opened.*"

MR. DALY.

" Mr. Daly, my beloved friend ; he in a great measure drew the address of 79, in favour of our trade ; that ' ungracious measure ;' and he saw, read and approved of the address of 82, in favour of constitution, that address of ' separation :' he visited me in my illness, at that moment, and I had communication on those subjects with that man, whose powers of oratory were next to perfection, and whose powers of understanding, I might say, from what has lately happened, bordered on the spirit of prophecy."

MR. FORBES.

Mr. Forbes, a name I shall ever regard, and a death I shall ever deplore, enlightened, sensible, laborious, and useful—proud in poverty, and patriotic, he preferred exile to apostacy, and met his death. I speak of the dead, I say nothing of the living, but that I attribute to this constellation of men, in a great measure, the privileges of your country; and I attribute such a generation of men to the residence of your parliament.”

EARL OF CHARLEMONT.

“In the list of injured characters I beg leave to say a few words for the good and gracious earl of Charlemont; an attack not only on his measures, but on his representative, makes his vindication seasonable; formed to unite aristocracy and the people; with the manners of a court, and the principles of a patriot; with the flame of liberty and the love of order, unassailable to the approaches of power, of profit, or of titles, he annexed to the love of freedom a veneration for order, and cast on the crowd that followed him the *gracious shade of his own accomplishments*; so that the very rabble grew civilized as it approached his person; for years did he preside over a great army without pay or reward, and he helped to accomplish a great revolution, without a drop of blood.

“Let slaves utter their slander, and bark at glory which is conferred by the people; his name will stand; and when his clay shall be gathered in the dust to which it belongs, his monument, whether in marble or in the hearts of his countrymen, shall be consulted as a *subject of sorrow, and a source of virtue*.”

Grattan had the highest veneration for the talents of Flood; but the latter was jealous of his fame, and more jealous of the splendid reward bestowed upon him by the nation: in a stormy debate, Flood bitterly reflected upon the conduct of Grattan, and even stooped to personalities, which drew one of the finest philippics ever heard from the latter, who observed, turning to Flood, whose nose was disfigured: “He resembles an ill-omened bird “of night, that with sepulchral notes, a cadaverous aspect, and

“ broken beak, hovers over the dome of this assembly, shedding
“ baneful influence, and ready to stoop and pounce upon his prey:
“ he can be trusted by no man; the people cannot trust him; the
“ minister cannot trust him; he deals out the most impartial
“ treachery to both; he tells the nation it is ruined by other men,
“ while it is sold by himself; he fled from the embargo-bill, he fled
“ from the mutiny-bill, he fled from the sugar-bill; I therefore
“ tell him in the face of his country, before all the world, and to
“ his very beard, he is not an honest man.”

CHAPTER. XXI.

POWERSCOURT HOUSE—THE FOUR COURTS DESCRIBED—THE IRISH BAR—EMINENT ADVOCATES—CHARACTERISTIC AFFABILITY—CURIOUS MODE OF PLACING WITNESSES—NUMBER OF COUNSEL IN A CAUSE—WHIMSICAL CIRCUMSTANCE—LATE LORD AVONMORE—ANECDOTE—SPECIMENS OF MR. CURRAN'S ELOQUENCE—FALSE ALARM—INUNDATION AND LAWYERS' WIGS—THE NEW KING'S INNS.

IT was with real regret that I left the delightful and hospitable roof of Tinnahinch. In my way to Dublin I paid my respects to lord Powerscourt, and much regretted that time would not permit me to accept of the kind and cordial invitation of his lordship and his amiable lady, to spend some days at the castle, which stands in the proudest situation I ever beheld. The front of the house is of hewn stone, adorned with pilasters, and very handsome and extensive: few mansions can boast of so noble and magnificent a banqueting-room as the Egyptian-hall, which was designed and built by the architect of the parliament-house: it has a gallery on each side, supported by Corinthian pillars: the drawing-rooms are also very elegant; the avenues to the house beautiful, and the park, spread over the mountain, uncommonly fine.

Upon my return to Dublin, Michaelmas term had just commenced, and afforded me an opportunity of visiting the courts of law. The building which contains them is truly superb. I will venture to affirm that Justice has not such a temple in any other country. It contains the king's bench, common pleas, and exchequer.

The first stone of this magnificent edifice was laid on the 3d of March 1786, by the duke of Rutland, then viceroy of Ireland, and the design was made and executed by Mr. Gandon, who, I

forgot to mention, was a pupil of Sir William Chambers, and to whose genius and taste I have before felt great pleasure in attempting to do justice. The entire front extends four hundred and thirty-two feet, and its depth is one hundred and fifty-five. The courts, which are in the centre, occupy a space of one hundred and forty feet, advance to the street, and are equal to the front of the wings of the offices containing the records, which form a quadrangle on each side, and are connected with the centre by arcades, under which there are private doors for the judges to pass into their respective courts. The plan, as remarkable for its novelty as well as elegance, affords, from the disposition of its parts, an easy communication with each of the courts, which are extremely well lighted, and are sufficiently spacious for the purposes of hearing and ventilation.

In the front you ascend by a flight of steps under a portico, supported by six columns of the Corinthian order, thirty-six feet high, and enter a vestibule decorated with Ionic columns, leading to the great hall, which is sixty-four feet diameter, and seventy-six feet high to the inner dome, forming a general communication to the Four Courts, and its contiguous departments. This area at first conveyed to my mind the idea of an imperial Roman bath from which the water had been emptied. In this place the counsel, solicitors, and clients parade, previous to the suits in which they are concerned coming on. On each side of the courts are two galleries, one for juries, the other for spectators. These galleries are ascended to by stairs from the courts, and lead to the jury rooms by which the juries are prevented from having any communication with the public; a very necessary caution, which is not practised in England.

The great hall cannot fail of impressing the spectator with the extent of its dimensions, and the elegance of its decorations. There are four openings in it, which form entrances to the courts, consisting of a couple of columns in the thickness of the wall; instead of noisy doors, double green curtains are used. There are also similar spaces, with columns, partly enclosed by doors, leading to different apartments, communicating with

the judges' rooms, which are octangular. Besides these entrances, there are eight piers with niches, which piers and the columns are finished by a composite entablature, over which there is an attic, decorated with four bas relievos, consisting of the following subjects: king Alfred establishing the trial by jury; Henry II. granting the charter to the Irish; Magna Charta signed by king John, and the abolition of the Brehon law. From this rises a lofty dome, in which are the windows that light the hall. Between these windows are eight colossal emblematic figures in bas relievo, of the different virtues, with their appropriate emblems. From the heads of these figures springs an antique running foliage round the dome. Over every window are large medallions of the heads of the most celebrated legislators; the whole forming a beautiful and appropriate combination. The remaining part of the cove is finished with antique lozenges, up to a large opening at the top of the dome, which is surrounded by a circular iron-rail.

The front has a commanding appearance on the Inns Quay, but is seen to most advantage from the opposite side of the river: it is constructed of white grey stone, a species of white granite. Over the portico is a pediment with statues.

The entablature of the sides is finished by a balustrade, on which are sitting figures. Over the angles of the building is shown as much of the drum of the dome as forms a pleasing and well-proportioned basement, to show the superstructure to the greatest advantage, which is composed of a long cylinder, surrounded by detached Corinthian columns twenty-five feet high. Between these columns are alternate niches and windows. The columns are finished with an entablature, with two plinths, from which springs the dome, covered with copper. A skreen rusticated arcade, in which are great gates of communication to the quadrangular courts and offices, connect the basement of the wings of the offices, which complete the façade. This magnificent building cost ninety-five thousand pounds.

If there were a noble bridge from the opposite side to this building, the effect would be very grand and finished: it was not the fault of the architect that it is so closely upon a line with the street.

Some disputes respecting the ground behind prevented it from receding more : still it is not so objectionably placed as the front of Somerset-house towards the Strand.

To the architectural description already given of the internal construction of the courts I have nothing to add, but that nothing can be more elegant. Perhaps the jury-boxes are too much elevated for the counsel to address the jury with ease.

I believe I need not observe that the Irish are remarkably eloquent. I had the high gratification of hearing the chief of the Irish bar, Curran ; of his style I shall enable my reader to judge hereafter. Mr. Ponsonby, since elevated to the dignity of lord high chancellor of Ireland, a situation equally due to his integrity, genius, and learning, is an able debater, and remarkable for delicate and refined irony. Mr. Plunket, the attorney-general, is celebrated for his acuteness, and possesses great wit and humour ; the solicitor-general, Mr. Bushe, possesses the serious and dignified style of oratory, and is thought to rank next to Curran : Mr. Bunton is considered unrivalled in a clear and well-arranged statement of facts : Mr. Saurin and Mr. Bull are profound lawyers, and deliver their arguments in clear and familiar language : Mr. McNally is regarded as an able criminal lawyer. I was one morning in the court of chancery, where I heard part of a very long and learned argument, before the master of the rolls, upon the nature of descendible freehold ; barren as the subject is of oratorical ornament, I was struck with the following beautiful sentence from one of the counsel ; I was informed, Mr. Stewart. " The nature of freehold," said the advocate, " naturally attracted the heir, and repelled the executor : each could only exist in the atmosphere of his own system. The executor was of Roman birth and origin ; the heir was inseparably connected with that system which was first discovered in the woods." There are many other gentlemen at this bar of considerable legal learning and genius, whom I had not the good fortune of hearing.

A stranger, accustomed to the severe solemnity of an English court of law, cannot but be impressed with the characteristic good-humour and familiarity which prevail in the courts of the Irish metropolis. A judge feels it no degradation to converse, during the

pause of judicial business, with a respectable solicitor, who also never fails to receive the most gentleman-like attention from his counsel. I was surprised to find, considering how infinitely superior the arrangements of their courts were, that they had no witness-box. The witness is hoisted upon the table, where the counsel within the bar sit, with all the mud and filth adhering to his shoes, where he is seated upon a chair; and a lady is exposed in the same manner. Counsel are not confined to one particular court; they plead in all the courts: the consequence is, that a party in litigation is frequently deprived of the services of a favourite advocate whom he has retained, and he is put to the heavy expense of retaining a great number of other counsel, to secure the presence of one of them when his trial comes on.

It is whimsical enough to hear the criers of the courts of king's-bench, common-pleas, and exchequer, all bawling together, "John Philpot Curran, Esq." and his clients and solicitors running after him in various directions, and at length finding him scattering the flowers of his rhetoric over the barren soil of equitable investigation in the court of chancery.

All money paid into this court is lodged in the national bank, and, upon motion, will be directed to be lent out upon government security, in order to procure an annual interest; but if it remain in the bank, it does not bear interest. Ordering money out of the bank is attended with much more expense in the Irish than the English chancery.

Ireland lost a very able judge in the late lord Avonmore, who died in August, 1805. In the administration of lord North he was a member of the Irish parliament, during which time he continued in opposition. Upon the duke of Portland being appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland, he was appointed attorney-general; and, in Michaelmas term, 1785, was raised to the dignity of chief baron of the exchequer, in which office he continued until his death. He was eminent for his classical knowledge, and in early life intended to have published a translation of Livy, in which he made considerable progress; but his success at the bar prevented him from completing it.

Although a man of distinguished talents, he was too apt, from a hasty disposition, to anticipate the tendency of an argument. A celebrated lawyer, whose client had suffered in consequence of this habit, took the following method of reproving it: being engaged to dine in company with the noble lord, he delayed going, so long, that the company were at dinner when he entered the room: he apologized for his absence, apparently with much agitation, stating that, from a melancholy event he had just witnessed, he found himself unable to master his feelings: "I was passing through the market," said he, "a calf was bound to a post: the butcher had drawn his knife, and was just advancing, when a beautiful child ran across him, and O! my God! he killed"—"the child!" exclaimed his lordship: "No, my lord, the *calf*; but your lordship is in the habit of *anticipating*."

The following brilliant extracts from speeches made by Mr. Curran will illustrate the pretensions which he has to the high character he has obtained as an orator.

My reader will scarcely require to be told, after he has perused them, that they were delivered in times of violence, during the effervescence of the rebellion, and that they are *solely* introduced to exhibit the style of eloquence of the orator.

UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.

"*Universal Emancipation!* No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced;—no matter what complexion, incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him;—no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down;—no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery; the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation!"

EXQUISITE IRONICAL HUMOUR.

“ Gentlemen, how then does Mr. O’Brien’s tale hang together? Look to its commencement. He walks along Thomas street in the open day (a street not the least populous in this city), and is accosted by a man who, without any preface, tells him he’ll be murdered before he goes half the street, unless he becomes an united Irishman! Do you think this is a probable story? Suppose any of you, gentlemen, be an united Irishman, or a free-mason, or a friendly-brother, and that you met me walking innocently along, just like Mr. O’Brien, and meaning no harm, would you say, ‘ Stop, Mr. Curran, don’t go further; you’ll be murdered before you go half the street, if you do not become an united Irishman, a free-mason, or a friendly-brother.’ Did you ever hear so coaxing an invitation to felony as this? ‘ Sweet Mr. James O’Brien! come in and save your precious life; come in and take an oath, or you’ll be murdered before you go half the street!— Do, sweetest, dearest, Mr. James O’Brien, come in, and do not risk your valuable existence!’ What a loss had he been to his king, whom he loves so marvellously! Well, what does poor Mr. O’Brien do? Poor, dear man, he stands petrified with the magnitude of his danger—all his members refuse their office—he can neither run from the danger, nor call out for assistance; *his tongue cleaves to his mouth, and his feet incorporate with the paving-stones*: it is in vain that his expressive eye silently implores protection of the passengers; he yields at length, as greater men have done, and resignedly submits to his fate—he then enters the house, and being led into a room, a parcel of men make faces at him—but mark the metamorphosis—Well may it be said that ‘ miracles will never cease’—he who feared to resist in open air, and in the face of the public, becomes a bravo when pent up in a room, and environed by sixteen men; and one is obliged to bar the door, while another swears him, which, after some resistance, is accordingly done, and poor Mr. O’Brien becomes an united Irishman, for no earthly purpose whatever but merely to save his sweet life!— But this is not all; the pill so bitter to the percipiency of his loyal

palate must be washed down; and lest he should throw it off his stomach, he is filled up to the neck with beef and whisky."

GUILT.

" You finding him coiling himself in the scaly circles of his cautious perjury, making anticipated battle against any one who should appear against him; but you see him sink before the proof."

FINE DESCRIPTION OF AN INFORMER.

" This cannibal informer, this dæmon O'Brien, greedy after human gore, has fifteen other victims in reserve, if, from your verdict, he receives the unhappy man at his bar! Fifteen more of your fellow-citizens are to be tried on the evidence! Be you, then, their saviours; let your verdict snatch them from his ravening maw, and interpose between yourselves and endless remorse!

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

" I do not pretend to be a mighty grammarian, or a formidable critic; but I would beg leave to suggest to you in serious humility, that a free press can be supported only by the ardor of men who feel the prompting sting of real or supposed capacity; who write from the enthusiasm of virtue, or the ambition of praise, and over whom, if you exercise the rigour of a grammatical censorship, you will inspire them with as mean an opinion of your integrity as your wisdom, and inevitably drive them from their post; and if you do, rely upon it you will reduce the spirit of publication, and with it the press of this country, to what it for a long interval has been, the register of births, and fairs, and funerals, and the general abuse of the people and their friends."

AN INNOCENT VICTIM.

" That after that period of lingering deliberation passed, a third respite is transmitted; that the unhappy captive himself feels the cheering hope of being restored to a family that he adored, to a character that he had never stained, and to a country that he

had ever loved; that you had seen his wife and children upon their knees, giving those tears to gratitude, which their locked and frozen hearts could not give to anguish and despair, and imploring the blessings of eternal Providence upon his head who had graciously spared the father, and restored him to his children; that you had seen the olive branch sent into *his little ark*, but no sign that the *waters had subsided*. ‘Alas! nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold; nor friends, nor sacred home!’ No seraph mercy unbars his dungeon, and leads him forth to light and life; but the minister of death hurries him to the scene of suffering and of shame, where, unmoved by the hostile array of artillery and armed men collected together to secure, or to insult, or to disturb him, he dies with a solemn declaration of his innocence, and utters his last breath in a prayer for the liberty of his country.”

LIBEL.

“Perhaps, gentlemen, he may know you better than I do: if he does, he has spoken to you as he ought; he has been right in telling you, that if the reprobation of this writer is weak, it is because his genius could not make it stronger; he has been right in telling you that his language has not been *braided and festooned as elegantly as it might; that he has not finished the miserable plaits of his phraseology, nor placed his patches and feathers with that correctness of millinery* which became so exalted a person. If you agree with him, gentlemen of the jury; if you think that the man who ventures, at the hazard of his own life, to rescue from the deep the drowned honour of his country, must not presume upon the *guilty familiarity of plucking it up by the locks*, I have no more to say; do a courteous thing. Upright and honest jurors! find a civil and obliging verdict against the printer! and when you have done so, march through the ranks of your fellow-citizens to your own homes, and bear their looks as they pass along; retire to the bosom of your families and children, and when you are presiding over the morality of the parental board, tell those infants, who are to be the future men of Ireland, the history of this day. Form their young minds by your precepts, and confirm those

precepts by your own example; teach them how discreetly allegiance may be perjured on the table, or loyalty be foresworn in the jury-box: and when you have done so, tell them the story of Orr; tell them of his captivity, of his children, of his crime, of his hopes, of his disappointments, of his courage, and of his death; and when you find your little hearers hanging from your lips, when you see their eyes overflow with sympathy and sorrow, and their young hearts bursting with the pangs of anticipated orphanage, tell them that you had the boldness and the justice to stigmatize the monster who has dared to publish the transaction!"

VIRTUE OPPOSED TO HEREDITARY RANK.

"A similar application was made in the beginning of this session in the lords of Great-Britain, by our illustrious countryman, of whom I do not wonder that my learned friend should have observed, how *much virtue can fling pedigree into the shade*; or how much the transient honour of a body inherited from man is obscured by the lustre of an intellect derived from God."

OPPRESSION.

"Merciful God! what is the state of Ireland, and where shall you find the wretched inhabitant of this land! You may find him perhaps in a gaol, the only place of security, I had almost said of ordinary habitation; you may see him flying by the conflagration of his own dwelling; or you may *find his bones bleaching on the green fields of his country*; or he may be found tossing upon the surface of the ocean, and mingling his groans with those tempests, less savage than his persecutors, that drift him to a *returnless distance from his family and his home*."

PENAL LAWS.

"In this country penal laws had been tried beyond any example of any former times, what was the event? the race between penalty and crime was continued, each growing fiercer in the conflict, until the penalty could go no further, *and the fugitive turned upon the breathless pursuer*."

IMPRISONMENT.

“ To this gentleman (major Sandys) was my client consigned, and in his custody he remained about seven weeks, unthought of by the world, as if he had never existed. The *oblivion of the buried is as profound as the oblivion of the dead*; his family may have mourned his absence, or his probable death; but why should I mention so paltry a circumstance? The fears or the sorrows of the wretched give no interruption to the general progress of things. The sun rose, and the sun set, just as it did before.”

EFFECT OF GENERAL DESCRIPTION.

“ When you endeavour to convey an idea of a great number of barbarians, practising a great variety of cruelties upon an incalculable multitude of sufferers, nothing defined or specific finds its way to the heart, nor is any sentiment excited, save that of a general, erratic, unappropriated commiseration. If, for instance, you wished to convey to the mind of an English matron the horrors of that direful period; when, in defiance of the remonstrance of the ever-to-be-lamented Abercromby, our poor people were surrendered to the licentious brutality of the soldiery, by the authority of the state; you would vainly endeavour to give her a general picture of lust, and rapine, and murder, and conflagration. By endeavouring to comprehend every thing, you would convey nothing. When the father of poetry wishes to pourtray the movements of contending armies, and an embattled field, he *exemplifies only*, he does not describe; he does not venture to describe the perplexed and promiscuous conflicts of adverse hosts, but by the acts and fates of a few individuals, he conveys a notion of the vicissitudes of fight and the fortunes of the day. So should your story to her keep clear of generalities; instead of exhibiting the picture of an entire province, select a single object; and even if that single object do not release the imagination of your hearer from its task, by giving more than an outline, take a cottage.”

DESCRIPTION OF THE HUSBAND OF AN ADULTRESS.

“ Do not strike him into that most dreadful of all human conditions, the *orphanage that springs not from the grave*, that falls not from the hand of Providence or the stroke of death; but comes before its time, anticipated and inflicted by the remorseless cruelty of parental guilt. For the poor victim herself, not yet immolated, while yet balancing upon the pivot of her destiny, your heart could not be cold, nor your tongue be wordless.”

LOVE.

“ Is it love think you? No; do not give that name to any attraction you can find in the faded refuse of a violated bed. Love is a noble and generous passion, it can be founded only on a pure and ardent friendship, on an exalted respect, on an implicit confidence in its object.”

MODERATION IN GRIEF.

“ My miserable client, when his *brain was on fire*, and every fiend of hell was let loose upon his heart, he should then, it seems, have placed himself before his mirror; he should have taught the stream of agony to flow decorously down his forehead; he should have composed his features to harmony, he should have writhed with grace, and groaned with melody.”

DESCRIPTION OF SILENCE.

The weakest voice is heard; the shepherd's whistle shoots across the listening darkness of the interminable heath, and gives notice that the wolf is upon his walk, and the same gloom and stillness that tempt the monster to come abroad, facilitate the communication of the warning to beware. Yes, through that silence the voice shall be heard; through that silence the shepherd shall be put upon his guard.”

INSIGNIFICANT OBJECTS.

“ Is the ocean ever tossed by the tempest to waft a feather, or to drown a fly? Thus haughtily and jealously I trust you will seek some nobler assistance than can be found in the principles or the practice of day rules or inside bar motions. Something more worthy a liberal and learned court, acting under a religious sense of their duty to their king, their country, and their God, than the feeble and pedantic aid of a stunted verbal interpretation, straining upon its tiptoe to peep over the syllable that stands between it and meaning.”

CHARACTER OF COMMON IRISH.

“ The people of our island are by nature *penetrating, sagacious, artful, and comic.*”

The fancy of Curran is of the first order, and is sometimes almost ungovernable: after soaring into regions of light, it sometimes falls, as if beam-struck, to the very earth. Wilson said that the powers of Burke “ were occasionally like the Peruvian shower, “ that washes down gold, and mingles it with vulgar sand.” Such too is the versatility of Curran’s genius.

A rumour has been in circulation that the foundation of the four courts has given way, and has caused the cracks that appear in the inside of the great hall. As I was so charmed with this magnificent building, I took considerable pains to ascertain the truth of this rumour, and found that it was altogether unfounded. The erection of this pile is within fifty feet of the river, the foundation of it is consequently in water, which made it necessary to lay the walls upon a grating of whole timber, and to fill the interstices with stones well bedded and cemented with mortar, to a level with the surface of the grating; after which the whole was covered with thick plank well secured, to give a stronger base to the foundation. The inside of the hall is cased with cut granite stone, somewhat too thin in its bed, and set with too fine a joint; and therefore when the superstructure was raised to the height of the attic, several small fissures appeared, and upon their appear-

ance the foundation was immediately inspected, and found to be perfectly sound, but they have never since extended. The great inundation of December 1803, which carried away several bridges on the Liffey, and overflowed a great part of Dublin, poured into the area of the hall, and made it a *complete Roman bath*, and running into the underground apartments, occupied by the barbers, those

“Mighty bits of hair

That doctors, lawyers, and no lawyers wear,”

for want of the heads to which many of them belonged, were soon *out of their depth*.

Till very lately Dublin had no inns of court as we have. The new king's inns, not yet quite finished building, from the designs of Mr. Gandon, promise to augment his reputation as an architect. This building stands at the top of Harcourt-street, and consists of a large hall, or refectory, of eighty feet long by forty feet wide; the height is also forty feet to the cove ceiling: the other corresponding side contains a vestibule and a library, sixty feet by forty. The front, which consists of the hall and library, united by a centre building, has a rustic basement; and in the centre is a large arch for the admission of carriages, and two posterns: over the basement are coupled Ionic columns, between which are niches, having tablets over them for inscriptions. On the entablature in the centre rises a basement for a clock, adorned with sitting figures finished with a cornice; on this is a zoculo, on which stands columns of the Corinthian order, with a proper entablature, crowned with a dome that completes the cupola. The wings, forming the hall and library, have two entrances; those of the principal front having handsome doorways, with caryatic figures. Over the windows are large bas relievos; that on the dining-hall representing the meeting of Bacchus and Ceres; that on the library emblematic of the sciences. The wings are finished with a pediment, and have a ballustrade which unites with the cupola. The ornaments are of Portland-stone, the remainder of the front being of mountain-granite. This building forms a centre part of a great quadrangle, intended as chambers for barristers, who at present have none.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE—OBSERVATIONS UPON THE COLLECTION OF THE CUSTOMS—EXPORTS AND IMPORTS—WHISKY AND DRAM-SHOPS—INTRODUCTION OF SPIRITS IN IRELAND—THE FOUNDLING-HOSPITAL—OBSERVATIONS—CHARTER-SCHOOLS—SCOTCH HIGHLAND SOCIETY—EDUCATION OF THE POOR—RIDE TO DALKEY—THE THEATRE—PERFORMERS—GALLERY—WIT—THE FEMALE ORPHAN-HOUSE—THE HOUSE OF INDUSTRY—THE HARDWICKE FEVER-HOSPITAL—THE HIBERNIAN SCHOOL—PROMPTITUDE OF WOMEN—PRESENT STATE OF AGRICULTURE IN IRELAND—FAIR AT BALLINASLOE—RETURN TO ENGLAND.

THE custom-house is a very superb building. Few capitals can boast of such an ornament: but it seems to be destined that the noblest edifices in Dublin should have some counteractive associate. The approach to the custom-house, through Lower Abbey-street, is filthy and offensive beyond imagination. This noble pile consists of two large courts, with a central building, enclosed by the stores and other offices at the east and west. The plan extends three hundred and eighty by two hundred feet: it would be tedious to give in detail its numerous offices. The principal front to the south, which claims most attention, is an octangular vestibule of Bath-stone, on the first floor, with Doric columns. This room is lighted from a cone ceiling, decorated with emblems of commerce and other ornaments. It leads to the import-room, commonly called the long-room, seventy-five feet square, divided by rows of columns on each side, leaving an area of forty feet wide and thirty high. The columns are of Bath-stone standing on pedestals; behind which are the desks and other accommodations for the different officers, and a sufficient space for transacting business. There is a beautiful staircase which communicates from the north end of this room, built of Bath-stone, decorated with

composite columns, the capitals of which are composed of naval emblems. From this staircase you pass by an anti leading to the board-room in the north front, the lower part of which is appropriated to secretaries' apartments, with residences for the commissioners at each end. This building has the advantage of four fronts, of which that towards the south is of Portland-stone. The principal, or south front, situated towards the river, is composed of pavilions at each end, with insulated columns. The basement is united with the centre building by rusticated arcades: this part is likewise composed of insulated columns, besides the portico in the middle, which consists of four columns. The order is Doric, and finished with an entablature, having a bold projecting cornice. Over the portico there is a pediment with figures in alto-relievo, composed by Carlini, but executed by Smith, an Irish artist, whose genius does honour to his native country: the subject is Hibernia and Britannia united, holding in their hands the respective emblems of peace and liberty: they are seated in a naval car, drawn by sea-horses, and accompanied by tritons, followed by a fleet of merchant ships, loaded with the produce of different nations, and wafted by the trade-winds. On the right hand of Britannia, Neptune is seen driving away envy and discord. On the attic story over the pediment are placed four allegorical statues, alluding to industry, commerce, wealth, and navigation. A cupola, one hundred and twenty-five feet from the base of the building, handsomely decorated with Corinthian columns, finishes the centre, on the top of which is placed a pedestal, with a colossal statue representing commerce.

The pavilions and arcades are finished with a balustrade; the centres of the pavilions are terminated with the arms of Ireland in an elliptical shield, decorated with festoons of fruit and flowers, and supported by the lion and unicorn, forming a group of bold and massy ornaments. The principal entrances are ascended to by a flight of steps; the key-stones are decorated with colossal heads, emblematic of the produce of the principal rivers of Ireland and the country through which they flow, strongly characteristic of each. They were designed and executed by Mr. Edward Smith.

before mentioned, in a bold and masterly manner. This building, which may be considered the *chef d'œuvre* of Mr. Gandon was begun in the year 1781, and is remarkable for the grandeur and beauty of its outlines, and the elegance of its parts.

The collection of the customs in Ireland is attended with more expense than in England. A single distiller there pays more duty than an extensive tract of country in Ireland. One officer only is required to inspect the former, whereas forty or fifty are absolutely necessary to watch the latter. There are twenty-six ports in Ireland, of which nineteen do not produce a revenue equal to guarding them and collecting the duty; and the whole balance in the public favour arises from seven ports, Dublin, Cork, Waterford, Belfast, Limerick, Derry, and Newry, though the necessity of watching the inferior ports is attended with very great expense. There are immense tracts of country in Ireland uninhabited, or very thinly inhabited, which yield no revenue at all, and yet officers must be maintained in them to prevent smuggling and fraudulent distilling. England has a market for the whole world: goods have been imported there, and paid heavy duties, for the purpose of re-exportation when those duties are drawn back. This increases her fictitious revenue, though it does not add one farthing to the real one; and reduces the relative proportion of expense in the collection. The revenue-board of Ireland, which was originally constituted for revenue business only, has had the business and expense of the state heaped upon it. The expence of passing bills, and sundry matters of law business, which have gradually accumulated to a very large sum annually, and even the expresses which government send to different places, are paid by the revenue-board. All these amount to a very large sum, and they are charged to the expense of collecting the revenue, though they have no concern with it. It has been asserted that balances remain in the collectors' hands to the great injury of government; but the fact is, the collectors of Dublin pay their receipts daily, and the country collectors weekly, to the receiver-general.

Official Value of the Imports and Exports of Ireland, in the Year
ended 5th January, 1806.

Imports	-	-	-	-	£. 5,982,194
Exports.—Irish produce and manufacture	5,059,967				
British and foreign ditto	-	142,418	5,202,385		
Excess of Imports					£. 779,809

In the last official return under the above head to the imperial parliament, the export at real value is introduced, but the real value of the import omitted. Such a statement, though it cannot be supposed to be intended to mislead, has a tendency to prevent a just conclusion from being drawn.

Number of Gallons of Irish distilled Spirits exported in the Year
ended 5th January, 1806.

Gallons	-	-	-	-	-	1,044,548
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Quantity of Corn, ground and unground, exported from Ireland,
in the Years ended 5th January, 1805 and 1806.

		Years ended 5th January,		
		1805	1806	
Corn.	Unground.	Barley . . . Barrels . .	17,560	30,140
		Beans . . . do. . . .	3,947	4,670
		Oats do. . . .	372,690	346,244
		Peas do. . . .	2,545	3,575
		Rye do. . . .	600	532
	Ground.	Wheat . . . do. . . .	152,828	134,871
		Flour . . . cwt. . . .	21,593	22,774
		Oatmeal . . cwt. . . .	67,233	34,297

Quantity of Provisions and Corn exported from the Ports of Dublin, Cork, Waterford, and Belfast, in the Years ended 5th January, 1805 and 1806.

		Years ended 5th Jan.	
		1805	1806
Barley	Barrels	5,828	14,094
Beans	ditto	96	—
Oats	ditto	74,742	73,926
Peas	ditto	631	310
Rye	ditto	561	532
Wheat	ditto	90,703	78,043
Flour	cwt.	18,728	18,150
Oatmeal	cwt.	4,368	8,467
Bacon	{ Flitches . . .	85,158	169,335
	{ Hams, &c. . .	1,449	1,312
Beef	Barrels	63,589	89,171
Bread	cwt.	9,836	8,759
Butter	cwt.	252,131	222,814
Cheese	cwt.	9	59
Pork	Barrels	59,637	77,075
Potatoes	Tons	678	516
Tongues	doz.	2,377	2,630

This official return will furnish the reader with a high idea of the vast natural resources of Ireland.

The excessive use of whiskey in Dublin cannot fail of attracting the attention of a stranger, where this deleterious liquor is now, by act of parliament, distilled from raw oats; deriving occasional additional strength from a mixture of aquafortis or vitriol. The number of shops where this liquid poison and other drams, almost equally hostile to morals and life, are sold, is truly shockingly great. In Thomas-street every other house seemed to be a dram-shop. Mr. Whitelaw states, that in this street alone, composed of one hundred and ninety houses, a place of great concourse on account of its being the termination of the great southern and western roads, there were in 1798, and I believe at this day there are no less than fifty-two houses licensed to vend raw spirits. The license amounts to forty pounds. That a revenue derived from such a source can be an object worthy of encouragement with a wise government, it is impossible to believe: it might as well impose a tax upon coffins, and inoculate all its sub-

jects with the plague. One of these shops a few years since had great custom, on account of the keeper of it offering a *gratuitous funeral* to those who died of drinking in it.

Strong penal laws, and an encouragement of the consumption of porter, can alone cure this evil. The effect of an act of parliament passed for the suppression of private distilleries, which levied severe penalties on the consumers of whisky not sold at licensed distilleries, doubled the consumption of porter in one month at a porter brewery, which has been recently established in the north of Ireland. Unfortunately the excise-officers, owing to their being inadequately paid, are too often in league with the private distilleries. In Dublin, I am well informed, every measure hitherto taken has failed in effectually correcting the use of spirits. The priest has been more effective than the legislature: his prohibitions against the consumption of liquors for one, two, or three months, are seldom, if ever, violated. Dr. Ledwich says, that “ it was about the middle of the twelfth century the distillation of ardent spirits was introduced. For some time they were used only as a medicine, and their operation in preserving health, prolonging life, dissipating humours, strengthening the stomach, curing the colic, dropsy, palsy, quartan fever and stone, were firmly believed on the faith of physicians, and made them eagerly sought for: they were dignified with the name of aqua vitæ, or eau-de-vie. At what time this liquor reached Ireland, is not ascertained; when it did it received an equivalent appellation, that of uisgebeatha, usquebah, or more simply whisky. From the citation before from Stanihurst, it appears to have been generally, but rather medicinally taken; for Spanish wine was in the greatest request, for which we gave our peltry, our only riches. Moryson says they preferred their usquebah to the English aqua vitæ, because by mingling raisins, fennel-seeds, and other things, they mitigated its heat, made it more pleasant, less inflaming, and more refreshing to a weak stomach. From hence it appears, the Irish themselves distilled a spirit from malt in 1590, and imitated foreign liquors by adding aromatic seeds and spices, as was practised in France, so early, according

“ to Le Grand, as 1313. The Irish bulcaan, Ruttly tells us, was
“ made from black oats. *Buile*, madness, and *Cecum*, the head,
“ allude to the violent effects of this fiery spirit. The nectar of
“ the Irish was composed of honey, wine, ginger, pepper, and
“ cinnamon: this was piment. The French poets of the thirteenth
“ century speak of it with rapture, as being most delicious. They
“ regarded, as the very perfection of human ingenuity, the union
“ of the juice and spirit of the grape, with the perfume of foreign
“ aromatics, so highly prized and so dear, in the same liquor.”

The Irish ale is considered good, but it was much better when there were more private breweries, the numbers of which are much lessened by some late restrictions. The county of Wicklow has been long famous for its ale, and that of Castlebellingham is thought remarkably good. Mead was formerly the favourite beverage of the Irish, and is still drank in many families in the country as a substitute for wine.

The foundling hospital is well worthy the attention of a stranger. It stands in a healthy elevated situation on Mount Brown, in St. James's-street, and is an enormous pile of building, not yet completed, which will hold four thousand seven hundred children when finished, and will be inferior only to the foundling hospital at Petersburg. This institution is supported by a tax upon Dublin, and the deficiency, if any, is made up by the crown. In this asylum *all the foundlings of Ireland*, and, I am told, many of Scotland (smuggled over) are received and nurtured. The institution within appeared to be very humanely conducted. There were only six hundred children in the hospital when I visited it: there are nine female and four male schools. The dormitories were remarkably clean; the bedsteads were not of iron, but are to be. In the school-rooms there is an improper mixture of the children who spin, with those who are learning their lessons: the spinners ought to have separate rooms. The teachers are inadequately paid: twenty pounds a year, and their lodging, are too little. The provision allowance to the children is liberal: the children at breakfast and supper have as much bread and milk as they can use, and at dinner, beef, cabbage, and other vegetables, three times a week, and good broth

on the other days, and are allowed one pound of bread per day, instead of potatoes. The dining-hall, when finished, will be a very noble room; it is about one hundred and forty feet long, forty wide, and thirty-six high: the chapel will also be very elegant. All within the walls appeared to be unobjectionable; but I must confess I think the very principle of the institution a bad one. In the first place it is unjust that Dublin should support all the foundlings of the country, exclusive of others sent over from Scotland: in the next, many of the children are brought from remote parts of the island, by a description of people whose trade it is to convey them, and who receive an allowance from the hospital, provided the infant is delivered *alive*: the temptation to cruelty, and a denial of proper nurture on the road, is great: and thirdly, when the infants, or, as they are commonly called, parisheens, are sent out to nurse, for which there is an allowance to the country nurse for wet and dry nursing, feeding, and clothing, of five pounds for the first year, and three pounds for every succeeding year till the child be returned at the age of nine, such nurse is obliged to produce her child once every year to the hospital, in order to obtain her salary. These objections are at once obvious, and, in my humble opinion, fatal to the prosperity of an institution, the object of which does so much honour to the country. I feel much pleasure in observing, that I am indebted to Mr. James Buchanan, a very eminent linen-bleacher in the county of Tyrone, who has long turned his attention to the condition of the poor in Ireland, for a remedy at once easy and effective. He proposes the conversion of charter-schools, which are now so grievously neglected, into foundling asylums, and work-houses, and that each parish shall pay a certain proportionate sum for the number of its children admitted, and have by legislative provision a claim upon the father of such child, if he can be discovered. These charter-schools are at present the most infamous jobs; they cost the country thirty thousand pounds per annum, and are scarcely productive of any good. I could instance several, each of which has lands for its support, producing more than fifteen hundred pounds per annum, at which not one poor scholar is educated, but which are enjoyed, in addition to some rich living, by rectors of distant parishes. The

whole expense of prosecuting plans for the education of the poor, including the charter-schools, is little less than *seventy thousand* pounds per annum, and the number of children educated is about *one thousand six hundred*; whereas, by the returns of the Scotch Highland Society, it appears that *twelve thousand four hundred and sixty* poor children are taught to read, write, the necessary principles of arithmetic, and are instructed in religion and morals, at an annual expense not exceeding *three thousand pounds*.

With respect to the education of the poor of Ireland, Mr. Buchanan recommends, that under the inspection and care of a society of gentlemen, one or more school-houses shall be established in each parish according to its extent, with a schoolmaster's house attached to it; that each inhabitant within a parish, or other person having property therein, shall, for every annual sum of five shillings, have the liberty of recommending one child; that the children shall be taught to read, and that no tract or catechism, of any religious sect or party, shall be admitted *under any pretence* whatever, and that the holy scriptures shall alone be read; that the children admitted shall pay to the master one penny per week, or one shilling per quarter, in aid of their education, and towards supplying them with books.

Too much commendation cannot be bestowed upon the Hibernian society, instituted in London in 1805, the object of which is to enlighten and civilize the rude peasantry of Ireland. If the members of this association can execute what they have so ably designed, they will spread happiness over that too neglected country; its blessings at all events belong to their noble motive.

During my stay in Ireland I was remarkably fortunate in the weather. Before I set off for the north, I rode down to Dalkey, about two miles and a half beyond the black rock. This beautiful and romantic little village commands a fine view of the bay of Dublin, and is remarkable for having the remains of seven castles, and an old church. During the reign of queen Elizabeth, and a great part of the last century, before the port of Dublin was improved, it was the repository of the goods belonging to the merchants of Dublin, and was defended against the attack of pirates,

who at that time infested the Irish coast, by these castles, the venerable remains of which, interspersed amongst very neat lodging-houses, the romantic rocks behind, and the martello towers, the bay and the hill of Howth, form an enchanting prospect. Near this place is the island of Dalkey, which it is thought would make an excellent harbour for the packets to and from Holyhead: all this coast is singularly beautiful.

In the evening I was at the theatre, which had just been opened, after having undergone considerable alterations. The inside of the house is spacious, well arranged, and very elegantly decorated: the lord-lieutenant was present in state, attended by his aid-de-camps and the officers of the household: the decorations of the viceregal box were tasteful and splendid. The performers were tolerably good. Mrs. Edwin, in Mrs. Jordan's style, is admirable. The Olympian part of the audience here, as in London, carry every thing before them, and frequently display their native turn of drollery. One night as the first duet in *Blue Beard* was singing, which in a silly manner terminates with "pit a pat," a fellow roared out, "Arrah by my shoul! then my honey "down with Pitt, and up with Pat." They also relate a story, that when the duke of Rutland, during his lord-lieutenancy, was at the play without his dutchess, who was in England, a man in the upper gallery roared out, "Who slept at *Peg Plunket's* last night?" "*Manners, Manners*, you blackguard," said another fellow: the joke was not understood by the greater part of the house, but the duke never went to the play afterwards. Considering how full of even Gallic gaiety and comic humour the Irish are, it is a matter of surprise, that there should be only one theatre, and so very few Irish dramatic writers. Almost every Parisian is a dramatic author, and at one time, two and twenty theatres in Paris were crowded every night of their performance.

The day after I was at the theatre I visited one of the neatest and most respectable public charitable institutions I saw in Dublin, the Female Orphan-house, upon the circular road, of which Mrs. Peter Latouche is vice-president: there are one hundred and twenty-five girls who have been received from five to ten years

old, and are kept until they are sixteen or seventeen; they learn reading, writing, accounts, and needle work; the produce of the latter for the last year amounted to two hundred and forty pounds: the dress is a green gown with white cuffs. All the children looked healthy and happy, and every part of the establishment did honour to the care and humanity of Mrs. Threlkeld, the superintending governess. This charity is supported by subscription, and a grant from parliament: in the late dean Kirwan it had a holy, eloquent, and all-protective patron.

The house of industry is upon a vast scale: under its roof are schools for pauper children, and wards for mendicants who have voluntarily entered, or who have been committed. The children learn various trades, and are distributed into taylor's, shoemakers, weavers, and combmakers' shops. In the yards there is a sad and perilous occasional mixture of children with those prostitutes and vagabonds, who seemed to work just as they pleased, and displayed much filth, and equal indecorum. In all other respects the children appeared to be admirably taken care of and instructed. The sewers were very offensive: if the objects of this institution were distinctly and separately classed, and a less relaxed discipline observed, it would be more answerable to the beneficent wishes of those gentlemen who have so humanely made it the subject of their care.

The Hardwicke fever-hospital, erected in 1803, appeared to be well arranged: in the lunatic ward I was much pleased with observing, that the bad and convalescent patients were separated.

Upon visiting the Hibernian-school for soldiers' children, I was surprised to find that the boys, as they grow up, are apprenticed to trades, or hired as servants, instead of being allowed to go into the army. Boys properly educated would, in all probability, soon become excellent non-commissioned officers, and this institution might prove a valuable military nursery. The number of boys under this roof on the 31st December, 1805, amounted to two hundred and seventy-one; the girls to one hundred and three. in all three hundred and seventy-four. They appeared to be kindly and humanely taken care of.

It was with great pleasure that I visited Bushy Park, the seat of Robert Shaw, Esq. member for the city of Dublin, whose amiable lady and her sister-in-law I found in a school near the mansion, surrounded by sixty girls: the children of the neighbouring peasantry, who are instructed in the useful parts of education, are provided with clothes according to their merit, and with food at the expense of Mrs. Shaw. Amongst the children there are only three protestants: to banish ignorance and superstition by useful instruction; to supersede habits of sloth and vice by those of an opposite tendency; to make good members of society and not converts, are the cordial objects of this enlightened and excellent lady. Let not those who have never exercised such benevolent labours as these, think the office a light one, which erects a system upon the best, but least regulated feelings of our nature, which unites anxiety with pity, method with zeal, and order with generosity. Whilst grave politicians with cold procrastinating logic are projecting and discussing systems of amelioration for the wretched, it seems destined that these solemn patriots shall be preceded by the active, noble enthusiasm of those to whom we owe our greatest measure of felicity here, who act whilst we calculate, and frequently leave us to wake from our boasted proud pre-eminence of wisdom, to rub our eyes, and find the work upon which we have laboured in thought so long, already accomplished with all the detail of ardour, and with that promptitude which is the best, because the most seasonable relief of the miserable.

After examining this admirable private charity, I proceeded to Rathfarnham-house, the seat of George Grierson, Esq., one of the first experimental farmers in Ireland, and visited one of his farms called Woodlands. The success of this gentleman holds out the strongest invitation to agriculture in Ireland. Nature, as if pleased with attentions, never fails to remunerate by her bounties those who pay court to her.

Mr. Grierson, by pursuing the improved system of agriculture, has brought a rude farm of two hundred acres, originally occupied by whins, into a state of high cultivation. This farm lies on the side of a hill, a north-east aspect, and is an inclined plane from top

to bottom, about two miles from the village of Rathfarnham, and five from Dublin; the rent three pounds ten shillings an acre. The quality is a gravelly loam; the upper part argillaceous, the lower lime-stone and gravel.

His first plan was to surround it with a belt of plantation of eighty feet in width, through which there is a very delightful ride, and after perfectly fencing and draining each field in rotation, he pursued with little deviation four shift course of crops: the first year he took a crop of lea-oats; the second, manured highly with dung and compost for drilled turnips or potatoes, at about thirty inches between the drills; he then laid down with barley or oats, and grass-seeds (one bushel of ray-grass, and twenty-one pounds of red clover, to the Irish acre); then he took two cuttings of the clover and ray grass, one for hay and the other for green food; and in October following sowed wheat, or in the spring, oats, or the clover-lea, with one ploughing, and then commenced the same course with manured turnips again. After ample trial, this system of alternate green and white crops has been found to ameliorate the land, and at the same time make the greatest return. To maintain a rotation of crops, three-fourths of the farm should be in tillage, and an immediate succession of white crops ought to be prohibited by covenant.

Last year (1805) he obtained a premium from the Farming Society of Ireland for the best seed-oats; and in the autumn of the same year he got a premium for the best seed-wheat (white Lammas); eight acres under this crop produced fifteen barrels, one stone, and ten pounds per Irish acre: the barrel twenty stone, at fourteen pound to the stone: the wheat was sold at fifty shillings per barrel, and the straw was worth ten pounds per acre, which was considered to be a very good return. In the spring succeeding the sowing of the wheat, he laid it down with clover and ray-grass as before, and expects in the second week of this instant, June, to mow five tons of hay per acre at the first cutting, and half that quantity at the second cutting.

Hay generally sells in Dublin at about four pounds per ton, frequently at five pounds. Mr. Grierson usually keeps from eighty

to one hundred head of store cattle through the winter in his straw-yard, (which affords a prodigious quantity of manure) besides what he stall-feeds in his sheds, which are admirably constructed for feeding: the feeding-house is eighteen feet wide; before the beasts is a line of troughs, running the whole length of the house, through which there constantly runs a stream of water, which is covered by a moveable board, for the cattle to eat their hay and turnips off, which is easily removed to water them: at the outside of the troughs, at the head of the cattle, is a gangway four feet wide, for a passage for the turnip-barrow, &c.

This gentleman's cattle are of the long-horned Leicestershire breed, improved originally by the celebrated Mr. Bakewell; for these he has succeeded in obtaining premiums, as well as for his pigs, which are of the improved Leicestershire breed. His sheep are of the South Down breed: last year he got three shillings and sixpence per pound for wool, and the carcass appeared to be improving. At the famous cattle-market at Ballinasloe, he exhibited two shear-wethers, the weight of carcass of each of which was twenty-four pounds, and the fat (including kidney fat) nineteen pounds: he has lately got two Suffolk punch-mares, and a stallion of the same breed, which are thought to be very superior for draft; and, from their combining strength with activity, admirably adapted to the country.

The practice of irrigation has been much pursued for many years in the neighbourhood of Dublin, by the poorer description of farmers, who inhabit the sides of hills, and who have not been able to manure their lands in any other way: but within these last ten years this system has attracted the attention of many wealthy and enlightened occupiers of land, and is extending on scientific principles every day. The efficacy of it will inevitably be found much greater in Ireland than in any part of Great Britain, on account of the generality of upland grounds in the former, consisting of calcareous matter, such as lime-stone, gravel, &c., from whence the streams descend highly impregnated with manure: it is generally observed that the most limpid springs have the best effect in irrigation.

The generality of the mountain-ground in Ireland is capable of a considerable degree of cultivation, and upon it, larch, and other scarce timber, will always flourish.

Since the union the price of land has increased very considerably; but it is generally believed not in consequence of that measure, but from the high price of grain, occasioned by the scarcity of the year 1800 and 1801, the increase of capital from the unlimited issue of paper money, and latterly by the English market being made more accessible by the late acts, which have raised the price at which grain may be exported to Great Britain.

In addition to the high price of grain having caused a great increase of tillage, many gentlemen have lately extended their tillage, on account of the advantage of having turnips or other green food for their cattle during the winter and spring; a practice, strange to relate! not thought of till recommended by the Farming Society of Ireland, instituted in 1800, and pursued with advantage by some of its leading members. There are now many graziers, possessing thousands of acres of the finest land in Ireland, who have never *grown a turnip, or broke an acre of their land*: their custom is, and ever has been, to purchase a beast, or five sheep nearly for each acre at the May fairs, and leave them to take care of themselves till the following christmas, or spring, without shelter, hay, or turnips. An English farmer would scarcely believe this; and it can only be done in Ireland, where from the moisture and mildness of the climate, the grass is always growing.

Since the formation of the Farming Society of Ireland in 1800, an extraordinary spirit for farming has spread itself, which is manifested more forcibly every year at the meetings for the exhibition of cattle, which are always numerously attended. The great object of this institution is to promote the improvement of husbandry: a measure of the last consequence to Ireland, where the *best* land is still almost without exception under pasture, which, on account of its affording no employment to the peasantry, (for one man and boy will herd a thousand acres) is a wide and fatal source of penury and depopulation.

The average price of labour throughout the kingdom is eight

pence per day, except in harvest-time, when it is nearly doubled, and in some places nearly trebled.

The improvement in the breed of swine has been very great. In the report of one of the meetings of the Farming Society at Ballinasloe in October 1802, it is whimsically stated, that “ a most zealous and enterprising member of the society sustained “ a great loss by the death of an uncommon fine boar, who was “ unfortunately suffocated on his way to the show.”

At the great fair at Ballinasloe, which is held annually the 5th of October, sixty thousand sheep, and forty thousand head of black cattle are sold upon an average.

After a very interesting tour in the north, in which I visited the Lough Neagh, the marvellous pillars of the giant's causeway, the basaltic shores of the county of Antrim, Belfast, and the principal towns in that flourishing part of the island, I returned to Dublin, and prepared with regret to quit a country which delighted and astonished me with its richness, variety, genius, and capacity, and attached me by an unceasing display of courtesies and attentions.

I went to Ireland a total stranger, with a letter of introduction from that revered nobleman to whom I have the pride and happiness of addressing these pages, to one whom he has honoured with his cordial attachment for many years, Joseph Atkinson, esq., whom I have mentioned before ; a gentleman whose literary reputation has enrolled him amongst the distinguished characters of his country, and whose liberal mind, generous disposition, suavity of temper, and courteous manners, expanded and finished by military habit, and by travel, have endeared him to a larger circle of cordial friends, than usually falls to the felicity of one person : by his interest and attention, and the native liberal spirit of the country, I was enabled to contemplate all that was interesting in the course of my tour with facility and accommodation, which it is not always the good fortune of a stranger to enjoy, but which he may calculate upon with greater certainty in Ireland than in any other country I have visited.

I was disappointed only in one instance ; I quitted Ireland without hearing one bull.

GENERAL REMARKS.

UPON the subject of ameliorating the condition of the poor of Ireland much has been said, much written, and but little done. The project is pregnant with difficulty, but is so interwoven with our best feelings and wishes for the welfare of our kindred and our country, that he who can offer but one serviceable thought upon such a subject, or excite others to consider it, is powerfully impelled to produce the result of his observation or reflection, and will at least be heard with attention.

The following brief remarks arise from what I saw, and have in part described, and what I heard from the accurate and intelligent sources of information in Ireland, where I had the pleasure of mingling with many distinguished men, who were more agreed in paying those courteous attentions to a stranger, which so eminently distinguish Irishmen, than in their opinions respecting the interest of their own country. I particularly sought the society of opposite parties, because the collision of opinion frequently elicits a spark by which a subject is afterwards more or less illuminated.

PARTY OPINIONS.

One party was for repressing the catholics, and compared them to nettles, which never sting but when they are gently touched; the other was favourable to every mild indulgence, and was anxious to ameliorate the condition the poor, by detaching the rising generation from the faith of their fathers: each aimed, I am confident, at the good of their country; and neither ought to be the object of animadversion. If I were not naturally, as well as upon principle, an enemy to coercion and intolerance as reforming instruments, the mere circumstance of their having been tried without success, would remove me from the side of their partizans.

HIGH AND MIDDLING CLASSES.

The great object of interest and attention in Ireland is the present condition of that vast portion of the population comprising the lower order of its community. Education, travel, and intercourse, render the higher pretty nearly the same in all countries. The middling classes of society in Ireland are, I was informed from good authority, much improved within the space of twenty years. In the proprieties of deportment and dress, I saw no difference between them and those of the same rank in England.

THE LOWER CLASSES OF IRISH.

With the progress of refinement the lower orders have undoubtedly advanced, though not *pari passu*: this is manifested by a dereliction of some of their customs, which had a strong tendency to imbrute the observers of them, and of many of those superstitious habits which belonged to the darkest ages of bigotry. These observations were confirmed by lord Hardwicke, the late viceroy, who informed me, that several years before he was appointed to the lord lieutenancy, he had made the tour of Ireland, and could attest the improvement, more or less expanded, which he saw upon his return to assume the administration of the country.

It may be asked, if the character of the lower Irish be what I have depicted; and if, when they are hungry, they can get potatoes to eat, and butter-milk or water to drink, what more can you wish? Rousseau would have been satisfied with them. The qualities which I have described, and supported by illustrations founded on facts, are fresh from the hand of nature. Without guidance, that native generosity, warmth of heart, and fire of imagination, are liable, upon being agitated, to break out into impetuosity and excesses, as they unfortunately did in those scenes which now, it may be confidently expected, will have no return—that guidance is education.

Many are the instances in the history of the lower order of the Irish people, when, prompted by that sensibility which Providence has, either in its bounty or anger (for to me it is questionable), largely bestowed upon them, and by a rude notion of retributive

justice, they have assumed the law into their hands, and carved out the measure of their own justice: hence those restless insurrectional associations denominated White-boys, Oak-boys, Steel-boys, Peep-o'-day-boys, &c. and the occasional attempts which have been made, by the summary process of force, to regain possession of estates which, if they had not been confiscated about a century or two back, would have belonged by hereditary right to those who sought these means to 'repossess them. What but deplorable ignorance could have urged men to act in this manner, and could have veiled from their sight the hopeless folly and madness of such an enterprise?

The simplicity of the food of the Irish peasant, as society is constructed, is the natural consequence, and an undeniable indication of his abject condition. When he is hungry, he can fill himself with potatoes; so can his hog, and they sleep in the same sty together. Much as I have reason to doubt the invigorating nature of potatoes under severe toil, were the fact otherwise, as long as the exclusive use of them as food characterised a degraded peasantry, so long would I wish to see a more luxurious aliment used. The peasantry of England would not live upon it, because their encouraged industry enables them to obtain at least more substantial food.

Education has never beamed upon the poor Irishman; sentiments of honour have never been instilled into him; and a spirit of just and social pride, improvement, and enterprise, have never opened upon him. The poor Irishman looks around him, and sees a frightful void between him and those who, in well regulated communities, ought to be separated from each other only by those gentle shades of colouring that unite the brown russet to the imperial purple: he has no more power of raising himself than an eagle whose wings have been half shorn of their plumage. The legislature has rarely noticed him but in anger, when that ignorance, which it has never stooped to remove, has precipitated him into acts incompatible with social tranquillity, and repugnant to his nature. But what good, it will be asked, can arise; nay, by how much the more do you not increase his

wretchedness, if you improve his mind without improving his condition? To this the history of mankind furnishes a prompt and powerful answer—that situation is subservient to mind. If his mind were cultivated, it would lead him to explore the means of improving the soil, of practising trade, or pursuing, with additional zeal and increased knowledge, some occupation by which society is to be benefited: he would combine, he would compare, he would raise himself in the scale of society; he would be proud and confident in, and would enjoy the situation to which he might attain; his children would be more and more enlightened, and more and more valuable to the community. Well, then, it is agreed that his ignorance shall be dissipated; but you find he is a catholic and an adult, and you do not think that he can either become an enlightened man or a good subject, therefore you give up the father, and resolve upon educating his child. A protestant school is opened for the gratuitous instruction of protestant and catholic children. It is stipulated that the latter shall in future be reared up in the same faith with the protestant pupils; or, if you tell the catholic parent that the religion of his offspring shall receive no bias, you secretly aim at effecting a conformation, by associating them with a larger number of protestant children. Proselytism is either the avowed object, or the latent wish of your heart:—what says the priest to the father? He naturally thinks his own religion the best, and he knows that a catholic child sent to a protestant school, constituted as it in general is, may become a protestant, and that he shall in consequence lose one of his flock, who in a few years would contribute toward his support; he therefore advises the father not to send the child: the father is in general very submissive to the priest, and is also naturally desirous that his child should be brought up in his own faith. Let us, by the converse, just see if this is not perfectly natural: suppose, if the legislature did not resist, that in this country a catholic man of fortune were to open a school for the gratuitous education of poor protestant children, with a professed object of converting such children to the catholic church; would not the protestant pulpit fulminate its thunders against the project; and what protestant father, however abject

his situation, would send his child there? Let us be indulgent to the prejudices which habit engenders.

Not only is a deaf ear turned to the voice of nature, and not only are religious habits wounded, but the very genius of the people is not consulted. The low Irish have the pride which is generally the companion of sensibility, and where they know a school to be purely eleemosynary, although it may not profess to aim at religious conversion, they have been known to exhibit a disinclination to send their children, merely because that spirit was not complimented with being thought capable of administering in some degree to the expense of their education: this is a minor consideration, but not unworthy of introduction. I may differ from many persons upon this important subject, and I know I do with many with whom I conversed in Ireland upon it; but I am persuaded that this avowed or clandestine spirit of proselytism, with which almost every boon is extended to the low catholic Irish, will render the present system of amelioration either abortive, or narrow its proposed advantages, until they become scarcely acceptable, and that nothing but a frank and liberal system, which shall be wholly free from the *suspicion* of aiming at religious conversion, directly or indirectly, can promote the great object of enlightening the poorer classes of society in Ireland.

THE CATHOLIC PRIESTS.

It has been a topic frequently agitated, that the priests possess unlimited powers over the minds of the poor: I am far from giving implicit credit to all the stories which have been related upon this subject; I believe, however, they possess considerable influence; but over what does it extend? not over the enlightened mind. That the influence of the catholic priest is not invulnerable, is evident from the trial at Cork, the result of which I have mentioned was unfavourable to a priest, and the White-boys frequently resisted their priests when they thought them oppressive. Education is a crucible which separates the dross of superstition from the purity of religion: when its light beams upon the cloister, the cowed mummary of the monastery retires, like those animals that

prowl only in the night, dazzled and confounded at the approach of day. Disloyal priests had no influence upon that scanty group of insurgents of education, family, and property, which headed the late troubles; the former were engines in the hands of the latter, only to fashion the lower classes of the community to their foul design: the fanatic freaks and exploits of father Murphy would have excited the risibility of Emmett, had they met.

It is only to the lower orders of the catholic priesthood that my remarks apply; for the higher have, by the dignity of their deportment and the purity of their morals, engaged the attention and regard of protestants distinguished for their probity, rank, and property in Ireland, with whom they familiarly associate. An Englishman who has never visited Ireland, would perhaps be surprised to hear that catholic priests of high rank are frequently honoured with invitations to the castle, and are noticed with the gracious attentions which are due to their character by the representative of majesty.

The same proselytising spirit, before-mentioned, has aimed at effecting a closer adherence between the catholic priests and the state, not by taking their situation into consideration by an enlarged and liberal view of it, and wishing to relieve it merely because it wants and merits relief, but solely in the nature of a bribe, as if it were to say, "I feared you; here, take this money, and let us be friends forever after."

It may be here necessary to observe, that the catholic priests in Ireland are supported by subscriptions amongst their flocks. Many of them are in the receipt of four hundred pounds per annum: the fees for christenings and marriage licenses are paid to the catholic bishop, which, with a discretionary allowance from the priests of his diocese, constitute his revenues. There are no fees paid for burials and confessions.

As the bounty of government has been extended to the dissenting clergy in the north, it is but fair that the same indulgent disposition should be extended to the catholic priesthood. A liberal allowance should be made, and it should at the same time be made highly penal in the priest to receive any fees whatever:

by this measure the catholic priest would feel that government was cordially attached to him. The catholic, who at present carries double, would be relieved in sustaining the heavy burden of supporting his own priest, and paying tithe to the minister of another religion. I have frequently heard enlightened clergymen of the established church, to their honour, much lament this heavy and unequal pressure. Government once took this subject into consideration, and proposed, I was informed, to pay the priest one hundred pounds per annum, and his coadjutor forty pounds per annum, which, on account of its being inadequate, was rejected. Men have other passions besides those which Sir Robert Walpole knew how to manage by metallic attraction. An Irish priest, however poorly provided for, will as much revolt against any political stipulation, as the poor Irishman will against the gratuitous education of his child. If any thing like preliminary terms are offered—if affections are to be purchased with pounds, shillings, and pence—if he is an enlightened and honourable man, he will not be the seller. Government has, however, not passed the catholic over without some substantial and splendid proof of its maternal regard. In the year 1795 a college, called St. Patrick's college, for educating popish priests, was founded by act of parliament at Maynooth, in the county of Kildare, about ten miles from Dublin, on the Duke of Leinster's estate, (who liberally granted, rent free, sixty acres of ground for the institution), for which, as an endowment, the sum of forty thousand pounds, and an annual sum of eight thousand pounds were granted by parliament. The object of this institution is to afford those who are destined to the catholic priesthood the means of domestic education, instead of their being obliged to go to foreign universities. Some catholics have doubted whether a foreign education was not more likely to be accompanied with a more liberal and enlarged mind, and better manners; but, as every attention is paid to the cultivation of both, I do not see the force of this observation; and it is a matter of no little moment to the catholic and to the government, to have a mutual bond of amity and confidence thus established between them.

The trustees of this College, appointed by act of parliament, are

The Lord Chancellor.

Lord Chief Justice of the King's-bench.

Lord Chief Justice of the Common-pleas.

Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

Earl Fingall.

Lord Gormanstown.

Sir Edward Belleir, Bart.

Sir Thomas French, Bart.

Richard Strange, Esq.

Most Rev. R. O'Reilly, D. D.

———— J. T. Troy, D. D.

———— Thomas Bray, D. D.

———— Boetius Egan, D. D.

Right Rev. P. J. Plunket, D. D.

———— P. Mac Devett, D. D.

———— Francis Moylan, D. D.

———— Ger. Teaghan, D. D.

———— Daniel Delany, D. D.

———— Edmund French, D. D.

Rev. Thomas Hussey, D. D.

What, if any, future indulgences it may be in the contemplation of parliament to bestow upon the catholics, it would be presumption and imprudence to anticipate. From the present administration every liberal measure, consonant with sound wisdom and policy, may be expected in their behalf.

ABSENTEE LANDHOLDERS.

The poor Irish differ from the West-Indian slave in little more than that they suffer by the hand *which they have not seen*: it is their fate to languish under the oppression of the agents of absentee lords, and to be wasted to the bone by *middle-men*. When leases of lands belonging to absentee proprietors expire, it is quite common for an advertisement to appear in the *London papers*, announcing that the lands which have fallen in hand are to be let, and that no *preference is promised*, which means that the last

tenant will not be considered. If three farms have fallen in hand, it is notorious that the absentee landlord prefers consolidating them, for the noxious convenience of having an apparently responsible lessee, and only one rent to receive, although that rent is considerably less than what the aggregate amount of the rent of each farm would have produced, had it been separately let in the first instance; and the taker of such consolidated farms will immediately let them separately, to be afterwards sub-let, until the last taker can scarcely, as I have stated, preserve himself from famine and raise his rent. The impolicy of this measure is plain: if the under-tenants fail in their rents, the first taker must be embarrassed in making good his payments; and the land, under such circumstances must be racked out, without any attention to the accustomed courses of good husbandry.

AGENTS OF ABSENTEE LANDLORDS.

The oppression in detail of this description of people is harassing beyond conception: it is the interest of an agent to have a poor tenantry; their necessities at once enrich and render him irresistible. In cases of extreme poverty, the wretched tenant works out part of the rent by what is called duty-work, which is exacted to a cruel extent. When there is a little arrear of rent, it is common for the agent to send to the tenant for a man and a horse, if he has either one or the other; if not, he must attend himself, to the neglect of the little farm which he rents, and to a manifest future postponement in the payment of his rent.

These agents frequently compel the small tenants within the gripe of their power to graze their sheep and fatten their poultry, in part discharge of an arrear of rent; and they frequently sell such sheep and poultry upon credit to such tenants, to prevent the source of their rapacity from being extinguished. The agents also exact a fee from three to twenty guineas upon a lease; and frequent are the instances of poor cottiers who, not being able to pay the fee, are obliged to work it out in the course of years, during which they are subject to the most intolerable servitude to the agent. An intelligent friend of mine assured me that the

following instance is very frequent. A poor cottier, eighty-four years old, rents in his neighbourhood a wretched cabin and a little potatoe-garden, for four guineas a year, and that his leases amounted to four guineas exclusive of stamps, and many days stipulated duty-work. There is also duty-work done for what is called *conversation-money*; that is, an exchange of a few preliminary words previous to the agreement for letting the land. Goaded to despair by such treatment, the miserable sufferers have been known to hough the cattle of their oppressors, and to burn their barns. Policy and humanity have already induced several absentee landlords to insert prohibitory clauses in their leases against underletting without the consent of the lessor; but the grievances which I have faintly depicted exist in Ireland to this hour, particularly in the north, south, and west, to an alarming degree. The conduct of the resident proprietors is truly exemplary.

CABINS.

To accustom the lower classes of people to acts of cleanliness, it would be a desirable thing if landlords were to insert clauses in their leases by which they should be vacated, if the cabin was not kept well white-washed within and without; and if that abominable pile of filth, which is almost constantly to be found in the front of the dwelling, were not removed to some other place. A friend of mine, who has a considerable village in the north of Ireland, has tried this plan and succeeded.

TILLAGE.

It is the universal opinion of persons in Ireland conversant with the subject, that no other stimulus is necessary to the encouragement of tillage in that country, than the removal of all restrictions upon the exportation of grain, and permitting it to meet the market of Great Britain and her colonies without any check.

UNLICENSED DISTILLERIES.

These exist, in an alarming degree, in the centre of bogs and places difficult of access, and are sometimes carried on in the

villages. I have mentioned that the worst parts of Dublin swarm with whisky shops. If the premium upon licenses were much increased, porter breweries encouraged, and clauses were inserted in the leases, vacating them if the tenant used an unlicensed distillery, the baneful habit of drinking the most deleterious spirit to excess would be greatly corrected.

PORTER BREWERIES.

Their encouragement, I have shown, is of the first consequence to Ireland, and, in a moral and political point of view, must inevitably effect a rapid extension of tillage.

THE EXCHANGE OF MILITIA.

I scarcely know a measure which would be more gratifying to the Irish than this: it formed a frequent subject of conversation with the officers of several Irish militia regiments, who declared it as their opinion that the intercourse would have a strong tendency to attach the Irish to this country, and to civilize Ireland by a conformation of habits. I conversed with several intelligent private soldiers, and found amongst them a strong desire of associating with the English in this manner.

MAGISTRATES.

During the rebellion a prodigious number of persons were put into the commission of the peace: in the hurly-burly of that disastrous tempest, the duties of the office required but little skill, and were executed with no great nicety of legal discrimination: a little gleaning, if it could be managed, would be desirable. The situation is an important one, and too various, complicated, and potent, to be entrusted but to an informed and upright mind. In the north, Roman catholics have been admitted to the magistracy, and have conducted themselves with great advantage to the country.

SUBORDINATE COURTS OF JUSTICE.

I cannot help thinking, notwithstanding the naturally vivacious disposition of the lower orders, that a spirit of subordination might

be more widely diffused, if more decorum were preserved in the administration of local justice. An untravelled Englishman would scarcely believe, unless he were to see, the almost total want of dignity and order observed in these places in Ireland.

OATHS.

The levity with which this most solemn obligation is taken and violated in the courts abovementioned, is shocking. I have heard a fellow, mounted upon the table as a witness, lie in all directions; the only consequences were, as I have observed, that he was thought very amusing, and was not credited: the effect of an exhibition of depravity so exemplary must be a general relaxation in adhering to solemn engagements, and an encouragement to the foulest, and sometimes most fatal perversion of the truth.

REGISTERS.

The registers of baptisms, marriages, and burials, which in England we owe to the wisdom of lord Cromwell, who was vicar-general to Henry the eighth, is almost wholly unknown in Ireland. A correct knowledge of its population cannot therefore be known, and legal data must frequently be wanting. This is a defect as striking as it is easy of remedy.

There is no country which affords a better model for ascertaining its population than Sweden, where tables are distributed to the clergymen and magistrates of every parish, for the purpose of enrolling the births, marriages, and deaths that occur in their respective districts, and specifying the number of inhabitants at that time subsisting: the first table is for a general list of births, deaths, and marriages; the second for the bills of mortality; the third for the number of inhabitants: the two former are kept by the parish-priests, and annually delivered; the latter by the parish-priests in the country, and by the magistrates in the towns, and are sent at the end of every third year to the commissioners of a board, called a Tabell Commission for inspecting and registering the bills of mortality, resident in Stockholm, who maintain a regular correspondence with all the parishes and towns in the kingdom.

Throughout this department extraordinary care is taken to prevent mistakes.

A compulsory law to force a regular registration in Ireland, to operate equally on the protestant and catholic priest, would be truly desirable.

The constitution of this country would not admit of it, otherwise Sweden has exhibited in another instance her wisdom and policy, which I could wish were followed in every other country. She passed a law that every person, male and female, should learn to read.

LINEN MANUFACTURES

Are rapidly improving and extending in the north of Ireland. They have doubled within ten years: they have an immediate tendency to civilize and enlighten those who are employed in them, by producing an intercourse of the ignorant with the informed, and rendering a habit of calculation and negotiation in business indispensable: as they are at present conducted, they are injurious to agriculture; but this arises solely from their being in a state of infancy. The manufacturers in the north are all cottiers, who are scattered over the country, and they grow their own flax and potatoes: each of them generally has about half an Irish acre of corn (oats), a rood of potatoes, and half a rood of flax and a cow's grass, that is, permission for his cow to graze with the landlord's cattle, and turf-fuel sufficient for one fire: these people never attend to agriculture but when they have no demand for their manufacturing labour. As the linen manufactures continue to increase, it will be found necessary for the petty manufacturers to aggregate in towns: from their present dispersion one advantage arises, the manufacturing cottier is more healthy than if he were shut up in a crowded working-room.

CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH OF NOVEMBER, IN COLLEGE-GREEN, DUBLIN.

This annual commemoration, which I have described, ought, in my humble opinion, to be discontinued: the tendency of it is to

remind two-thirds of the population of Ireland, whom it is the professed object of government to conciliate and attach, that that day was a day of humiliation to them; and to make the subject as painfully intelligible as possible, the bands of the different regiments which assist in military gala at this offensive ceremony, play the following tunes: "the Protestant Boys have carried the Day, Croppies lie down, and the Boyne Water."

I have ventured to offer these remarks, which I do with every degree of diffidence, prompted alone by an ardent desire of affording my humble contribution towards ameliorating the condition of a country which, with some exceptions, has laboured under the foulest misrepresentations and aspersions.

Heaven never committed to any government the care of a country upon which she has been more prodigally bountiful: for, independently of the genius of the people, Ireland throughout rests upon a bed of the richest manure: towards the sea she has sand, shells, and weed: inland, she abounds with limestone gravel, limestone marl, and other natural manures: her rivers and surrounding seas are all propitious to commerce, and are open to all the quarters of the world. The Shannon, the Liffey, the Lee, the Suir, the Bann, the Boyne, the Blackwater, and other rivers, her creeks, her numerous, vast, and beautiful lakes abound with fish of various descriptions, and with little assistance from the hand of man, can be formed into canals, which might easily unite the centre with the extremities of the island: upon the seas which surround her, vessels from the most distant regions can approach her coasts in the most tempestuous weather with safety: within a circuit of seven hundred and fifty miles, it has been estimated that she possesses sixty-six secure harbours. The fertility of the country, with a slender exception, is uncommonly luxuriant; her climate is soft and salubrious, her bogs demonstrate her former consequence, and can be, and are rapidly reclaiming; an inexhaustible stratum of coal is ready to supply its turf; and her peasantry, without having tasted much of happiness and prosperity, possess all the essential qualities by which both are deserved, and can be enjoyed and promoted.

Upon this country a new Aurora has shed her purple light. A jealous, angry, and mistaken policy is yielding to reason, gentleness, and toleration. Under the mild administration of a Hardwicke, Ireland felt new confidence, and the hope of better days; that confidence will be rewarded, and those hopes realized under the auspices of the present government, which has displayed at once its paternal care and its wisdom, by confiding the destinies of that country to a nobleman of the most expanded and liberal mind, of the highest rank, and the most splendid fortune, and who has devoted himself to a science and to the course of investigation essential to the prosperity of all countries, but peculiarly to that over which he presides; it would here be superfluous to name the present illustrious descendant of the house of Russell.

I have now brought my volume to a close; and the last effort of my pen shall be to implore felicity and prosperity upon a country which I have feebly attempted to describe, which I visited with delight, and quitted with regret.

The last wish of my heart with respect to the incorporation of Ireland with Great Britain is, that the description given by that great master of lyric poetry, Horace, of an union of another kind, may become every day more and more applicable to these twin stars of the western hemisphere.

“ Felices ter et amplius
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis
Suprema citius solvet amor die.”

Lib. I. Od. 13.

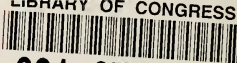
FINIS.

*Felices ter et amplius
Quos irrupta tenet copula nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis
Suprema citius solvet amor die*

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